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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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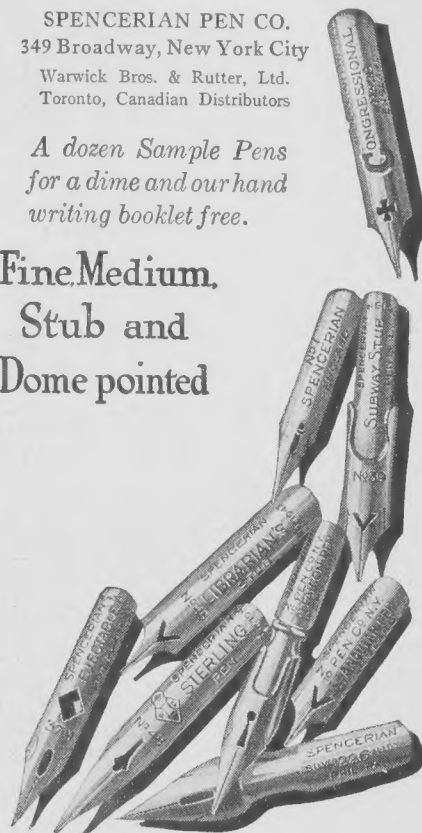
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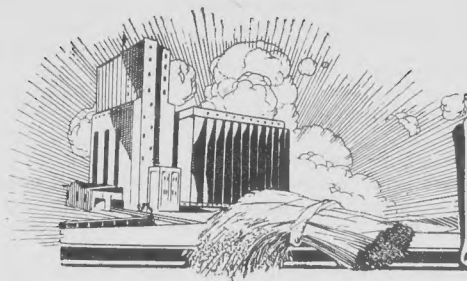
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EDITORIAL



The Farmers of the West

NATIONAL evolution cannot be blocked. It is therefore in vain that the vested interests of the East attempt to prevent the development of the West. As it now is, the eyes of Eastern manufacturers, wholesale merchants and financiers are ever upon the prairie provinces, for it is known that these yield more wealth than the mines, the forests and the fisheries of all Canada. If there is a future for the Dominion it lies in the West, and the most foolish policy that could be attempted would be to stand in the way of its development.

The hope of the West is the farmer. Anything that helps him helps all. There are unfortunately forces at work that make it almost impossible for him to succeed.

First there are forces over which he has some control. He is sometimes careless in his habits and criminally wasteful of his resources. He robs the land by repeated croppings. He trusts to wheat alone. He allows weeds to thrive and choke his grain. He overloads himself with unnecessary machinery. Yes, he sometimes makes mistakes that are common to all mankind, and he pays for them dearly too, as the loan companies can testify.

But the three great forces over which the farmer has no control are greater than those mentioned. These forces are the opposition of the East, the high cost of transportation, the speculation of the Grain Exchange.

The Eastern people just now are renewing their attack upon the Hudson's Bay Railway. They have a feeling that Montreal would be shut out of Western trade. Well, it may be that the centre of gravity of Canada is changing. The demand for the building of H. B. R. seems to prove it. Of course, operation of the new road may be held up for a year or two, but of what importance to the East is that? With Vancouver pulling on the West and Hudson's Bay pulling in the Centre, it is quite certain that the East will feel the strain, but it must adjust itself to new conditions. Verily the world doth move.

Next, the railway rates must come down. That is one reason why the West wants an outlet to the Bay. As it is now, Western Canada is too far from the rest of the World. It can't induce people to come here as conditions are, but if conditions are changed, it can attract a population twenty times as great, and with that as a basis can give Eastern Canada twenty times the trade it now enjoys.

And somehow or other we must get rid of that class of men who by their speculations rob the farmer of his profits. Somebody has said that the members of the Grain Exchange, comparatively few in number, make as much money as all the Western farmers put together. That is scarcely credible, but there is evidence on every hand that some of them fare pretty well. It may be as Mr. Stewart says, speculation in grain is no worse than the speculation of store-keepers and others, but these others at least work for their money. They are serving a necessary purpose in the life of the community. One could wish that in every way the speculators in grain were doing this. There is unfortunately a feeling that though some of them are given to praying on Sundays, they are given to preying on week days. Starving farmers feel there is something wrong. This feeling has worked over with a conviction with the result that there are wheat pools in each of the prairie provinces. And if the organized farmers have combined against methods of trading in grain, they are equally ready to combine to secure better transportation facilities and to combat the determined efforts of the politicians of the East.

The Modern Young Lady

RECENTLY in London an interesting debate was held between Lady Frances Balfour, daughter of the Eighth Duke of Argyll and Miss Viola Tree, of the famous stage family of that name. The subject of the debate was "Is the Young Woman of to-day any worse than she ever was?" The arguments advanced were rather interesting and show that there is undoubtedly a great similarity between young life in the Old Land and America.

The chief complaints of Lady Frances against Miss 1924 numbered three. She disapproves the dress, manners and conversation of the present day young woman.

In the past, "the girls led more sheltered lives and knew less of men. A girl of seventeen thought a man a paragon of virtue, unselfishness and all that was heroic. But that attitude may perhaps have made men better than they are to-day. It is good to be believed in—especially for a man."

Recalling that when she was a young woman she was occasioned much embarrassment because she had

red hair, which then was considered the mark of a courtesan, Lady Frances added:—

"But what do we see to-day? We see the young woman doing everything to imitate the courtesan. Her face is a mass of powder; her red lips are gashed out of human resemblance, and the reek of her in passing makes one long for a breath of air off the heather."

Concerning the conversation of the modern girl, Lady Frances quoted one example which she evidently deemed sufficient for the argument—"I heard one young woman remark to another in Bond Street, 'Let's go somewhere and have a real bilious lunch!'"

Miss Tree, in reply, insisted that the modern girl is healthier and more frank than her Victorian predecessor. "The girl of to-day hasn't much to hide, and if she had, she wouldn't hide it," said Miss Tree. "She is incapable of anything except being utterly natural. A poet in my youth wrote to his girl friend about her 'complicated eyes.' The young woman of to-day is incapable of 'complicated eyes.'"

"Instead of stealing down to telephone to young men in her night dress, as I had to do, the girl of to-day orders her mother to have a fire in the drawing room. The stage is generally presumed to represent a great deal of wickedness. The truth is we have no time for that. We are, in fact, grumpy, always in a hurry, very kind to one another, and we like a cup of tea and that sort of thing—and the higher we get the busier we are."

Why Business Is Dull

IN the New York Times appears this news item and it is republished here for what it is worth.

There is such a thing as charging more than the traffic will bear. Have some of the tradesmen in Canada something to learn through hard experience?

Indications are that the comprehensive scheme for building in eastern Canadian territory to be started late in March, will be greatly curtailed if the executives

of the bricklayers, plasterers and masons' unions do not modify their demands. Recently, the executives notified the builders and general contractors of the territory that for the 1924 season, wages asked would be \$1.12 per hour, an increase of 20c. per day.

Some of the members of the labor organizations have emphatically refused to agree to a modification of the demands, says the Engineering News-Record. The builders have served an ultimatum that they will not agree to the wage increase.

How We Are Governed

SPEAKING in Calgary, Mr. Alexander Macdonald, of Winnipeg, the best known merchant in Western Canada, said of the late James H. Ashdown, "I have often thought that if instead of the three legislatures of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, we had had at some central point, such as Regina, a man like Mr. Ashdown with two or three good assistants, we should have had very much better government than we enjoy." These are not the exact words, but they give the gist of what he was reported to have said. Mr. Macdonald may be right or he may be wrong, but his words challenge the system of administration under which we are working. We pride ourselves that we are a democracy, yet it is clear to anybody that a poor democracy is no better than a poor aristocracy or poor monarchy. A name does not guarantee efficiency. All that Mr. Macdonald intended to say was probably this, that we are over governed, and that because of our habit of electing as representatives men who have gifts as party leaders rather than ability and trustworthiness as administrators, we have fared pretty badly. It may be that there is good Scotch sense in that view of the matter.

A government to be successful must be forceful, wise and honest. Unless the people in a democracy are educated they are not likely to be wise; so long as they are divided into warring groups they are not likely to be honest; and so long as they are forced to consider the political expediency of their actions, they are not likely to be forceful.

Nor is there likely to be greater ability shown by a larger group of men than by a small group. As a matter of fact in all democracies to-day the power actually lies in the hands of a very small group of men. The rest of the legislators are but voters—and of the rubber-stamp variety at that. In other words, we have democracies in name but oligarchies in reality—or if that word seems too noble for the actual leaders, let us substitute the modern phrase "bosses."

Mr. Macdonald would do away with the rubber-stamp business. He would conduct government as a merchant conducts his business. He would do away with "the tom-foolery of party," and substitute departmental efficiency under charge of a master of organization.

This is all right but for two things. It is not easy to get a man who can be trusted and who at the same time has wisdom. Mr. Ashdown was the rare exception. It is doubtful if Western Canada has another like him. In the second place there is more to be thought of in government than good administration. There should be among freemen a consciousness that they are being self-governed. The trouble with one man rule is that the will of the people is set at naught. They miss the education which comes from attempts at self-rule. It is desirable not only that people shall have good government but that they shall have it as the result of their own effort.

It is quite evident, however, that as a people we entrust the making and administration of law to those who are in the nature of things incompetent. Men and women vote who have neither knowledge nor honest conviction. Members of the legislature there are, who have neither intelligent comprehension of public matters, nor common honesty in expressing their opinions and in judging issues. So, as we value the principle of democracy, we must see to it that all our people are educated in intelligence and honesty. Otherwise we had better revert to the old order of government by the wisest.

In the meantime, we can join with Mr. Macdonald in his glowing tribute to the first citizen of Western Canada—a man of extraordinary ability and insight, of rare judgment and sterling integrity. It is such men that make a nation great.

The block of granite which is an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.—Carlyle.

It is generally in the season of prosperity that men discover their real temper, principles, and designs.—Burke.

The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.—George Eliot.

The Old Stepping-Stone

*** BY ***

FRANCES

O Music! play softly,
Sweet, dreamy, and slow;
I am haunted to-night,
By a spot that I know,
Where now, on the hill-side,
The red maples glow,
And the green rushes wave
In the valley below.

The violins wailing
Bring sound of the rain;
The wind in the fir-trees
I am hearing again;
The stream flowing onward
From hill-top to plain,
Past the grey stepping-stone
At the foot of the lane.

A sob in the measure!
I echo the sigh;
Old memories are calling,
And my heart makes reply:
Like the birds winging south,
In fancy I fly
To that old stepping-stone
Where the water slips by.

PORRIDGE

By Frances Fraser

Illustrated by Betty Evans

"LEME see! I want to see! Oh! Isn't she pretty? Move over, Margie; Mother! Margie won't let me see!"

Chloe turned in the direction of the voice. In the centre of the rough door, was a large knot-hole; in the centre of the knot-hole, was an eye, very blue, and very round; suddenly it disappeared and a bright, brown, solemn eye stared through. There was a sound of rushing foot-steps, and a sharp smack, and the brown eye vanished as though by magic. A wail arose, stifled, obviously, by a swift hand over an open mouth.

"Hush, you little rascal!" The voice had a suspicion of reluctant laughter in it. "Didn't I tell you to let the lady alone? Who thought of peeping through that hole? That's not nice, at all."

"Yes it is, Mother. It's awful nice; you take a peek; it looks awful funny, through the hole."

"No, no; Mother doesn't want to peep—"

"I bet she does!" A rumbling, bass laugh followed this sidelight on the humanness of mothers. "It's a long time since you've had a look at the styles, eh, Mother?"

"Will you hush, all of you? Mrs. Tennant will think we're a lot of savages, if she hears you!"

"Gosh!" This in a stage-whisper, more audible than the rumble, "We're in for a lovely time, from the cut of the lady's jib, I'll say! She looks as if she hadn't been spanked enough when she was young! Margie, if you ever look as peevish as that, when you're a big girl, Daddy'll—"

The door of the fascinating room opened; an imposingly-erect figure appeared; a voice of ice inquired—

"May I have some hot water, please?"

The door closed again, the slow dignity of its closing making the astonished springs squeak loudly.

"What does she want hot water, in the afternoon, for, Mummy?"

"To thaw out her voice, ducky!" Jim Holland volunteered, chuckling, as he reached for a granite jug, from the shelf over his head.

"Jim!" the mother's eyes were dancing. "Don't tell them such things, for Goodness' sake! They repeat everything; she looks touchy enough, poor thing! I guess nerves must be pretty awful things to have."

"Nerve, I'll say! 'Some hot water, please' he imitated, clipping off his words, and looking down his nose.

The children clapped, and danced up and down. "Do it again Daddy: isn't Daddy funny, Mummy? Talk like the funny lady again!"

The 'funny lady' was having rather a bad time of it. Her arrival at the farm was the result of a mixture of things—of an overkind husband; of over-flattering acquaintances who had taken her up, a young, and charming and perfectly unsophisticated girl from a small town as she was when big, tolerant John Tennant had married her, and brought her to New York; of three whirling years of excitement, overstimulating food, nothing to do with her young healthy body but pamper and beautify it; of months of loyally-hidden disappointment, on the part of John himself, and of increasing petulance and irritability on the part of pretty Chloe, his wife.

Then had come the verdict of the doctors—rest, change, and quiet—above all, quiet—or the quivering nerves would refuse to settle, and she would become the most tragic of things, a "nervous wreck." The decision that she should take her "cure" at this particular farm-house, had not been reached without storms of childish temper, fits of exasperating self-pity, and repeated refusals to even consider the plan. Yet here she was, much to her own amazement.

She had made the short journey from New York, alone.

"Less High Jinks when she finds where she has to get well." Old Doctor Hamilton knew her type, and worried not at all about his popularity with his temperish patients. "She'll rage for a while; but she has good stuff in her, really, and she'll come around; just give her time! I knew her before she got this society bee in her bonnet; she'll be all right, when she gets a little sane living."

So here she was; and, until the eyes had appeared at the knot-hole in her bedroom door, she had felt alone in the world. But the blue eye, and the brown, had changed the "alone" feeling into a most unfamiliar one of being exposed to the public gaze of an unknown number of round, vari-colored eyes. And the perfectly audible conversation in the next room did not tend to allay her petulant mood of injured righteousness. The unstrung nerves were getting ready for a fine outburst of hysterics, when

gentle little Martha Holland appeared in the doorway, with the hot water.

"You look tired, Mrs. Tennant; will you let me help you unpack, presently? Then I will try to keep the house quiet, so that you can have a nap."

"Thank you very much; I just wanted to get tidied up a little, before tea; I suppose it is nearly tea-time?"

Mrs. Holland set the jug of water down, and was re-arranging the toilet articles on the wash-stand, ready for use, as she answered—

"Tea? Oh, not for another hour yet; you will have time for a nice rest, before it is ready."

"But—" Chloe glanced at her wrist-watch, "It is five o'clock now—Another hour will bring tea very near to dinner-time, will it not?"



Jean was back in a moment, a jug of milk clutched tightly against her stomach.

"Dinner-time?" Mrs. Holland looked bewildered. "Dinner was at twelve o'clock—oh, how stupid of me! Of course, you are accustomed to dinner at night! I'm sorry; I didn't think of that! And we just have what is left over, for supper, always; I'll make you a cup of tea, right away, though; you just lie down, now, do, please, and I'll bring it right in here, on a tray."

She hurried out, flushed, and annoyed with herself, for not having anticipated such a complication, the first night, at least. Of course, she said to herself, even if she had cooked a dinner for to-night, it would not be possible to keep it up; dinner at night, for her hungry husband, who breakfasted at half-past six; dinner at night, for three sleepy children, who had to be bathed every night of their lives to be recognizable, after their busy, grubby little days—she could hear, in imagination, the shout of protest that would go up. Well, she would make the best of it, to-night, with her disgruntled guest, and then she would talk it all over with her, and surely any woman would understand, who had ever tried to keep house against odds. But had this other pampered-looking woman ever done anything "against odds?" Pshaw! what was she worrying about it, for anyway? She'd do as she had always done—just the best she could for the day itself, and let to-morrow wait till she got around to it. She set her little tray, with a rather ragged-looking traycloth, relic of her "trousseau" splendors, and had just placed the tea-pot on it, when Jim came in from the barn. He looked at the tray, then at his wife.

"What's the idea?" he asked, rather abruptly.

"It's for Mrs. Tennant, Jim; poor thing, she's so tired, and—"

He frowned, in real annoyance.

"Now, see here, Martha; we thrashed that all out, before she came; 'No personal service, from my wife'—that was the bargain I made with her husband; she's as well able to take care of herself, as you are—and a darn sight better, cause you've had that pain in your side again, today. Isn't she going to eat supper with the rest of us, in a little while? What's the idea, anyway?" he repeated.

Little plump Martha grinned a wicked grin.

"It's 'awftahnoon tea,' you old ignorant gump! Haven't you ever heard of 'awftahnoon tea'?"

"Oh, it is, is it?" He grinned, too, in spite of himself. "Well, if three squares a day aren't enough for her Ladyship, after this, it'll be 'Awftahnoon Hell-to-Pay!' and no frills about it, either. Go on in with it, you little soft-hearted nut, and perhaps you'd better wash her face, and brush her hair for her, while you're at it."

But, as Luck would have it, it so happened that the 'three squares a day' proved to be enough, and more than enough, for 'Her Ladyship.' On the night of her arrival, Chloe Tennant lay on her rather lumpy bed, unable to sleep, turning from side to side, fuming, at times weeping, so wrought up at the thought of the stipulated month ahead of her, that, even if the bed had been as sleep-inducing as the luxurious one she had left at home, her state of mind would have kept her awake. For the twentieth time, she looked at her watch, in the light of the lamp she left burning low. Two o'clock! Heavens! Would it never be morning? How silent it was! Then, through the night, came the sound of a groan—then another. Then the rumble of Jim Holland's voice, thick with sleep; then the sound of the striking of a match, the sound of a woman crying. Chloe slipped from beneath the covers, and groped for her slippers. She stood listening. Something was surely very much the matter. The rumble in Jim's voice changed to a sharp staccato of questions, apparently, judging from the rising inflection. Chloe was not accustomed to concerning herself very much with other peoples' affairs, but she wondered, uneasily, if she should find out what was wrong. She was saved the necessity of deciding, by the quick action of Jim Holland. He crossed the living-room, with hurried steps, and knocked on her door. She opened it as soon as she had thrown on a wrapper.

"What is it?" she asked.

"My wife seems terribly ill—she has been feeling miserable all day. Will you come to her? She is in awful pain."

He led the way to the bedroom from which the sound of moaning came again. Martha lay huddled in a heap, beads of perspiration on her forehead, both hands clutching at her right side. Chloe bent over her, roused to real concern at the sight of the other woman's agony.

"What is it Mrs. Holland. Where's the pain?"

"Here—in my right side—it is frightful—" The white lips were twisted with the effort to speak.

The memory of a night years before, rose in Chloe's mind; her little brother had used those very words—and had died three days later, after an unsuccessful operation for a ruptured appendix. She turned to Jim, who stood, his rugged face drawn in an agony of sympathy, at the foot of the bed.

"Do you think it might be appendicitis?" she asked him, dreading his reply.

"God! I don't know! She's not been well, all summer—I'll go for the doctor. Get her some hot water to drink, and I'll hurry as fast as I can." He stooped to kiss his wife, and whisper "I'll drive hard, dear; I won't be long." In a few moments, they heard the engine of the car starting, and then a rush past the window, and silence, except for the little moans from the sick woman.

There was a rustling sound, the patter of small footsteps, and five-year-old Jean stood in the doorway. Even in her agony, the mother instinctively stretched out a hand to the child.

"Are you sick, Mummy? What's the matter with you? I heard Daddy go out."

Chloe lifted the frightened child to the bed.

"Your mother's sick, child; she needs some hot water; where shall I find it?"

The child looked at her, in astonishment.

"In the tea-kettle, o'course," she said.

Chloe got the lamp from her own room, and went into the little kitchen; a field-mouse scuttled before her, and the draught from the open window made the lamp flare up, and almost go out. She set the light on the table, and felt the side of the kettle on

the stove. Stone cold. Her heart sank. She called to the child in the mother's room.

"Come here, and tell me where mother keeps the wood for the stove."

The little one came at once, and pointed to a box in the corner.

"There's lots there," she said. "I helped Mummy fill it, 'fore I went to bed."

Chloe reached down into the box, and drew out two large, round pieces.

"Those aren't any good for starting," the child volunteered.

"How does mother start it?" asked Chloe, helplessly.

"Wif a match," said the practical one. "She fixed the stove all up with little woods, and big woods, like she always does, for the morning. The matches are in that box on the wall. Let me strike it, will you please? Mummy always lets me, and then I blow it out again."

A moan came from the direction of the bedroom. Quickly, Chloe struck a match, to the accompaniment of "Aw! Why didn't you let me do it?" in the disappointed voice of the child. The fire was well-laid, and blazed up quickly. While the water was heating, Chloe went back to the bedroom; the sick woman made an effort to talk to her.

"If it is appendicitis, they'll probably have to operate," she gasped. "I'm so thankful you are here; they would have to take me into the city I guess; our doctor isn't a surgeon; you'll be able to take care of the children; oh, I'm so thankful you came; what would we have done?"

Chloe was appalled. Take care of the children! This little Jean was five, and the eldest. There were two others, Marjorie, a sturdy three-year-old, and the baby, John only eighteen months. It would not sound much to a mother—but to Chloe, they seemed as overwhelming as if she had had an orphan asylum bequeathed to her.

MORNING came, and

Chloe rose to the most amazing day of her existence. The suffering little mother had been taken to the train at four o'clock. Jean had sobbed so bitterly, at the parting, that Chloe had taken her into the lumpy bed, with her, to comfort her. The warm little nestling body had kept her awake, for a time, with its squirming, and burrowing, but at last, she slept heavily. At seven, a chirp from the baby's cot brought her back to a bewildering world.

"Mummy! Mu-u-mee! Mumme-e-e-e!"

Chloe turned over, stretched luxuriously, and dug her sleepy head deep into the pillow, for her usual morning sleep.

"Mumme-e-e-e! Me-up, me-up, me-up!"

Drowsily Chloe wished somebody would quiet that awful little nuisance.

"Ah-h-h-h-h! Me-up, me-up, me-up—Ah-h-h-h-h!"

The child beside her sat up, rubbed two fat fists into its sleepy eyes, and remarked:

"John's awake; you'd better get up; he gets awful mad, if his porridge isn't ready when he wakes up!"

"Ah-h-h-h-h! Podgy! Podgy, podgy-e-e-e!"

The horrible truth struck her; the only way that howling would ever be stopped, was with porridge! Porridge, at this unearthly hour to be produced from somewhere, by Mrs. John Wellesley Tennant, formerly of Syracuse, recently of New York, and now sole proprietor and producer of food for a small shrieking maniac, who was by this time shaking the bars of his

cot, and dancing up and down in a sort of syncopated jazz that added to the picturesqueness of the barbaric music of his famished roar.

"Mummy! Margie's awake, Mummy!" A flute-like call came from the room by the kitchen. There was the soft inimitable little thud of fat bare feet, on the floor, and another little flute note.

"Jeanie! Where Mummy?"

Fully awake, desperate, Chloe answered, foolishly, "Mummy's gone away, Margie; come in here, with Jean!"

A heart-broken wail brought her to her feet. The chubby body of wee Margie was hurled at her, as the sweet voice wailed,

"I want my Mummy; go 'way, lady; I want my Mummy!" The wail arose to a shriek, as the child realized that the stranger was the only person in sight. With her little fists, she beat at the strange knees.

"Podgy, podgy, podgy!" shrieked the single-tracker in the cot.

"Mummy! Daddy!" howled the ball of pink flesh, which pounded on Chloe's silk-covered leg, with surprisingly stinging blows.

"Where under the sun is that awful porridge?" Chloe demanded of her able lieutenant, Jean.

"In the firell skooker!" Jean threw over her small shoulder, as she hurried to the side of her purple brother.

Chloe clawed at her hair, twirled it into a slipping knot at the back of her head, grabbed stockings, shoes, and wrapper, frantic to appease the tiger in cot, when, as if by a miracle, the howls ceased.

"Thank Heaven!" the maddened guest snorted.

"He's caught he's breff!" Jean tugged Chloe's wrapper off one shoulder, her little face frightened. Chloe ran to the side of the cot. The baby lay on the pillows, his mouth wide open, his eyes starting, apparently, out of his head. Chloe snatched him up.

"Slap him hard!" ordered the Lieutenant.

Chloe slapped.

Twitches from the slapped one, but no sound.

"Here—frow this in he's face!" the Lieutenant held up a glass of water.

Splash! Splash! A gasp—a gulp—a sobbing breath—"Podgy, podgy, podgy!"

The return to the leit-motif was masterly, Wagnerian.

"It's in the firell skooker, I say!" the Lieutenant was clearly becoming exasperated with her superior officer, as many a capable lieutenant has done before.

Firell skooker! What, in Heaven's name, might that be? A skooker—a skooker—

"Here it is!" Jeannie tugged at the lid of—of course Chloe saw it now—the fireless cooker. Now, a plate—now, the milk? Where was the milk?

"I'll get it." Jean was back from the cool milk-house in a moment, a brimming jug of milk clutched tightly against her stomach, and slopping over an amazingly large area of floor.

Now, a spoon—now, peace!

"Baby goo' boy!" beamed the smug egoist, smiling a porridge-bedecked smile straight into the stormy eyes of Mrs. John Wellesley Tennant. With the last smeary spoonful, the stormy eyes softened, and Chloe surprised herself by laughing, as the satisfied tyrant raised his sticky little mouth to hers, and cooed,

"Tiss goo' boy?"

Comfortable little Jean had found a way to soothe wee Margie; seated on Chloe's bed, the two daughters of Eve were solemnly powdering their faces with Chloe's wonderful French face-powder, the bed a pink smudge, the rag carpet a trail of pink, and the two round faces decorated geometrically with daubs on forehead, cheeks, and chin, Margie gazing enraptured into the hand-mirror, and Jean leaning back; viewing the scenic effect with an air of a connoisseur.

PORRIDGE for everybody, tea and toast, wrestled from an unwilling, almost humanly perverse

stove; the children dressed—John dressed again—and again—The dishes washed; the store-cupboard inspected; John found, behind the rain-barrel, after a terrifying disappearance of ten minutes, at the end of which time he said "Boo!" mildly, and walked out of his hiding-place. The cow looked at, and shuddered at, and the empty milk-pail glowered at—Chloe's life saved by the timely arrival of the neighbor's (a comparative word, being a neighbor who lived three miles away) boy, returning a borrowed whet-stone, who was bribed to come night and morning, apparently for the rest of his natural life, judging from the agitation in the lady's voice, to milk the dreaded beast, at a price so magnificent that he wisely cut the amount in two, in telling the tale at his home farm, thereby forestalling any attempt at a collection of an antiquated debt thereat.

Dinner, more dishes. Beds made in the sweltering afternoon heat. John tidied up again; the discovery made that John was now quite out of clean clothes—a small washing for John: Margie to be comforted, and given several hundred pieces, so Chloe thought, of bread and butter, as panacea to a lonely heart. The fire to coax and cajole and curse, the woodbox to fill: a shower, John's cherished washing forgotten, and all wet again, on the clothes-line. Tea, with all the essentials seemingly a mile or so away in the milk-house, and shrieks

Continued on page 62



Seated on Chloe's bed, the two daughters of Eve were solemnly powdering their faces.

DECEIVERS EVER

By John Landels Love

DONALD Laird replaced the Japanese candlestick on the display table with the deliberation that marks the man who has almost, but not quite, decided to buy. Favoring the exhibit with a final sweeping glance of approval, and bestowing an appreciative nod upon the candlesticks in particular, he turned to continue his noon-hour saunter through the china section of the department store.

"We have other shapes and colors in stock," volunteered a remarkably pleasant voice at his elbow.

Donald Laird turned and from his height of five feet ten inches gazed down into a pair of hazel eyes that were regarding him impartially but with the alertness that marks the highly trained sales clerk. Under his close scrutiny, the girl's eyes dropped momentarily and the man noted the long eyelashes that rested for a few fleeting seconds with butterfly lightness on the rose of her cheek. A little rounded chin and cherry red lips also came under his observation, and he had slight difficulty in visualizing diminutive ears beneath the soft brown hair that lay in clinging clusters close to the girl's shapely head.

"Other designs and colors?" he repeated, with a quick smile, "Where?"

In silence the girl led the way to another table.

Picking up a vase of greenish hue, the man pretended to examine it. His eyes swept rapidly over the figure of the girl at his side, taking in her lithe and graceful outline from perfectly poised head to the minute toe which beat a mildly impatient tattoo on the floor.

"I'm rather fussy about colors," he observed, as his companion held up a pink candlestick, turning it round in her slim fingers caressingly as though the object were alive, so that the light might strike its iridescent surface from all angles.

"How is the room decorated?" she asked.

"Green oatmeal paper, green carpet, and green portieres," was the answer.

"Then you don't want *that*, do you?" pointing to the green vase Donald was holding.

"Er—certainly not," he stammered, hurriedly replacing his burden on the table. "What color do you recommend?"

"Light or dark corner?" came the business-like query.

"Lemme see—well, I'm thinking of putting 'em on the mantelpiece, one on each side of the clock."

"In that case I should have this rose pink holder with mauve candles."

"By Jove, you're right!" exclaimed Donald Laird, with ready approval. He closed his eyes.

"I can fairly see 'em!" he cried, with a boyish grin. The girl relaxed and smiled at his enthusiasm.

"I'm awfully obliged to you for that suggestion," continued Donald. "I had thought of red candlesticks and yellow candles, but I can see what a discord they would have been. I'm furnishing you know—er—getting married, and—and the lady has such excellent taste that I'd hate to have perpetuated a bloomer like that! Frightful, eh?"

"Oh, yes," came the response in a matter-of-fact tone. "Do you wish these sent?"

"Thanks, no; I'll take 'em with me."

His parcel under his arm, Donald Laird marched to the elevator. The girl watched his athletic figure until it turned into the cage. He flashed her an exuberant smile and fondly patted the bundle under his arm. Katy Lynn turned quickly to her crockery and carefully and unnecessarily adjusted the position of a vase.

NEXT day at noon Katy was flicking specks of imaginary dust from an elaborate dinner set. A shadow fell across the table. She looked up and encountered the smiling eyes of Donald Laird. "They look too cute for words! Thought you'd like to know," was his greeting. "The candlesticks, I mean," he added as the girl's face bore a slightly vague expression.

"I'm glad," said Katy, simply.

"Yes," continued Donald, "particularly the mauve candles. I was rather doubtful about them, you know."

"You needn't have been," was the confident response.

"I won't—again. I was wondering, Miss Lynn, if—"

"How did you learn my name?" demanded the girl, quickly.

"That elevator boy—" began Donald.

"Exceeded his duties, evidently. What were you going to say?" interrupted Katy.

"I was going to ask—that is, I was going to suggest that perhaps you could help me out in another matter requiring good taste. I find that furnishing a house is not as easy as it is cracked up to be in the advertisements. Generally speaking, those 'You furnish the nest, we furnish the rest' fellows are long on quantity and short on taste. You know what I mean?"

The girl smiled.

"I understand," she admitted, "but why doesn't—can't you— isn't the lady going to do her own furnishing?"

"She's busy. Trousseau, and all that kind of thing, you know," was the evasive answer. "She's quite willing to leave the house furnishing to us—to me, I mean. I feel that I can't do it alone. Will you help?—on a strictly business footing, of course. My idea is that you might give me an hour or two for several evenings, helping me choose wall papers and furniture and carpets and—and things of that kind."

Katy picked up a flower vase.

"I'd love to furnish a house," she said, softly.

"I knew you would—you look like that kind of girl—so that's settled," declared Donald, with an air of tremendous relief.

"Hardly," was the crisp and slightly chilling response. "How large is the house and how long is this strictly business arrangement to last. And how much are you going to spend?"

"I'm not exactly rolling in money," smiled Donald, "but I figure on fitting out eight rooms and a sun porch. The house I have in mind—"

"Then you haven't actually bought one!" was the surprised exclamation.

"I have practically, but—"

"But you said the candlesticks looked too cute for words!" There was a note of suspicion in the girl's tones.

"Well, I visualized their future surroundings, you see," came the laughing explanation. "They have given me such confidence in your taste that I really hope you will not refuse to help me a little with the rest of the house. Two or three evenings during the next fortnight should be sufficient. We could have supper downtown and then make a round of the stores in the ol' bus. There are lots of good places open until nine, and later."

Many and strong objections rushed to Katy's lips, but an inquisitive floor walker was approaching for the second time. His reappearance suggested the suppression of debate and an instant decision, one way or the other. The spirit of adventure seized the girl. She decided to fall in with Donald Laird's decidedly unconventional suggestion.

"Very well," she agreed, "one hour on two evenings a week for a fortnight at ten dollars a trip."

Donald blinked with surprise at the crisp, business-like proposal. Quickly recovering himself, he thanked the girl warmly and made an appointment for that evening.

"By the way, Miss Lynn, my name is Donald Laird," he shot back over his shoulder as he turned towards the elevators.

Katy glanced covertly in the direction in which Donald had gone.

"Well, Mr. Donald Laird, you suggested putting things on a business footing," she soliloquized, "and I've done it. Whether I take the fee or not is my secret, but I'll find out what's back of your house furnishing game, anyway. In any case a professional shopping guide would charge you more than forty dollars!"

Despite attempts to justify her action to herself, Katy could not suppress a conviction that she had been altogether too business-like. The fee she had mentioned seemed extortionate although she was perfectly aware that a professional shopper in similar circumstances would have charged more. What worried her most of all was the knowledge that her suggestion had been due to an unreasonable resentment against Donald Laird's fiancée whose supine delegation of the important duty of house furnishing bespoke a coldness of disposition and an indifference that was culpable in the eyes of the business girl.

"Maybe I'll buy them a present with the money," mused Katy in self-extenuation. "I wonder what she is like. Queer kind of girl who lets the man do all the furnishing. When I'm married there'll be no deputy color scheme artist!"

Throughout the day Katy fought down as best she could the constantly recurring sense of resentment towards the girl Donald Laird was to marry. Over against the genial and friendly Donald she pictured a cold and haughty beauty more engrossed in her own personal adornment than in selecting wall papers and hangings and rugs for her future home. The imaginary contrast caused her to wonder mightily.

"Catch me letting any other girl furnish my home!" she murmured grimly—grimly for her—as she drew the dust cover over the Sevres vases.

DONALD awaited her at the appointed rendezvous a few minutes after closing time. His face was suffused with smiles as he reached out a hand and helped her into the automobile. Katy thrilled as she sensed the tremendous physical strength of the man.

"I thought the best programme for tonight would be a visit to the house I have in mind," he suggested, as they drew up before a restaurant.

"That shouldn't take long," answered the girl.

"No need to rush things," was Donald's smiling response. "You can't very well decide on decorations and things unless you know the house thoroughly."

Inwardly Katy admitted the force of the argument, while she instinctively resented her companion's apparent intention to prolong as much as possible the strictly business arrangement they had entered into.

"Of course," continued Donald, "if we spend this evening giving the house a thorough once-over, you will not regard it as one of the four shopping trips you promised me."

He spoke with an air of finality which was tinged with the suggestion of a question mark. His smile did not disguise his earnestness of purpose.

"No—I suppose not," agreed Katy, slowly, and with evident reluctance.

"Then that's settled!" was the hearty response.

Supper ended, they drove out to a newly opened suburb buried in trees through which peeped bungalows in all the glory of fresh stucco and tapestried brick. The car slowed down before a dwelling at sight of which Katy threw professional reserve to the winds.

"You like it?" asked Donald as the girl gave utterance to a quick exclamation of delight.

"The key—the key!" cried Katy, her eyes sparkling.

Donald followed her up the sidewalk, an enigmatic smile hovering about his lips. When he reached the house Katy was already inside. She sniffed at the odour of new plaster as though it were the rarest scent of Araby.



Katy picked up a flower vase. "I'd love to furnish a house," she said softly.

"It's perfectly lovely!" she breathed. Her companion looked at her in silence.

From room to room the girl darted, the home-loving woman in her finding new delights in each. Donald followed in her wake, well content.

"Everything's perfect except the kitchen," announced Katy when the tour of the house from cellar to attic had been completed for the third time.

"One or two things need alteration here," she continued leading the way through the kitchen door. "The electric connections are in the wrong place for the cooking stove and the ironing board to get the most favorable light; and there should be a plate rack over the sink."

Donald laughed happily and made a note of her suggestions.

"I knew you would earn your money!" he said, teasingly.

Katy drew herself up and turned away.

"I'll have these alterations made right away," promised Donald, hastily. "Anything else occur to you?"

Katy shook her head. "Absolutely nothing—it's perfect."

"I'm glad you approve," said the man.

"I hope your—your fiancée will like it," said Katy as she gazed intently out of the window at the mortar tubs that littered the yard.

"Oh, she's crazy about it!" exclaimed Donald.

The girl looked at him with surprised eyes.

"When did she see it?"

"Eh? Oh, today."

"But she didn't see the kitchen."

Donald looked surprised.

"How do you make that out?" he asked.

Katy drew a line with the toe of her shoe on the floor. "These boards are very dusty," she remarked, soberly, "and there are no footmarks on them except our own!"

"The inspection was rather superficial, I admit," laughed Donald.

Back at the car, he offered to help his companion on board, but Katy refused his proffered arm and sprang lightly to her seat. Again that unreasoning resentment against the girl who could "superficially" examine the home in which she was soon to be installed as mistress, swept through her.

"How such a nice, ingenuous boy ever fell in love with such a cold specimen, I can't conceive," she mused as she settled back in the seat. She glanced quickly at her companion's face. The enigmatical smile still lurked in the corners of his mouth, looking for all the world as though it wanted to break out into pealing laughter.

"Oh, well," decided the girl, "what does it matter as long as he's happy. But if he's going to marry a society butterfly who hasn't enough sense to do more than stick her nose inside her future kitchen, he's going to need his smile!"

"What do you think?"

Katy was suddenly aroused by Donald's voice.

"What do you think?" he repeated, turning and looking her straight in the eyes.

"I beg your pardon—I wasn't listening," she said, with a trace of confusion. Donald laughed.

"I bet you were thinking of some more improvements for that kitchen," he cried, bantering.

"I was thinking of some needed improvements, but they had nothing to do with the house," came her dry answer.

Donald glanced at the speaker.

"In me, perhaps," he suggested.

"Nothing of the kind," was the sharp response.

"What is the programme for our next excursion?"

"Tomorrow evening?" asked Donald, and Katy let his quick assumption of the next date pass unchallenged. "Let me see—rugs, or wall paper,—or what do you suggest?"

"Suppose we take each room separately, beginning with the hall, and furnish each completely before tackling the next?" was the girl's suggestion.

"Good idea!" commented her companion. "Let's begin now. It's early and we can drive out into the country for a bit while we get a line on just what is needed in that hall."

It was early, as Donald said, but somehow before the furnishing of the hall had been decided upon, night fell and it was dark when Donald turned the bonnet of his car into the street where Katy boarded. As the girl crept into her room she was tired with a fatigue that was not physical. She stood at her window overlooking the narrow strip of backyard with its dead corn stalks, broken and leaning drunkenly in the moonlight. A vision of a little eight-roomed tapestry brick bungalow arose amid the

shadows of the mean garden. It faded and the hazel eyes were storm-filled.

"I'd like to—yes, I'd like to *shake* her!" Katy muttered fiercely as she stabbed her hat through and through with the long pin.

IN spite of Katy's determination to keep the shopping tours strictly on a business footing, and to confine them to not more than four excursions, the end of a week found the two house furnishers with only three out of the eight rooms furnished.

"This is going to be a longer job than we expected," laughed Donald.



"Why are you here, little girl?" asked the man, coming towards her and looming so large that Katy shrank away from him.

The girl glanced at him quickly. They were seated side by side in Donald's automobile on the way to visit an antique shop. His tone and manner seemed to indicate unfeigned approval of the prolongation of the strange partnership.

"I fear it is," agreed Katy, trying hard to inject a note of disapproval into her tones.

"It is entirely my fault," she continued, "I am too fussy and hard to please. However, I will not charge you another cent for my alleged services."

"You know I was not thinking at all about that!" came the quick retort.

"Of course not—I know that, you silly boy!" cried Katy, with equal alacrity, and immediately blushing at the familiar address that had slipped from her lips.

Donald threw her a sidelong look and as quickly averted his eyes.

For the rest of the journey silence reigned between them. Strangely embarrassed Katy preceded her companion into the antique store. Whilst selecting the few *objets d'art* for which Donald had come, he cast several envious looks at a small copper lamp. The dealer, intercepting one of these glances, picked up the object that had inspired them and placed it in Donald's hands.

"Only fifty dollars!" exclaimed Donald, allowing his eyes to play fondly over the quaint object.

"However," he said with finality, replacing the lamp on its stand, "no more luxuries—I have about reached my limit!"

"I'd have given him the money for it—if I'd had it," he whispered in an aside to Katy; "it would put the finishing touch to that 'den' of mine, wouldn't it?"

The girl nodded, gloomily.

"If you hadn't employed an expensive and inefficient house furnisher you would have had the money to purchase that lamp. Her fees amount to exactly fifty dollars!"

"Neither expensive nor inefficient," protested Donald. "Your professional skill has given me exactly what I needed at a saving of several hundreds of dollars."

Katy flushed warmly at his sincere praise.

Turning to the dealer, Donald pulled a roll of bills from his pocket to pay for the few articles purchased. A small key fell tinkling to the floor. Katy stooped and recovered it.

For the better part of an hour the two shoppers toured the premises making believe that Donald was a millionaire with the will and ability to buy up the entire store. When they re-entered the automobile it was late.

"Here endeth the last lesson!" said Katy as she settled back in the comfortably upholstered seat. She made an attempt to speak lightly, but with middling success.

Donald leaned over and peered closely into her face. The girl turned her head and gazed at the lights drifting past outside.

"Tired, little girl?" he asked.

"Desperately!" was the heartfelt confession, but as the car drew up before Katy's rooming house she sprang lightly out, totally disregarding her companion's proffered assistance.

"I think, Mr. Laird," she said as Donald climbed out and joined her on the curb, "this is the last evening I can give you. I—I have some—some other work that will keep me busy nights for some time."

"That's rather a hasty decision, isn't it?" asked Donald. He spoke slowly and with an unsuccessful effort to catch Katy's eye.

"Yes—that is—I mean, no! I meant to tell you earlier, but forgot—we've been so busy, you know!"

She laughed nervously and with a pathetic attempt at gaiety. Her face was drawn and white.

"I won't attempt to argue with you tonight," smiled Donald. "I can see that you really are all in. I've been horribly selfish—dragging you around night after night like this. It's been too much for you on top of a busy day. All I ask is that you pay my little home one last professional visit when everything is in place. Say Wednesday—three nights from now?"

Katy shook her head stubbornly. She was desperately anxious for the sanctuary of her own room.

"I'll phone you tomorrow evening," continued Donald, wisely forbearing to press his request. "You're too tired to discuss things just now. Good night, and—pleasant dreams!"

"Very pleasant dreams!" she repeated wearily to herself as she stood in the centre of her room drawing off her

gloves. The sound of Donald's departing auto sent her to the window. Cautiously she pulled aside a portion of the curtain and watched the car as it disappeared around the corner of the street. To her fancy it seemed that Donald turned his head and pressed his face close to the glass as he sent a parting glance in her direction.

"My dear, my dear—" she murmured, but softly, that none might hear.

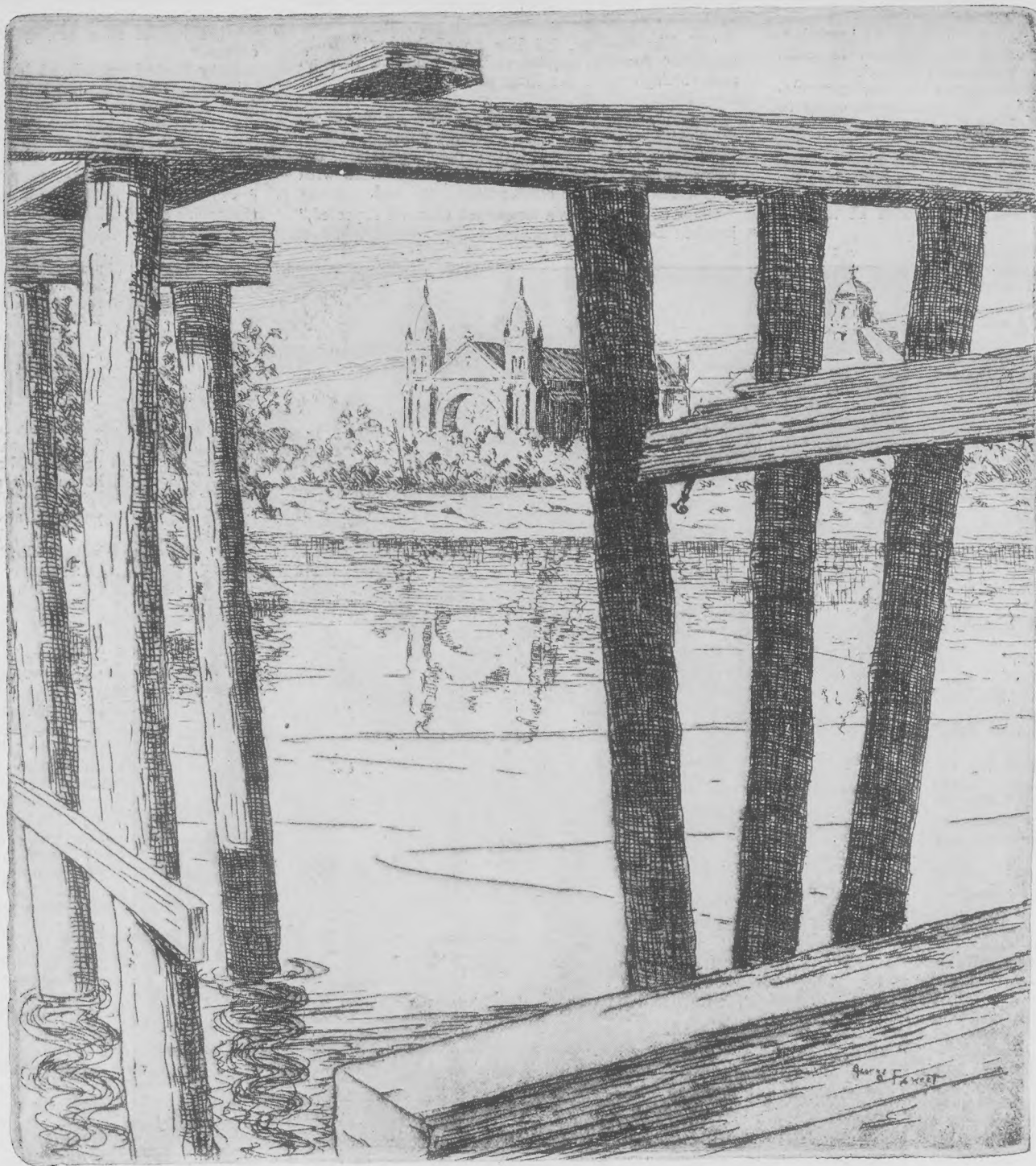
Picking her coat from the bed where she had flung it, Katy saw the key which earlier in the evening she had recovered from the floor of the antique store, and which had now slipped from her pocket. Vacantly she stared at the bit of brass in her pink palm. A wild unreasonable longing seized her to thrust the diminutive piece of metal into its natural receptacle once more; to open the door of that home which she had furnished, and wander through its enchanted rooms again—alone.

As she slowly disrobed for bed, the longing grew in intensity. It became overpowering as she slipped the crisp ten-dollar bill with which Donald had paid her "professional" services that night, between the leaves of a book beside its four companions. Fifty dollars! That was exactly the price of the antique which Donald wanted so much! As the thought struck her an idea was conceived and brought to instant maturity in her mind. She would spend her fee on a wedding gift for Donald and it would be the lamp which had so captured his fancy. Tomorrow night she would place it in his den just where he wanted it placed. That done, the whole wonderful six-day dream would end and she would try to forget.

Katy fell asleep with the little brass key clasped in her hand folded under her cheek.

NEXT morning an inquiry over the phone informed her that the lamp would be reserved for her until she called for it that evening. The hours

Continued on page 34b



"The Turrets Twain"—Reproduced from an etching by George Fawcett

THE BETTER DISH

By Edna E. Baldwin

MARCH sunshine slanted across Flo Kendry's white tiled kitchen, making a dash of rainbow colour up and down the cut glass dripping hot suds in the draining pan.

One had only to catch a glimpse of Flo's kitchen to know the ways and moods of its mistress, because it is not going too far to say that one was the background for the other, both being the result of systematic and even temperament, words foreign to the vocabulary of Sally Cannes, her next door neighbour.

To Flo, neatness was beauty, a picture at its proper angle, feet well scraped before entering either the back or the front door, every inch of her trim house shining from the energetic application of soap and water and cleaning cloths.

Sally and Flo were as unlike as their kitchens. Flo did not approve of Sally in the first place, and it was this same disapproval that made the one disquieting note in her thoughts in an otherwise uneventful potatoes-on-to-scallop-and-beef-steak-pounded-to-fry morning. Even the grey cat, dozing in the full warmth of the yellow sunshine, pricked up its ears with mild surprise.

It had all happened over such a silly thing, the coolness between the two neighbours, although it was true there was really no difference in Sally's greeting when they met. Why anyone should make such a fuss over a big, grey member of the cat tribe had ever been a source of wonderment and not a little amusement to Sally, but being both diplomatic and pofite, she held her tongue, while Flo, being possessed of a devastating candour, voiced her opin-

ions aloud. She failed to see the point when Sally worried herself sick over the dance affair the I.O.D.E. were putting on, arriving herself in an adorable wisp of an evening frock, as piquant as it was scant. Sally had had dances, scores of them, and men standing around waiting to be taken on like any flapper, as Flo had remarked later to her husband, with just a tinge of bitterness. She had sat out a good many numbers herself and Perry had irritated her the more by saying with unusual sharpness that he couldn't see that Sally had disgraced her family in any way. Perry, in spite of the strings his wife tied to him, was very human and he had rather a sweet memory of having held Sally in his arms through one dance. He could imagine Jimmy carrying Sally upstairs because her satin dancing slipper hurt her foot. It was an unaccountable thought. He glanced across at Flo combing her ash-gold hair before the mirror. He could not see himself doing that same thing with her. It would be—silly.

Flo, her heart still rankling a little over the dance and Sally's ability to keep her figure and hold her place among the younger crowd, decided that it was her duty to talk to Sally. She was young and inexperienced and Jimmy was not making enough money for Sally to wear the kind of clothes she affected. She could not remember ever seeing her in anything that was not smart. Flo had foregone a new evening frock because they were scrimping, trying to squeeze out enough to pay the last instalment on the house. They had not gone out much anyway, did not pretend to keep up with the crowd like the Murray's. There

were a few that even labelled Flo as unsociable. It had been rumoured that she was most unsympathetic with the idea of tea parties and afternoon bridge and like frivolities. Naturally she was gradually dropped from the circle of tea drinkers. Hasten was very much like any other small town with its little fish and big fish, and it was all very well if you were in the swim. Small towns are like that.

It was with the idea of explaining to Sally the danger of catering too much to social welfare and bodily comfort that she dried the dish pan, putting it away on its peg and mechanically hanging up the towel. She remembered the list of tasks designated for part of the morning's routine. She would water the flowers first. Instantly a vision of her neighbour's kitchen windows danced before her eyes. Sally's whims were so unexplainable. Her curtains were of green checked gingham with a narrow ruffle across the top, no blinds, and a row of flower pots along the sill with saucy red geraniums perking their cheerful heads at you. That was the way with everything though. Sally even had her divanette pulled out in front of the fireplace with a long table behind it holding a reading lamp and a tangerine pottery bowl, adding an infinitesimal note of color among the blues and browns. Flo's living room was not inartistic but it lacked that touch of intimacy with daily contact. There was something almost inexorable about its precision and accurate placing of furniture. People smiled a little over Perry's carefully scraped feet and ashes carried with the utmost care from the

Continued on page 56

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

When you are tired of the drudgery of washday—

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha

When you are in doubt about the wholesome cleanliness of your clothes—

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha

When you are trying to find a way to make your household cleaning problems easier—

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha

When you are asked to try new things for washing and cleaning, remember—

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha

And nothing can, for Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blending of splendid soap and real naptha that gives you the benefit of these two great cleaners at the same time, and in one economical bar.

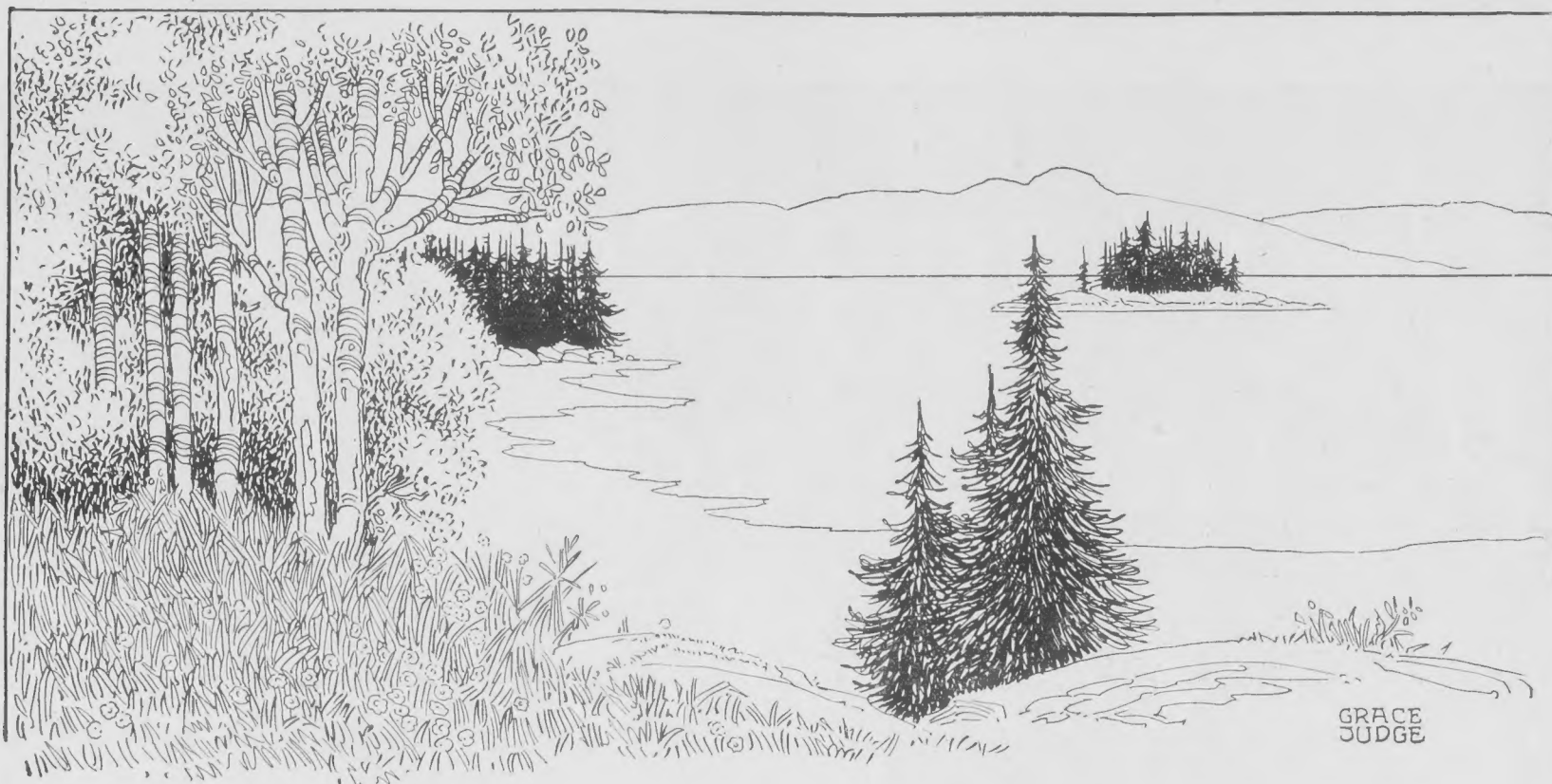
Give Fels-Naptha its place in your home. Buy a "Golden Bar" today at your grocer's.

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



THE TONIC WHISTLE

By Nellie Matthews

"OH, I know you're always grinning, but day after tomorrow, that whistle of yours will sound like the spluttering of a setting hen, when she's routed off the nest. I'll have you sobered for good."

Big, burly Jake Nye had called out to Terry Mates as husband and wife stood beside their hot-bed, near the little cream colored four-roomed house.

Terry, in his much mended overalls, and with the spring wind blowing his "curls" under the edge of his hat, only whistled while blinking from the glare of the noon-time sun, his keen blue eyes covertly studying the arrogant man at the gate.

"What do you mean, Jake Nye?" sharply demanded frail Betsy.

"He means he would just like my whistle for himself,—if he could get it," and Terry winked an eye filled with laughter.

"You'll find out what I mean," Jake went on. "Just wait, and you'll find out. I've had it in for you ever since you said you saw me around my old shack when it burned down two years ago. I couldn't get my insurance."

"Weren't you there?" queried Terry placidly.

Jake loftily ignored the question.

"I've just about got you under my thumb now," he gloated.

"Don't talk like that, Jake," the Irishman admonished solemnly. "It always scares me when a mule tries to roar like a lion."

"You'll be the one to roar day after tomorrow."

"I sure will! And while I'm laughin'—roarin' you'll be dancin' a jig at the curly end of a whip. My! But won't your fat legs have to hop!" and Terry laughed at the thought until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

But his visitor could not see any humour about it.

"Never mind, I've told you! So look out!" and Jake stalked on with pugnacious air.

"Whatever can he mean, Terry?" the wife repeated, as they entered the door of the house.

Terry picked up little three year old Johnny, and tossed him up to the ceiling. The child tried to poke his finger into the rounded mouth of his father, as the air of "My Wild Irish Rose" streamed forth from Terry's lips like a breeze from the lake on a hot summer day.

"Oh, I haven't time to worry about it, I'm too busy whistlin'," and this time Johnny struck the ceiling with a bang.

"But, Terry, you should think about it, Jake is—so—well, you know how he is."

"Oh, pshaw, Betsy! Pluck up heart, do! Don't get scared at the spittin' of a riled-up cat."

"But he must mean something. He always does. And you know we owe a two hundred dollar grocery bill now, and with Larry's broken leg, and mother completely helpless, and the baby's whooping cough worse, we simply can't bear any more. Surely, he doesn't intend to poison our stock,—or something like that."

"He's all bluff!" was Terry's reply.

"But, you know how every one dreads that man."

"He won't hurt us," came the equanimous answer.

But in his heart he had no such assurance, though he must not worry his wife.

Fifteen years ago, when Terry had married joyous, caroling Betsy Moore, he planned a rosy-hued future

for her, but now, deep down in his soul, he was sorely troubled. After leaving the house, he glanced over the unploughed, rain-soaked ground. His face became solemn, and his blue eyes dull, as he mused on the picture of his wife, white and frightened, when he had brought Larry in this morning with a broken leg; poor, tired Betsy, whose laugh he had not heard for six months.

But, she, in turn, had never seen her blithe and jocund husband solemn. In his childhood, even, he had known more troubles than ten average men. Perplexities and calamities seemed to come to him in challenge, while the spirits of the Irishman only rose the higher, his eyes sparkled the brighter, and his whistle became the more merry and shrill.

As she glanced about the room, after Terry had gone out on this momentous spring day, her once plump face was wan and haggard. She groaned inwardly at the sight of helpless, twelve year old Larry on the couch, her mother propped up in the morris-chair with pillows, and the white-faced, sickly baby restlessly tossing in its crib. Then her eyes turned to Dot, Molly, Peggy and Johnny; now busy sewing "patchwork" for mamma.

They did love to help her.

Her glance swept the walls of the room, neatly papered. She and her husband had picked out the pattern of bursting rose-buds because it was so cheerful. They had put in a new floor in the living-room, also used as dining-room and nursery. They had built double windows in the front wall of the house. Terry, also, had made a neat and wonderful flower-stand. The blossoms beamed at her now. How "homey" everything was. But, what was this awful thing hovering over them? She was sure it must be something dreadful, for Jake's threats never were idle, nor was he one who did things by halves.

WHEN Jake Nye entered Henry Daniels' loan office that afternoon, his smile was exultant, as he pictured to himself the absolute crushing of the Mates family.

"Hello, Hank! I want to borrow some money. I can give good security."

"Sure! How much do you want? And what's it for?" Daniels picked up his pen, and pulled a blank form toward him.

"Twelve thousand, on yearly payments for five years," then in a low tone he added a sentence which caused Mr. Daniels' face to undergo a vast change.

"Not on your life!" and the loan agent tossed the pen onto the desk, and pigeon-holed the form.

A few short and stormy words from each followed. "I'll make you suffer for this some day, Hank," Jake snorted as he slammed himself out of the office.

He walked very fast, and with grim countenance, down the street to a large brick house set back in among some giant poplars. A sunny-faced, white-haired old man sat out on the lawn, beside a trim-looking spruce tree.

"Hello, Mr. Craig! Takin' life easy in your old age?"

The old man pursed his lips and looked over his glasses.

"Not very easy; I'm workin' out a puzzle."

"What's the puzzle?"

"To know what you're after. I know it's one of three things. Catching, pickling or roasting some game. You're always occupied in one or the other."

"Oh, stop your joshin'! I'm after money. I want twelve thousand collars."

"What for?"

Mr. Craig barely caught the answer, it was so low. He started.

"Oh, it's Mates, is it? You want to pickle Terry, eh? I'll bet you haven't caught him yet."

"He's almost landed!"

"Better leave Terry alone, Nye." Craig solemnly shook his head. "Better leave him alone! Or you'll be sure to find yourself the biggest pickled lobster in existence." He went on shaking his head in protest. "Beside, I won't let you have the money. Won't think of letting you have it. Trot along, and hunt up an easier catch than Terry."

All Jake's persuasions only made Mr. Craig more determined and sarcastic.

"I'll get the place in spite of you," Nye shouted on his way to the gate, as he turned and shook his fist at the old man.

He was still hurrying when he entered Jim Darrow's legal office.

"What's the matter, Nye? You look cross."

"Oh, the people of this town are too saintly to live."

Jim Darrow grinned.

"What have they been accusin' you of now?"

Jake Nye's temper was still rising.

"Now, don't you start castin' slurs too."

Darrow continued to smile, but said no more.

Nye helped himself to a box of cigarettes that lay on the desk.

"Can you lend me twelve thousand dollars, Jim?"

Darrow moved the cigarettes to the other end of the desk.

"Well, Nye, I'll tell you! I might have done it—once. But, now, my heart shrivels up like a dried-out saskatoon whenever I see you. You know the reason why."

Jake didn't leave the office very sweetly or silently, but that night he had obtained the twelve thousand dollars from somewhere.

Mrs. Mates sitting at the supper table saw him returning to his home. He waved a cheque high in air, when he saw Betsy through the window. It took all Terry's bubbling spirits to keep the humorous curve to his lips, for, he had learned Jake's secret, soon after the noon episode.

Still, the keen Irishman had not been idle.

He, himself, had been trying to borrow twelve thousand to buy the Schram section on which he lived, and from which Jake hoped to oust him. Now the last of April, it would be too late to rent another farm for the summer, and they would be left with no means of support for the year.

While Terry had been on his way to his father-in-law's that same afternoon, his shoulders had sagged, and his face became somewhat creased, but, as he approached Mr. Moore's gate, his head went up, and the strain of "My Wild Irish Rose" filled the air with exhilarating vigor.

His father-in-law, who regarded Terry as "A-1," with a diploma added, was busy looking for any possible defects in his drill, which might deter him from seeding, when the soil was ready.

"A bumper crop we'll have this year, father, with all this wet."

Continued on page 53

TUDOR PLATE

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The Tudor Princess

The Tudor Princess

A LITTLE GREY HOME

By V. W. Horwood

"THERE'S women" said the old woman sadly, "that's born to long for a home and never find it."

The Cabinet Minister's wife looked at the faded old lady before her and knew that she understood. The wife of a Minister of the Crown in stately Ottawa, yet the Minister's wife was lonely. Her heart was in the far off West where a small farm house nestled beside a bluff of quivering poplars, a little house beside a winding trail which led from the solid old gate where she had often trysted in the long ago days. The old path winding beside the knolls where, with the crescent moon hanging in the sky, she and her lover had harnessed their car to the stars, and where from the door, the eye could look into the infinite, the illimitable boundless spaces of the prairie; see the rains sweep over it; see it harried by the blizzard with the angry sun dogs glaring at you, and see it glorified by the summer sun's light over the waving fields of yellow wheat.

And the Minister's wife was lonely.

Deep down in her woman's soul was a weariness, a longing for simpler things. The wish which is in us all for a little home where we can hide from the rush and sadness of the world, was hers. She had everything one could wish for. Her husband and she were lovers for forty years, and now he could gratify her every wish, and did so.

But she was not content. Something was pulling at her heart strings. It comes to all who have lived in the West and then returned Eastward. Forgotten is the cold. Forgotten is the long cruel winter. Only the glory of Heaven's dome is remembered, the flashing Northern Lights and the indefinite something which will drag you back even against your will.

"Jack and I are getting old and it seems as if we would never be together again," she reflected sadly. "We have drifted apart."

And she sighed, bring the question from the old lady of the Home, "And what is it ails a great lady like you, ma'am?"

"I have no home, Jane," replied the Minister's wife sadly.

And the older woman made the answer, understanding thoroughly the thought in the other woman's soul.

It had been a strenuous winter, socially and politically. The House had been continuously in session with contentious legislation always before it, and her husband's department had been mercilessly harried by experts always ready to probe with keen knife. The Minister's wife's social duties were exact and their orbits only crossed occasionally. She knew he was not well, that the strain was telling even on his robust physique.

"Power, my dear," said he one day, "is obtained by doing what the people want, before the other fellow does. If one could only find what the people want. That's the rub."

Late one sunny afternoon going over the River to Hull, the motor stalled on the bridge, and knowing it would be some time before it could be started, and declining to go on in another, she got out and gazed Westward over the turbulent Chaudiere, the great Falls whose waters came swirling around the bridge, bringing with it all the scents of the great timber country, the roar reverberating above all other sounds. The fine spray coated the bridge with ice, but her thoughts were away beyond in the land of the setting sun. Memories came to her of their trials in the early days when together they had advanced step by step. From his first election as trustee of a one-roomed prairie school, higher and yet higher, until success had come and his ambitions seemed fulfilled,—an international figure—and not the least of his success was the love and trust of his wife. Her pride in him was almost ferocious. Many times she had wanted to pause and rest, but once the maelstrom of politics engulf you there is no rest. The master of the public is a veritable slave. The car must be always to the ground, and the mind nimble to seize opportunities. The terrific strain involved by elections, when party strife was savage, always left her tired. In times past they had spoken of the dream days to come when both might grow peacefully and gently old together in the evening of their days.

Now she was both lonely and tired and longed for the little grey farm house of their first adventure on the wide prairies, far beyond the leaping Chaudiere. Looking into the low down red eye of the sun, in fancy she could see the old neighbors getting the cattle in for the night, could hear the cheery calls and the occasional low of a cow in the stable, and the children's voices as they came from the little school house.

She had gained much in their eyes,—social position, wealth—but she had left behind her old neighbors, old friends, old faiths, and now as the sun went down behind the spray of the falls a full realization of her loss came to her. And through the tears she could see the glimmer of the lights in the scattered farm houses, the Evening Star shining pale in the opalescent of a clear sky, while from the bluff the "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" of the owl called mournfully.

She got into the car and was driven home.

LATE that night in her luxurious bed her thoughts still ran on to the little home they had left, it seemed forever; and her thoughts were back to girlhood days, picturing the little socials and dances in the school-house while the prairie blizzard howled outside. Of their hired girl Elsie, a Scottish lassie, who in her eyes was a middle aged woman. What had become of Elsie, she wondered. Maybe she was a grey headed grandmother such as herself, or perhaps, she thought with a tightening of the heart, she lay tonight under the waving grasses of a prairie graveyard, with the night wind whispering to her and the silent stars keeping their vigil. And a resolve began to form. If it was not possible to return to the old, bring the spirit of the old back. She would find a little house where she could retire to peace. Would she tell her husband? No, she thought sadly. His whole life was taken up by his work, and he might think her silly.

Her resolve taken, she had ample means to indulge it, and up the Gatineau just beside the village of Wakefield, where the river fell in a silver sheet over the rocks, she found the house. What gave her peace after the beloved prairies was the sound of running water, and here it was, bringing back the mystery of the murmuring trees and grasses. Yes, she had at last found a place. It was a low spreading log house, silvered by the weather, with the old settler's big stone chimney and fireplaces, her heart's desire. Money will accomplish almost anything, and in a few days the title was hers, and the pleasure of fitting it began,—keeping the spirit of the old settler's farm house, the same spirit which lived in her own old home. The living room had a low ceiling with hewn oaken beams and a wide hearth of flat stones, with a gaping fireplace with a crane to hang the kettle on. A big clock with weights and chains stood in the corner and there was a low hickory rocking chair beside the hearth. The floors were of wide maple planks, and the bedrooms had wide swinging windows. The kitchen was blue and white, with rows of shining pots and pans, a big cupboard, with mugs hung to hooks under, and on the stove a teapot always fragrant, ready for use. The wide window ledge held a red geranium in full bloom.

It was not the house that can be given an architect, unless your architect has a poet's illusions about the utility and fitness, for the day when architecture could

be properly called "Frozen Music" is unfortunately past. It is dollars that generally count, and unless a very courageous architect, his opinions generally coincide with his client. Neither would she give it to a contractor, whose whole aim without evasion is money's worth. So she gathered some of the French Canadians who lived nearby, and gradually her dream house evolved, the dormant sentiment in her men unconsciously carrying out the repairs and additions in the spirit which originally built the house. So piece by piece it grew, and her loneliness vanished. Bit by bit the furniture was bought. A trip up the hills brought pleasure in an old chair; a dresser was found full of old memories; an old table that seemed and was made for its surroundings. Nothing was bought in an antiquarian spirit, but solely for its comfort and fitness, all good and solid and beautiful as all things appropriate are beautiful. Her light was given by lamps, for it was her dream home, and in age the dreams are generally of childhood's days, so a shaded lamp was bought for the table. It was the kind that she and her brother sat around doing their home-work and their mother knitting or darning, answering the many questions, with their father reading his paper. Simple memories, yet memories that make age forget and become bearable.

It was finished, except for some one to keep it for her, and the some one must be sympathetic. Instinctively, it was the old woman at the Home. There was no doubt of this. Jane understood.

"Jane," she asked, "would you like to keep house for me?"

Jane's eyes grew misty. "Is it the little grey house you were telling me about?"

"Yes."

"It's glad I will be to come ma'am."

And the day after saw Jane installed with her cat and dog.

"Do you like it, Jane?" asked the Minister's wife anxiously.

Jane began to cry quietly, and the great lady knew she had made no mistake. So she told her tale. The old woman took her delicate hand in her rough one. "To think that you a great lady in the land were like that," and a look came from her eyes that repaid the Minister's wife. For here in her spirit home was a real friend who understood even as she did.

It became a beautiful spot. Hollyhocks and larkspur gleamed against its grey walls; sweet Mary made fragrant everything that touched it; roses trailed over its walls and the ever distant hum of the waterfall soothed the ear.

The neighbors were friendly French folks, or as they called themselves "Canadians," kindly and considerate, pious to a fault, and Jane and the great lady soon had friends amongst them all. Jane especially became a friend of the children.

"You know," she confided, "all my life has been hard work and it's little time I had for children. Now thanks be to God and yourself ma'am, I've got a real home and can have the little ones around me."

One day as she was leaving, Jane timidly came to her.

"Would it be asking ma'am, if I could have some of the poor bodies at the Home out for a rest?" and Jane looked with wistful eye. "They are tired sometimes of just having to live, and thinking maybe some one begrudging it, and I'd like if you would let me share with them."

The Minister's wife looked at her kindly; she had made no mistake in Jane.

"Have whom you please Jane," and she impulsively kissed the withered old face looking expectantly at her.

IT WAS some time before her next visit and it was about three o'clock when she reached the little house. As she opened the door a presentiment that something was wrong, seized her.—It was so quiet—Jane had always come to greet her and was rarely out. Uneasily going to the stairs she called,

"Jane, Jane, where are you?"

"Hush, hush!" came the old woman's voice from the head of the stairway.

"What is the matter?" asked the lady in vague terror.

"An accident, madam," and there appeared a dark, urbane man, evidently a doctor.

"Who is it?"

"We do not know. The driver was unhurt and took the Doctor's car and went on for an ambulance, but the gentleman is stunned."

"Nothing serious," said the doctor as the Minister's wife went slowly up the stairs.

"I had him brought here," quavered Jane, "as I thought it more quiet and comfortable."

The lady nodded and went timidly toward the bed, where lay the figure of a man. As she saw the face she stopped.

Continued on page 54



News!

Old ideas of oil stove service swept aside by New High Speed Blue Chimney New Perfection. Faster cooking, greater economy, longer life—moderately priced ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

for Canadian Women

To the thousands of Canadian homes without gas—and to other thousands where gas rates are high or the supply failing or unsatisfactory—this New 1924 Model brings a new conception of cooking comfort.

To the trouble-proof dependability that has made the New Perfection world-famous, is now added even quicker heat and greater fuel economy.

It lightens kitchen cares and gives women more free time! Comfortable working height—roomy cooking top—new square grates are real conveniences. A New Perfection Live Heat Oven, with its unique system of air circulation and ventilation, completes its perfect-baking equipment.

At your dealers you will find a full range of styles and sizes to suit every requirement—each one the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.

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New

Blue Chimney Burner
Faster More Economical

The remarkable increase in cooking heat and the greater fuel economy of this new burner, are due to its new double-wall, double-draft construction.

The picture above shows how the EXTRA volume of air drawn in through the small holes around the chimney, is converted into an ADDED ring of intense cooking heat. This quicker cooking cuts down fuel consumption.

Your Dealer Will Demonstrate

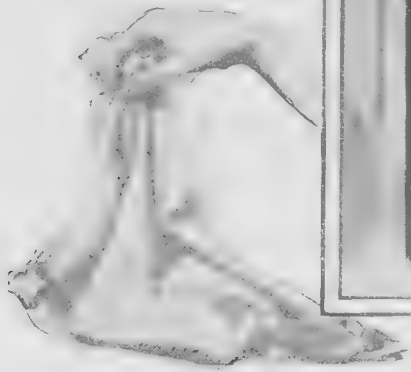


NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

9,000,000 germs on one cleaning cloth

Microscopic examination of a brand new cloth, used for only one week in the usual cleaning work around a house, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria, even after the cloth had been thoroughly washed with soap and water.



Most houses are germ-free only in spots

THERE are, of course, certain places around your house where germs are apt to breed and multiply most rapidly. The toilet bowl, the drain pipes, the garbage pail—these are the worst danger spots.

These spots, you know, must be disinfected frequently. But if you stop there, you have only half-closed the door against the inroads of disease germs in your home.

If the cloths, brooms or brushes used for general cleaning in your home were examined under the microscope, you would see innumerable germs. Soap and water can remove visible dirt but not those invisible germs. Yet there is a sure, easy way to have germ-free cleanliness in every part of your home.

Simply put a little "Lysol" Disinfectant into the water every time and everywhere you clean. Dip your cloth or brush or broom into this solution. Then you will be keeping your home not only clean but safe and healthful throughout.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. It forms a clear solution, every drop of which is 100 per cent. effective in destroying harmful germ life. And because of its soapy nature, it helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical to use. Two teaspoonfuls in one quart of water make a thoroughly effective germ-killing solution.

"Lysol" is the disinfectant used by hospitals—endorsed by physicians—sold by all drug stores. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

"Lysol" is also the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene. It is both effective and safe. Diluted in correct proportions, it does not irritate the delicate internal tissues.

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Disinfectant
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For household and personal use

Use "Lysol" in all your cleaning water

Washing: Floors, woodwork, staircases, clothes closets, linen closets, laundry hampers, all dark, out-of-the-way corners.

Wiping with damp cloth: Carpets, rugs, bath mats, door mats.

Disinfecting: Bed frames and springs, mattresses, finger marked door knobs.

Cleansing: Wash basins, sinks and drains, underneath the plumbing, the refrigerator waste pipe.

Hygienically cleansing: The bathroom, the sickroom.

Renovating: Cellar, garret, storeroom.

Sterilizing: Combs, hair brushes, clothes brushes, nail brushes.

LONDON GLIMPSES

By a Winnipeg Journalist who has returned to England after living fifteen years in Canada

By Sheila Rand

FROM north, south, east and west of London, the huge metropolis, the hub of the universe, crowds surged to Addison Road Station. From there the human stream flowed in the direction of the Olympia where an enormous, ambitious, comprehensive exhibition had been staged. The Ideal Home Exhibition it was named, because each booth contained examples of the most up-to-date inventions, the cleverest labor-saving devices, the most useful furnishings that The Ideal Home could possibly desire or procure.

Exclamations of surprise, of pleasure, of praise made the atmosphere vibrant. From all sides came delighted "Oh's" and "Ah's" and "Look!" and "Did you ever!"

The Chesterfield that so silently and swiftly slid into a large and comfortable bed aroused cheers.

Hearty applause greeted the electric vacuum as it disgorged its two pounds of dust extracted as if by magic from a carpet that had shown no signs of uncleanliness!

"To think all that 'eat comes from such a little appliance!" was the general comment concerning an electric heater whose pet name is Sunny Face.

Perhaps the most colorful booth was that erected by Cateshys, famous for the quality and artistry of linoleums. England, its mouth open, its breath almost frozen stiff with surprise, its eyes popping out of its head, was being instructed as to the durability, the cleanliness, and the beauty of linoleum that looks like a wool rug.

"Wot on earth's that?" exclaimed many an interested and startled spectator.

"It" was nothing more or less than a kitchen cabinet equipped with glass jars for groceries, a pastry board, bins, and the usual array of contrivances found in this type of kitchen furniture, used so extensively in Canada.

Considerably over half a hundred "stands"—actually eight acres of interesting demonstrations and displays affecting every phase of home life. A vast place through which there surged thousands of enthusiastic men and women. Bright eyes, smiling countenances, eager and pleased voices. Those responsible for the staging of this Olympic exhibition must have felt highly gratified.

Only one person walked with lagging footsteps. Only one person observed the wonders and the beauties with lustreless eye. One person only felt no throb nor thrill. She alas! had lately come from that tiny, little-known village on the outskirts of civilization. She had come from Winnipeg, and took as a matter of course, all these "new inventions," these labor-saving devices, these "new household luxuries" that the shopkeepers of London hope England will adopt in another century or so! Judging from their plaintive voices and lugubrious expressions—the shopkeepers are not very optimistic.

No! I (yes, dear reader, I was the unenthusiastic observer) I did not leave Olympia in a wicked spirit of haughtiness and superiority but with the desire to shout across to Canada and tell her housewives how lucky they are that ivy does not grow so profusely in Canada as it does in England. Didn't Stephen Leacock, our cleverest of Canadian authors, attribute

the lack of progress at Oxford due to the quantity of ivy that clammers up the walls?

Crocusses

I HAVE been receiving astonishing reports of the weather man in the west. Such an unusual winter, I understand, that folks fear Manitoba is entering the banana belt and will soon be tropical. Be that as it may, I am sure that on March first your eyes were not gladdened by such a sight as I saw. I was walking through Kensington Gardens towards the beautiful statue representing Peter Pan and his fairies and animal friends. The grass was delightfully green but what was still more lovely, it was enlivened with flashes of bright yellow, of mauve, of white. From a distance, these flashes looked exactly the size of a flame from a lighted match. Fairy torches I thought. On nearer view, I almost shouted aloud my joy. Crocusses with their petals still folded, like wee umbrellas. The green, green leaves scarcely wider than blades of grass. Clusters of them, so irregular in their spacing that one wondered just why that particular little group had placed itself in that particular spot. Perhaps six feet of grass and not a sign of the wee umbrellas. Then lo and behold! a dozen, bright orange, two dozen maybe, mauve, a few white. The very inconsequence of their appearance increased my belief that they had been dropped from the Gardens of Heaven by a beneficent gardener thoughtful for us poor mortals.

Twenty Years After!

WHEN I was a schoolgirl, one of the greatest treats my mother permitted was a visit to a certain restaurant, once during each vacation. At this delightful place (then my idea of Paradise!) we, my sister and I, sat at a table and waited with ill-concealed impatience for the waitress to bring a plate on which rested six of the most noble looking fancy cakes imaginable! A little later, the waitress returned and having received an efficient board school education, rapidly deducted the two remaining cakes from the six supplied and charged us at the rate of two-pence each for the four devoured. Twenty years later and I again entered this Palace of Indigestible Pastries. My heart beat rapidly. Would a waitress bring me six vividly-iced concoctions as of yore? She did. England had not changed. But hark! what was that? A band, a tune I knew, jazz, fairly new—"Yes, We Have No Bananas!" Incredible! Had England forgotten "Rule Britannia," and "The Minstrel Boy." I looked, I stared, I nearly fainted. The conductor, overwhelmed with ecstasy was standing on his head, his feet encouraging and guiding the orchestra. England takes her pleasures sadly? Not now. She has changed. And so have I—try as hard as I would, I could not bring myself to eat the entire six pastries, the ambition of my childhood. I wonder, as I write this, if my sister remembers our vow of twenty years ago: "When we are married we will each order a dish of these cakes and eat the lot. And hang the expense!"



The Noble Red Man

By Mollie Mulvey

ALTHOUGH

"Lo, the poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind"

no longer roves in bands on the fertile prairies of Manitoba; much less is he seen on the well-paved, beautifully wide streets of Winnipeg, but when my sisters and I were children—don't ask how long ago—Indians were still every-day sights in our brisk little Western City.

If I close my eyes I can see them now, as they appeared to my terrified childish vision—the Brave wore no hat, but a bandeau of red or black braided cloth around his forehead. His long, coarse black hair was braided in two braids and hung over his shoulders on his chest. He sometimes wore Canadian clothes; more often buckskin leggings, a red Hudson

Indians retired more and more to the wilds, coming to the city only once or twice a year to sell or trade their furs at the Hudson Bay store. So the Indians we saw daily were really the riff-raff of the noble Redman staying with the white man to imbibe all his vices; until a wise Government gathered them together in distant and still more distant reserves.

My mother used to tell us that the ground where our sky-scrapers now rear their majestic heads, was in those pioneer days, in the early springtime white, not with flowers, but with teepees of the Indians who had come for their yearly treat. She also told us that it was their annual rum and whisky festival; and far into the night could be heard the thud, thud, of the moccasined feet rising and falling to the accompaniment of some weird tune.



The main street in Bethlehem. This street is used principally by pedestrians and animals laden with burdens.

Bay blanket wrapped around his person like a regal mantle, and always—always moccasins on his feet. His tiny bundle was tied in a red bandana handkerchief and held over one shoulder on a stout stick.

The squaw had a round, fat, good-natured face. Her hair was braided the same as the brave. Her cheeks were dull red under the brown skin. Her teeth were always flashingly white. Often she carried a huge bundle in either hand, and tied securely under her shawl on her back, was her tiny bright-eyed papoose. Her dress consisted of the ever-present moccasins and buckskin leggings, a black or a magenta skirt with rows and rows of narrow black velvet ribbon round the bottom; her black cashmere shawl was of quality beyond reproach.

The little son was always dressed in Canadian clothes with long trousers, whatever his age; long braided hair and often a straw hat. The little girls were dressed just like the squaw.

I need not add the well known fact, that brave, squaw, son and daughter were always pigeon-toed to a degree bordering on deformity.

I know now that with the invasion of Canadian settlers, the better class of

I never saw the Red River Jig; and those who must have danced it in their youth now disclaim all knowledge of its intricacies. I believe the partners faced each other, noses almost touching, hands hanging stiffly at their sides. The toes were never raised from the ground but each partner turned a complete circle, dancing back to back until more gyrations brought them to their original position.

I never remember hearing of the Indians doing any deed of violence to children, but so great was my terror of them that when my mother would be reading a story to us, in which Indians were introduced, I invariably left the room and sat on the stairs outside, until the tale turned into safer channels.

The Indians used to come to the houses, selling willow clothes-baskets, and big mats braided from some soft woody pulp. They always entered without knocking and stood or sat many minutes without uttering a word beyond the peaceful "Good Day." On their departure, my mother hurriedly sent for a broom and carefully swept the place where they had walked; and the chairs they had used were out in quarantine for a number of

Continued on page 55



No Clean Teeth, No Pearly Teeth, if cloudy film is on them

Brushing leaves the teeth unclean, leaves them dim and dingy, if the film remains. That is why so many teeth discolor and decay.

Millions now use a new method. The prettier teeth you see everywhere now show you what it means. Let it show you, by this ten-day test, the way to whiter, safer teeth. You will always be glad that you tried it.

The great enemy

Film is the teeth's great enemy—the cause of most tooth troubles. It mars their beauty and is the cause of attacks on their structure. Yet no ordinary tooth paste can effectively fight film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. Under old methods, much of it clings and stays. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. Thus teeth lose their luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Under old methods, nearly everybody suffered from some trouble caused by film.

New-day methods

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Its use has now spread the world over. Careful people of some 50 nations now employ it, largely by dental advice.

Other enemies

Acids and starch deposits are other tooth enemies. Nature gives alkalinity to the saliva to neutralize mouth acids. It puts a starch digestant in saliva to digest the starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Old-time tooth pastes reduced the power of these protective agents. Pepsodent gives both of them a multiplied effect.

These results are bringing a new era in teeth cleaning. It means new beauty and new safety. Let this test show you what it means to you and yours.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Amazing results

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film coats disappear.

It will bring you a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

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CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

UMINGMUK, King of the Barrens

Chapter VII

By Francis Dickie

Umingmuk Comes Into His Own

GONE was the long, long winter, the darkness and the cold. June smiled upon the barrens with warming sun and encouragement to all living things. The willows had waked along the banks of the Coppermine, and the lonely arctic reaches of flat monotony had almost shed their mantle of snow. Only here and there in the hollows white patches still held out against the advance of summer's destroying battalions.

During the months since he had fled away from the surrounding hosts of Buffalo Smith's little army, Umingmuk had travelled far; more than three hundred and fifty miles. Urged on by he knew not what, he had continued his Arctic odyssey. Journeying without aim north and a little westward he had passed along the east end of Lake Contwoyto and finally in the first week of June reached the shores of the Coppermine river some sixty miles from Conjuror's Bay on the southern end of Great Bear Lake. The topography of the region reminded him of the home of his calf days. He had come upon a little lake about a mile from the river; just such a one as that beside which he and his brother had played in the now seeming long ago.

So, though the queer uneasiness which had beset him these many past months, still lay upon him, Umingmuk on arriving by the side of the little lake the first week in June had remained, grazing tranquilly, and resting after his months of ceaseless marching.

The days slipped away. The meadow-larks sang around him, pouring from their black-barred throats wondrous warbling melodies, gay glad songs of nesting time, liquid tunings, as golden and cheering and warmth-full as the rays of the arctic summer sun Umingmuk's under fur began to fall.

Yet, though homelike were his surroundings, the pasture plentiful, the water good, and easy of obtaining, still was Umingmuk haunted by unrest; a feeling that cried out to him to move on. And he would undoubtedly have once more gone far afield had not this emotion which urged to wandering ceased at a sight which met his eyes late one morning near the end of June as he rose from sunny drowsing by the shores of the little lake.

From the eastward, between him and the river, was slowly moving toward him a herd of his kind. Thirty mature animals there were, fat with good living, and sixteen calves just nearing their second month birthday. The wind was blowing from Umingmuk, so that the herd had been aware of his presence long before he saw it as he rose. Something strange stirred in his heart. He sent out a long low call, and then at a walk approached the strangers. They were moving in irregular order, but quite close together, the mothers with nuzzling urging keeping their offspring afoot. Marching ahead were two old bulls, unmistakable by reason of the vast broadness of the horn bases, dull white in color, and covering the brow and crown of the head and meeting in the middle line; and the greater sweep of horns ending on a level with the eye, but stretching many inches beyond.

When Umingmuk was still twenty yards distant, the old bulls halted, and the rest of the herd followed. Umingmuk, too, stopped and bore the scrutiny of thirty pairs of eyes, noting as he did so that there were two young bulls among the gathering of twenty-six cows. The horn bases of both the young bulls and the cows were

separated by a space nearly two inches wide, and the horns were much shorter than those of the older bulls.

Fully a minute the herd stared upon this lone wanderer of their race, then the march was resumed. On they went, solemn and slow, a straggling bunch, quite weary but keeping afoot, the cows urging their young offspring with low throaty murmurings and gentle nuzzling.

Amazed, hurt, undecided, Umingmuk watched the herd pass. He gazed upon the tails of the last of the band moving away from him toward the west, and in his heart was desolate for these that were departing. Many minutes he watched the receding animals, while greater grew his loneliness and longing for companionship. His heart beat rapidly in tune to the ache which filled it. And at last, yielding to forces he did not quite understand, he broke into a gallop, quickly overtaking the herd. A little breathless, he came up with the rear animals. A few heads turned a moment and looked upon him, but the march continued steadily.

All through the morning and till late in the afternoon, with occasional short halts to rest the calves, the musk-oxen continued their slow but steady travelling. Umingmuk followed shyly, his heart made heavy by that queer feeling of alienism which comes when first moving among strangers. Yet an indescribable happiness intermingled with this sense of strangeness. The body smells of these strangers were as the smell of his mother and those others he had travelled with in the seemingly long ago. Not exactly the same, but similar; these creatures were his kind; to be near such he had longed through solitary months of journeying. So, Umingmuk meekly plodded along at the rear of the herd. As the afternoon lengthened he grew so bold as to move quite close between two of the younger cows, and they turned their big eyes upon him with less suspicion than earlier in the day.

WILD animals are as acutely aware of a stranger of their kind as are the higher human animals. They are even slower to make overtures. With musk-oxen this trait is perhaps less pronounced than in most of the creatures horned and hoofed. The members of the band Umingmuk had joined with such pathetic eagerness and happy heart were at the moment of his meeting them in a particularly nervous state. Early that morning one of the younger cows straggling far from the rest had clambered to the

top of a small promontory and caught sight of the forms of many men moving stealthily to the kill. Fortunate, indeed, was this accidental spying, for the wind was blowing from the farther herd; and, feeding as they were in a long basin close to the river, the hunters would otherwise have come down upon them unobserved. The young cow had dashed away with the amazing speed the musk-ox is capable of, a rapidity of movement surprising in so short-legged and clumsy-bodied a creature. Unlike the little herd Omu had moved with, these musk-oxen along the Coppermine were wary from much hunting. So, reading danger in the hasty coming of one of their members, the rest were in full flight long before she reached their midst, a flight tempered in its speed by the youngness of the calves. But, though weary were the youngsters, the band had kept travelling as rapidly as possible. Thus it was that Umingmuk's appearance had met with even scantier attention than is common to a herd of musk-oxen meeting unexpectedly one of their kind.

Still, by the time the herd halted and lay down for a final rest early in the evening, Umingmuk felt less an alien. The vague void in his heart that had sent him on and across the Barrens during the winter was filled. He had come again upon his own kind, and so he fell asleep with peaceful heart.

Musk-oxen are more gregarious than most horned and hoofed creatures. Several bulls of various ages are often found among a herd containing thirty or forty head, and, with the exception of the month of September, live in peace and harmony throughout the year. So Umingmuk was received into the ranks without demonstration either of affection or hostility and merged his existence with these thirty other mature animals upon the Barrens of the Coppermine region.

Twice during the short fierce summer the herd changed feeding ground on catching faint odors of men. But never did they sight the enemy, travelling bands of Yellow Knife Indians on their way to and from their hunting grounds to the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The summer was unusually hot even for the region, where, while summer lasts, the temperature is almost tropically warm.

And under the ample sun and the all-sufficient days of dreamy weather, moving among his kind, Umingmuk's strangeness gave place to a perfect contentment; a full feeling of at-homeness.

Nature had wrought him in an ampler mold than the other two young bulls with the herd. Something there was of kingship in every line of his body, now

rapidly nearing maturity. Taller he was by two clear inches than either of his young male companions; while his horns had completed their downward sweep and turned outward on a level with his eyes. Fleetest of foot of all the band was he. In the first moments of the herd's two flights during the summer he had taken the lead, outstripping both aged bulls and young.

AUGUST faded and died in the arms of September. Cooler days, presaging coming winter, looked upon the land. As he stood feeding quietly on the fifth day of September, suddenly Umingmuk reeled from a blow on the rump. Over he went tumbling from this shock so unexpected, while in his ears now sounded the roar of one of the old bulls. Pained, bewildered, not understanding yet feeling within him red passions rise, Umingmuk sprang to his feet, only again to be bowled over, this time by a blow on the flank, breath-

Continued on page 59



Still breathing with considerable effort, Umingmuk got heavily to his feet.

The rug on the floor is
Gold-Seal Pattern No. 534.
In the 9 x 9 foot size
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"I love this rug, Dad. It's so pretty and so easy to keep clean. And you'll never guess how little it cost!"

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Little Vignettes of Vancouver's Waterfront

By Edith G. Bayne

BETWEEN midnight and dawn the hotel corridor has blossomed forth in boots and shoes, a great crop of them, black and tan and chocolate, and as the early riser steals past the quiet bedroom doors he trips over some of them. Hastily he sets 'em up again, though probably in the wrong sequence, for as he stands pressing the bell of the elevator an irate gentleman with a walrus mustache and wearing a yellow plaid dressing-gown pokes his head out of a door nearby and cries: "Boots! I say, Boots!"

"You talkee me?" inquires Wo Sam, the elevator boy, in the hushed tone that the hour demands.

"What's the matter?" faintly a feminine voice within the room is heard asking.

"I'm dashed if the silly beggar hasn't left me a high and a low!" the indignant guest exclaims. Then, as he retrieves his own footgear: "My word, he hasn't polished them at all!"

"New Zealand boat him just come in," Wo Sam explains as he and his passengers slide downwards.

"Every time the New Zealand boat comes in," suggested one of the passengers, "there's a sort of shoe display, eh?"

"Like-so," answers Wo Sam, nodding. "New Zealand man and his boots no can sleep same room." And he shrugs good-naturedly.

The three early risers are bound for the dock to meet the Japan boat, which is just weaving her way through the Narrows. When the signal station announces that the Empress has been sighted you've got time to snatch thirty-nine extra winks, rise leisurely, dress in the same manner and proceed without haste to the waterfront. There are no crowds abroad. It is raining on the just and the unjust and you may readily distinguish the tourists from the natives because the tourists are the ones with the umbrellas. Dockside activity is brisk.

Little boats, middling-sized boats and bigger boats, thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa, lie snuggled against the long dock, but in one spot is a large, expectant vacancy, the berth reserved for the mighty Empress. Wharf hands dart to and fro.

And when morning breaks over a rain-washed sea there she lies, her vast outline half lost in the mist and her big funnels pouring slow smoke-smudges against the murky sky. Soundlessly, without whistle or siren she had moved alongside where huddled the few who had come down through the sleeping city to meet her. Besides these there were only the usual customs officers, longshoremen and newspaper reporters. A hearse came along the wharf and stopped in the lee of the freight shed to wait for its quiet passenger. Day-time here you may brush shoulders with all the world, but in the hours of darkness it is different. As the gangplank was swung out, slim, barefoot Chinese boys ran up and down with baggage. Passengers came ashore. There were sombre-eyed brown men in turbans among them and a few calm-faced Japanese. Friendly hands were outstretched from the dock—no welcoming brass bands or official reception parties, just people crowding forward, ready with friendly aid, and behind them Vancouver waited, warm, beckoning, hospitable even through the chill drizzle.

The Empress of Australia had left a harbor of horror behind her—she had entered a harbor of safety.

SOME hours later we visited the wharves again. Sleepily lying at anchor in the noonday sun—the day had brightened—lay the great ship, as it were, resting after her long voyage across the Pacific. Down below the waterline a group of Chinamen sat around a table playing fan-tan. The electric droplight flickered across their

Continued on page 68



How MENNEN'S Protects Baby's Delicate Skin

MILLIONS of babies have endured less suffering and enjoyed more comfort because of Mennen Borated Talcum. Millions of mothers have used it and praised it and told their friends to use it. . . But even today many mothers do not realize that Mennen Borated Talcum is entirely different from any other powder. Many more do not know how modern and scientific it is in combating the three forces that attack a baby's skin.

Science has discovered the foes of infant skin, and the Mennen Laboratories have carefully perfected a defense against each one.

Any moisture (perspiration, urine and bath water) will inflame a baby's skin. No towel can reach the skin-folds that secrete this moisture. But Mennen Borated Talcum is so highly absorbent that every trace of moisture is removed. Each tiny fleck of Mennen's is like a little drying sponge that harmlessly absorbs poisonous liquids.

Friction is another menace. Skin-folds rub; clothes sometimes bind; bedding often chafes. To overcome these conditions, Mennen Borated Talcum covers baby's skin with a smooth protective film that keeps friction from harming the sensitive tissues.

Infant skin is so delicate and immature that it cannot easily throw off infections. So Mennen Borated Talcum comes to the rescue again. Mildly antiseptic ingredients, safe and tested, are compounded in the powder to combat dangerous infections.

MENNEN BORATED TALCUM is a carefully compounded preparation containing five different ingredients, each one having definite therapeutic value.

One affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency of Mennen Borated Talcum, and counteracts acidity.

Now you know why Mennen's is so soothing and protective to baby skin—why it should be applied to the roly-poly body after every bath, change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby is fretful.

The MENNEN COMPANY, LTD.
MONTREAL, QUE.

MENNEN

BORATED TALCUM



In restful shades

Superior in every way



Three kinds - Black - Green - Mixed.

Atlantic Coast Birds

By Bonnycastle Dale

WORKING along this Atlantic slope, with motor and canoe and swift cameras, we find some very rare stuff. Once, while we descended this most beautiful Clyde River we thought we heard a horse neighing—if so that beast of burden was in the tree tops, for from there the sound came. At last, after scanning the spruces for a mile, we came to the Dam at the Pulp Mill and above us in the air rose and fell a Jack Snipe. He was about three hundred yards up and he swooped and soared and called. We stopped and took our notes but a subject further down river called us and it was well after lunch, about 2 p.m. when we returned. That faithful bird was still flying away up there—and now we saw the reason. Below him on the ground were three other big Jacks, this lovely early summer day, quite evidently a female and two amorous lover-like males. They were fluttering and posturing about her.

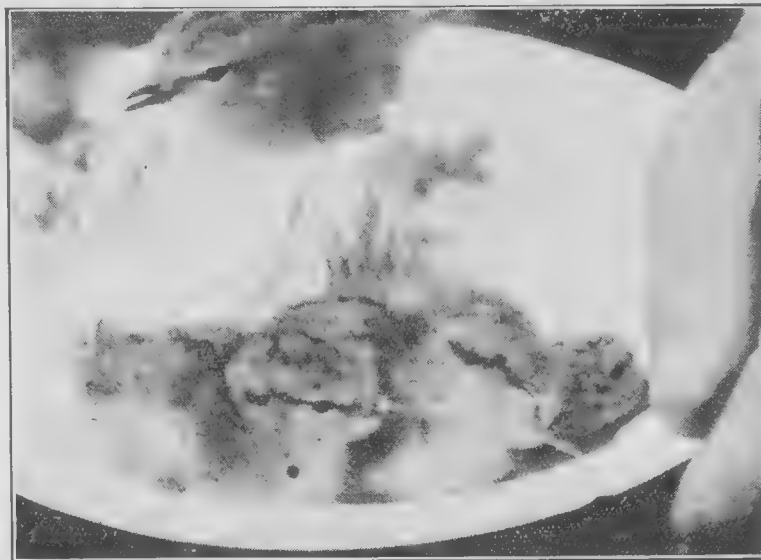
Meanwhile the ariel fellow called in that sweet neighing note—six hours. Poor chap! He would beat a human lover for faithfulness.

All this glorious land is silent, deserted, almost, save in the town and villages and nearer farms. The men are away

after cod this spring—all the rest are bootleggers.

BUT back to our game birds. I want my Western readers to remember that the birds I write about, especially the big plover, the Golden and the Black-bellied that you used to see on the prairies, are doomed to extinction. I cannot make an impression on the authorities by my pleas so I fear they must become extinct. Our little expedition winds its way along all the lonely coasts and great beaches and by our example we try to stop the senseless killing of the birds, but we have no authority save good counsel. I am glad to say the worst men fear in their hearts that we are game wardens and thus we do save many a rare bird. From Vancouver Island to the islands of Nova Scotia this has happened.

It is wonderful to sit on one of these outer, storm-swept beaches and to see a tiny black spot in the sky over the sea develop into a bird, into a big bird, into a jack or a woodcock, and to know that all the weary hours of the dark night that lonely migrant was headed this way fanning those tiny wings at great speed over unfathomable deeps, under unfathomable skies. It comes, it



Full clutch of Spotted Sandpipers hatched out safely.

fishing, in the U.S. usually. Odd! It is but 150 years ago that our forefathers landed on Shelburne's sands and bowed and knelt and kissed the dear land under the flag, these Loyalists from the rebelling States. Go back nine hundred years and I venture to say the Jacks were here even before white men, for it was then that the Norwegians, skirting this scene—this then untenanted wild Coast—spoke of "great sandbanks."

It is odd as we travel from province to province (years ago we worked from state to state, but Canada has grown since then and all my stories are used in "my ain countrie") to hear the various names the people give our game birds. Old men along this coast call the Jacksnipe "Swamp-snipe." Go over to Maine and Massachussetts; go into one of those rude fishing villages and the old men who vainly watch the sea call the Jack "Meadow Snipe" or "Bog Snipe" or even "Marsh Snipe." (By the way Maine is not growing any faster than Nova Scotia—just about holding her own). But all the shores have our transformed fishing schooners off them—these are now "Rum-runners" and anchor fifteen miles out. While the 70 mile wind raged the other day they plunged at their twin anchors until "spang" went one and "ping" sang the other and parted—then they had to run for it. I tell you our Nova Scotia men are equals of any sailors in the world. They brought these illegal schooners safely into our harbour even if the deck load (windowdressing, it is called on rum row) was a mass of piled up cases full of broken bottles. It is a shame to say that only about fifty fishing schooners will go to "the banks"

dips, it alights right before me. This one I am telling you of was a big, golden brown, salmon pink tinted breast, short-necked, big blackeyed woodcock. He plumped down within three men's lengths of my big telescope and I had the chance of a lifetime to get notes on this plump rare game bird.

First he rested, his great black eyes searching the scene and resting on me suspiciously. I sat like a graven image—why is it that sand fleas tickle graven images? they certainly did—then cock went the little handsome head of the bird, first on one side, then on the other. Then he laid himself back on his thighs and started to stamp on the ground and press it down, first with one foot then with the other, then he listened. Without doubt he heard the bug he had disturbed down below for in went his stout, long sensitive-tipped bill, right down to the eyes, and up it came with a black object in it which was speedily swallowed.

I was getting all the cramps that are named and unnamed as I sat with knees drawn up and telescope rested. He started at me, then he prodded the ground again, prod—prod—prod! in went the bill and up came breakfast. In no case did he bring up a worm. I tried to edge near him camera in hand. Tired though he was, as his shortest way from land to land (U.S. to Canada) was four hundred miles, he would not let me get within six feet, the furthest off we photograph our subjects (Laddie works at sixteen inches sometimes). Step by step he led me away then he took a slow flight and sunned himself on a rock and studied me as I studied him.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish



PASSING IT ON

HERE are two generations who are going to enjoy their home life and appreciate their home beautiful. The future pleasure which the younger will take in his home is largely dependent upon the action of the elder in keeping up that home with paint and varnish.

Will he, year by year, set an example of painting up his property for his son to follow? Will he take the pains to explain to his son, as he grows older, the economic value of paint and varnish for preserving property? Will he show him how paint and varnish save real money by preventing deterioration?

This man put his hard earned capital into the home he owns. Is his capital still there? That he will know fast enough if forced to sell. A well painted property maintains its face value.

Paint & Varnish

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
121 Bishop Street, Montreal

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests.

ATLANTIC COAST BIRDS—Continued from page 20

Another day, it was March the 26th in the year of snowdrifts, 1923. The poor chunky fat little woodcock had actually migrated during those few fine warm days and had found Nova Scotia literally covered with ice and snow—not a single marshy spot was there where the long flexible tip of the bill could search the rich black muck three inches below the surface for the bugs and worms these birds feed upon.

THE weather fell rapidly to zero and my neighbors began to pick up dead woodcock. Some brought them to me. Others told me where they lay. So widespread was the news that I would think that every early arriving woodcock died. One was taken and placed in a cage by E. C. Hogg, but it too died. We have not seen a single living woodcock in all the valley of the Barrington and the Clyde Rivers in 1923 and we hunt a great deal daily with cameras and note books. In the stomachs of the dead woodcock Laddie found parts of black beetles about the size of a fly, evidently when the beetle was all in one place, it was that size. In one bird the crop was full showing frost killed it. On another the stomach held small seeds, tomato-like, and a few green plant stems. These birds would have wrenched a

that its telltale shape and colour would not attract birds of prey to the youngsters still in the nest.

When she returned she was plainly puzzled by that wire fence. She tried to push the insects she had gathered through the mesh, failing to get them into the yawning mouths of the grey and yellow striped young, she squatted on the moss outside and fluttered her wings and plainly invited them to come on in under.

I had Laddie change the fire fence for one with two feet diameter and Mrs. Spotted Sandpiper instantly ran up and jumped into the inclosure and fed and tucked the young away just where they should be tucked.

We do wish some medical man would explain to us the reason these birds "tip up." They are even called "Tip-ups" from the strange way they have of constantly teetering their tails, up and down, up and down. It would make a wooden Indian laugh to see the wee bit youngsters "tipping up" in imitation. It is born in them evidently and there they go before us, up and down, up and down, until we laugh aloud and even Dash wears a wide grin on that puppy-dog-face of his. We pictured the little ones and then the mother gathered them



Airedale pup with woodcock

living from these frozen fields if the thermometer had only behaved itself (we moved our household goods those days and we can testify to the cold, but for a neighbour's warm dinner we ourselves would have been almost as cold as those poor woodcocks).

The poor doomed woodcock were uttering their regular call, "Be-zeek," all unconscious of their fate. Every five seconds this rare cry came and it called 30 to 40 times between its spiral flights. At times it "twittered" somewhat like the Dowitcher, but higher, some of its notes were like a barn swallow's. On the 16th of June we found, in the field in front of the house, near the Clyde River's bank, the nest of a spotted sandpiper with four eggs in it. There she sat within fifty yards of where I found this out on my machine, and Dash the Airedale never found her all the month long. She hatched all of the four eggs out on Sunday, July 8th, (and we do not like to use the camera on that day, not that we think it is wrong, but our work is so much with camera and notebook that it really means our daily labor). I put a low tiny fence, cut from window screen wire, about the nest, the diameter being one foot. I threw out the last eggshell from beside where number four wee bird lay wet and piping faintly. The mother bird ran up later and flew away off across the river with this buff and brown spotted shell, evidently so

together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wing, and we left them to the shades of night and sweet forgetfulness of the big humans who had pictured them.

Dear Heart

Think not, Dear Heart, because you're sad today
All your tomorrows must perforce be grey.

Think of the master potter who will take
That which his hand hath made and break.

Casting the broken pieces in the flame
There to be melted down and wrought again.

Making, perchance, a perfect work of art.

That is perhaps the way with you, Dear Heart.

Now through the purifying flame of woe
You, to be made more perfect, needs must go.

Time will appease the sorrow you have had.

God never meant that young hearts should be sad.

—Lettice Bentley.



*It's the wise way—
It's the Fairy way!*



FOR generations—in millions of homes of refinement and good taste—it's been the Fairy way! The way to genuine cleanliness and skin health.

The fragrant Fairy lather is balm to sensitive skins. Nothing in it to offend or irritate. If you have a tender skin, Fairy Soap—the easy rinsing soap—is the soap to use.

The handy oval cake is most convenient. It fits the hand. It wears to a thin wafer without breaking—which makes the Fairy way the economical way.

Will you try it for the toilet—for the bath?



It's white! It's pure! It floats!

FAIRY SOAP



When Eggs Are at Their Best

Preserving for Future Use

MARCH or April eggs are the very best to preserve for use next winter. The theory of keeping eggs in good condition, is to prevent evaporation and to keep germs from getting into the egg through the pores of the shell. The eggs must be free from dirt of all kinds, and have no cracks in the shells. Neither must they be washed, as that will remove the "bloom" which is a protection against contamination. Before packing, the eggs should

inches of the top, and the lime water coming right to the top. Melted paraffin may be poured over it as a further protection. Eggs in good condition will keep by this method for months.

The Water Glass Method

HAS the advantage of being less trouble than the preparing of lime water, but is not so satisfactory. The white becomes thin and watery, and the yolk breaks easily. Dilute one part of water glass to ten parts of water, which

cover. The omelet is done when the bottom is delicately browned, and it feels firm to the touch. If it sticks to the finger it requires a little longer cooking.

The liquid for an omelet may be water, milk, tomato juice, soup stock, or the water in which a vegetable was cooked. Milk makes a more nourishing, but less tender omelet than the other liquids.

Variations

1. Left over cooked ham, bacon, chicken, veal, or fish, or shredded dried beef may be added to plain omelet.
2. Oysters—parboiled, cut in halves may be added.
3. Cooked peas, cauliflower, asparagus, boiled onions may be added.
4. Grated cheese folded in.
5. Chopped parsley sprinkled over the omelet before folding it.
6. Spanish omelet—over the cooked omelet pour a rich tomato sauce.

Jelly Omelet

Make a plain omelet, omitting the pepper and adding 1 t. sugar. Before folding, spread it with jelly, jam or marmalade. Fold, turn on a hot platter, and sprinkle with sugar.

Omelets should be served as soon as they are cooked, on hot plates from a hot platter.

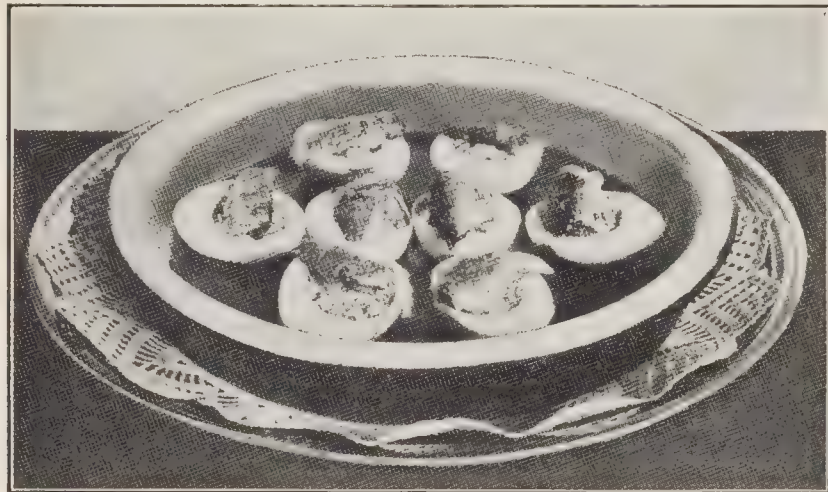
Egg a-la-France

Butter custard cups. In each sprinkle chopped parsley and chopped cooked beets, or lay fancy slices of beet against the sides of the cups. In each one carefully slip a broken egg. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cook in a moderate oven till the eggs are set. Grated cheese may be sprinkled over the tops of the eggs if desired, or chopped parsley may be scattered over the top before serving.

Egg Timbales

- | | |
|--------------|------------------------|
| 1 lb. butter | 1/2 t. salt |
| 1 lb. flour | Few grains pepper |
| 2/3 c. milk | 1 lb. chopped parsley. |
| 3 eggs | |

Make a sauce of the flour, butter and milk. Add the well beaten egg yolks, then the seasonings, and last, fold in the very stiffly beaten whites. Turn into buttered custard cups, set in a pan of hot water, and cook in a slow oven till



Luncheon Eggs

be candled. It may be done either by sunlight or lamp light. The former is perhaps least trouble. A room with one south window is darkened with a thick, heavy curtain in which a hole the size of an egg, has been cut, or in a dark closet there may be a knothole which might be used. For a lamp, a box is placed over it, with a hole cut in one side. Each egg is held against the hole through which the light comes. In an egg suitable for preserving, there should be a very small air space, and the yolk is only slightly visible. Those in which there is a large air space, or with a heavy, cloudy yolk, or any spots, should not be preserved. One bad egg will spoil all that are in the container. When candling, the egg is held between the thumb and finger with the large end up, and turned sharply to cause the yolk to move. The most satisfactory methods for preserving are the use of lime water, or of water glass.

Crocks or wooden pails, such as candy pails, make good containers. Metal should not be used, as it rusts. Two or three smaller vessels are preferable to one that is very large. Covers should be provided, to prevent evaporation.

The Lime Water Method

SLAKE 2 pounds of good fresh lime in 2 gallons of water. Then add 3 gallons of water. Stir the solution then let it settle. Repeat the process a few times. Finally pour off the clear liquid into the crock, which has been thoroughly cleaned and scalded. Put the eggs in the crock, with the small end down. Have it filled to within two

has been boiled and cooled, and thoroughly mix. Put the selected eggs in it, and cover to prevent evaporation. A coating of melted paraffin on top is advisable.

Other Methods

THERE are several other ways of keeping eggs, but they are not very satisfactory, such as packing them in salt, sawdust, or bran, dipping for a second in boiling water and keeping in a crate, dipping each egg in melted paraffin, and wrapping each one in paper, but none of them are satisfactory.

OMELETS

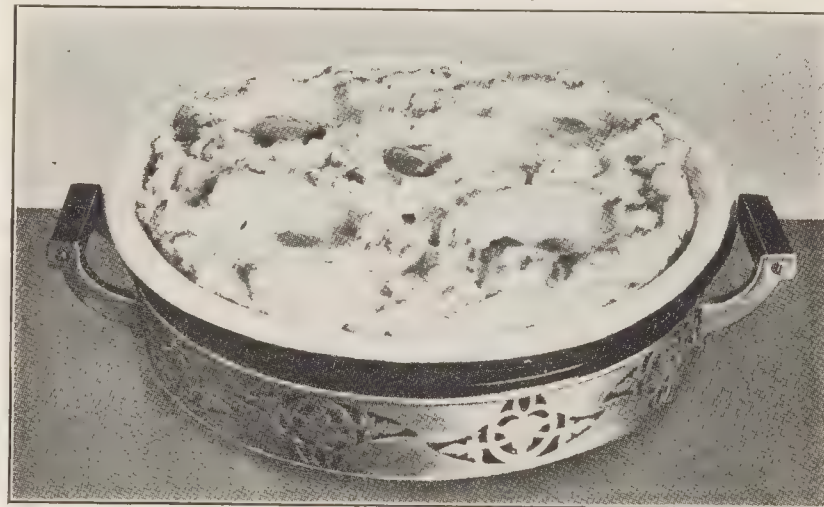
IN making omelets, allow 1 egg to each person, and 1 tablespoon of liquid to each egg. The pan used to cook it in should be perfectly clean and smooth. An aluminum or iron frying pan is satisfactory.

Plain Omelets

- | | |
|-------------|-------------------|
| 4 eggs | 1/2 t. salt |
| 4 tb. water | Pepper few grains |
| | 1 tb. butter |

Heat the pan, melt the butter in it, having the sides buttered as well as the bottom.

Beat the eggs, water, salt and pepper together, till very light, or separate the white of the eggs from the yolks, and beat to a stiff froth. Beat the other ingredients till thick and lemon colored, and fold in the whites. Pour into the pan, spread evenly and cook over a fairly slow heat till browned underneath. Set in a moderate oven till done, or it may be cooked on top of the stove with a



Baked Eggs

Baked Eggs

On a flat dish, pile seasoned mashed potato. In it, with the back of a large spoon, make as many depressions as there will be eggs. Into each hollow carefully break an egg. Season with salt and pepper, and place in the oven till the eggs are set and the potatoes hot.

Luncheon Eggs

Cook the required number of eggs hard. Cut in two, remove the yolks, mash and season them, and mix with a little grated cheese or chopped cooked meat. Pack in the halved whites, and reheat in a rich tomato sauce. Serve on toast.

Eggs Shirred with Tomatoes

Butter individual ramekins or custard cups. In each put half of a peeled

firm. Turn from the moulds, and serve with tomato sauce.

Japanese Eggs

Slice "hard-boiled" eggs, reheat in white sauce. Pile on a dish, surround with a ring of peas, and garnish with toast points.

Macaroni and Eggs

- Hard cooked eggs
- Cooked macaroni
- Grated cheese
- White sauce
- Salt and pepper
- Buttered crumbs.

Cut the hard cooked eggs in eighths, lengthwise. Arrange the cooked macaroni, eggs and cheese in layers. Pour a thin white sauce over the dish, lifting

Continued on page 25

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Always Reliable

Made In Canada - Contains No Alum

SOLD BY ALL GOOD GROCERS





Fairy Godmothers never said —

"You mustn't eat any more or you'll get sick!"

LUSCIOUS chocolate cakes, dainty pastries, fluffy biscuits and piping hot pan-cakes, golden brown gingerbread and marshmallow topped cookies — such were the rewards spread lavishly before the heroes and heroines of our childhood's Story Land — and how our hearts went out to the bountiful godmother who furnished the parties. Unlike most youthful devotions, the love of Good Food is never outgrown — and big folks as well as little ones cherish a tremendous affection for the Lady-Who-Makes-Good-Things-To-Eat.

Royal Baking Powder endows you with a Fairy Godmother's expert skill — and secures for you the enthusiastic admiration which is her reward. With Royal it is easy to achieve miraculous results. But there is nothing mysterious about Royal itself. Its power lies in its scientific composition and in the purity and wholesomeness of its ingredients. And like the delicacies of the Fairy Godmother, Royal foods may be eaten to your heart's content without any danger of indigestion. The following recipes will prove to you that *facts may be better than fiction*.

SUGAR COOKIES.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------------------------|
| 2 eggs. | 1 teaspoon vanilla or grated |
| 2 cups sugar. | rind of 1 lemon. |
| 1/4 cup milk. | 4 cups flour. |
| 3/4 cup melted | 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. |
| shortening. | 1/4 teaspoon grated nutmeg. |

Beat eggs; add sugar, milk and shortening. Mix all well together, add flavoring and 2 cups flour sifted with baking powder and nutmeg. Add just enough more flour to roll easily. Chill and roll out on floured board; cut with fancy-shaped cutter; sprinkle with granulated sugar or put a raisin or nut in center of each. Bake 12 minutes in hot oven (450° F.).

For Chocolate Cookies put aside portion of dough before adding all the flour; add 2 tablespoons cocoa to each cup of cookie dough.

LITTLE CHOCOLATE CAKES.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 4 tablespoons shortening. | 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. |
| 1 cup sugar. | 1/4 teaspoon salt. |
| 1 egg. | 1/2 cup cocoa or 2 1/2 squares |
| 1/2 cup milk. | (2 1/2 oz.) melted chocolate. |
| 1 1/4 cups flour. | 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. |

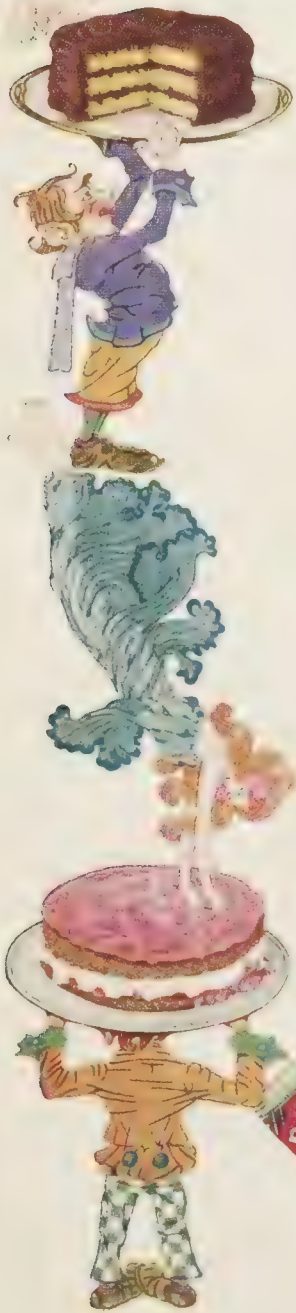
Cream shortening; add sugar and beaten egg; beat well and add milk slowly; sift flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa into mixture; stir until smooth; add vanilla. Put tablespoon of batter into each greased muffin tin, bake in moderate oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes. Cover with plain white icing or meringue.

JELLY MERINGUE.

White of 1 egg. 1/2 cup currant or other jelly.
Put egg white and jelly together into bowl and beat with egg beater or wire whip until stiff. Spread on tops of cakes.

Send for the "New Royal Cook Book" — It's FREE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 7 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal



BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 22

the macaroni slightly with a fork, to have the sauce evenly distributed through the dish. Or dissolve the cheese in the sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs. Place in a hot oven till thoroughly heated and the crumbs are browned.

Stuffed Eggs

Cook the required number of eggs hard. Remove the shells, cut in two lengthwise. Mash the yolks, season with salt and pepper, a little melted butter or salad dressing. A little grated cheese, chopped cooked meat or chicken or fish may be added. Pack back in the shells. Garnish with a tiny sprig of parsley. If wished for a picnic or lunch box, press two stuffed halves together and wrap each egg in waxed paper, leaving the ends twisted.

1. The stuffed eggs may be used cold with lettuce as a salad.

2. Arrange the eggs in a bake dish, pour white sauce around them and heat in the oven.

3. Place in a bake dish, surround with toast points and pour around them a tomato sauce, and heat.

Scalloped Eggs

Chop or slice "hard-boiled" eggs. Put in a bake dish, with white sauce poured over, season well, cover with buttered crumbs and bake till the crumbs are browned. Cooked chopped meat may be used with the eggs in alternate layers.

Curried Eggs

4 "Hard-boiled" eggs 1 c. Hot milk
2 tb. Butter $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Curry powder
2 tb. Flour $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Salt
Pepper—a few grains.

Make a sauce of the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. Cut the eggs in slices or in eighths lengthwise, and reheat in sauce. Serve on toast. Soup stock may be used in place of milk, in the sauce.

Egg Salad

Cook the eggs hard. Separate the whites from the yolks. Put the whites and yolks separately through a potato ricer, seasoning with salt and pepper as they are forced through. On the centre of a lettuce leaf pile a heap of "riced" egg yolk, and around it put a ring of white. Pass salad dressing with it. A spoonful of dressing may be placed on the lettuce leaf under the egg.

Eggs Au Gratin

Break eggs into shallow buttered dishes, or one larger dish. Pour over them either tomato or white sauce, cover with buttered crumbs, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Cook in the oven till the eggs are set and the crumbs browned. Left-over poached eggs may be used in this way.

Eggs Scrambled With Tomato

6 eggs 1 small onion
2 c. tomatoes $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt
2 tb. butter Pepper

Fry the onion, sliced in the butter. Remove the onion, add the tomatoes, seasoning, and the slightly beaten eggs. Cook till thickened, scraping the egg from the bottom of the pan as it cooks.

Swiss Eggs

4 eggs $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. rich milk $\frac{1}{8}$ t. pepper
1 tb. butter 2 tb. grated cheese

Heat a pan, melt the butter in it, then pour in the milk. Break the eggs in it carefully, sprinkle with the salt and pepper and cheese. When firm, remove the eggs to slices of toast. Pour the milk over them.

Easily Made Desserts

Tapioca Custard

4 c. scalded milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
 $\frac{2}{3}$ c. pearl tapioca $\frac{3}{4}$ t. salt
3 eggs 1 t. vanilla

Soak the tapioca four hours in cold water, drain, stir into the hot milk and cook in the double boiler for half an hour. Beat the eggs, add the sugar and salt, and pour on slowly, while stirring, the hot tapioca and milk. Add the vanilla, pour into buttered baking dishes and bake half an hour in a slow oven. It may be put in custard cups.

Tapioca Cream

4 c. hot milk 1 egg
 $\frac{2}{3}$ c. tapioca $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt 1 t. vanilla

Cook the soaked tapioca in the hot milk till clear. Add the sugar and salt, and well beaten egg yolk. When it coats a spoon, remove from the fire, and either fold in the stiffly beaten egg white or use it on top as a meringue. Chill and flavor.

Prune Tapioca

1 c. prune juice $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cooked prunes
2 c. hot water $\frac{3}{4}$ c. tapioca
Juice of lemon $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt.

Soak the tapioca in cold water. Cook in the prune juice and water till nearly clear. Add the lemon juice, sugar, salt and prunes, pitted and cut in halves. Finish cooking, cool and serve with cream. If the stewed prunes were sweetened, less sugar may be required.

Chocolate Tapioca

To tapioca cream add melted chocolate or cocoa till of the desired flavor. Serve with whipped cream.

Pineapple Tapioca

4 c. hot water $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. tapioca $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt
1 c. grated or chopped pineapple.

Soak the tapioca. Boil with the hot water, sugar and salt till clear. Remove from the fire, and add the pineapple. Add more sugar if required. Serve either warm or cold, with cream. Any canned or fresh fruit may be substituted for the pineapple.

Maple Walnut Tapioca

$\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt 2 c. hot milk
1 egg $\frac{2}{3}$ c. tapioca
 $\frac{2}{3}$ c. walnut meats $\frac{2}{3}$ c. maple syrup

Cook the hot milk, soaked tapioca and maple syrup till clear, in a double boiler. Stir in the beaten egg yolk, salt, and part of the walnut meats, broken in pieces. Cook 2 or 3 minutes, remove from the fire, fold in the stiffly beaten egg white and serve cold, garnished with the remaining nut meats, unbroken, and either plain or whipped cream.

Raspberry and Strawberry Tapioca

2 c. fresh berries $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
3 c. boiling water 1 t. butter
 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. tapioca $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt

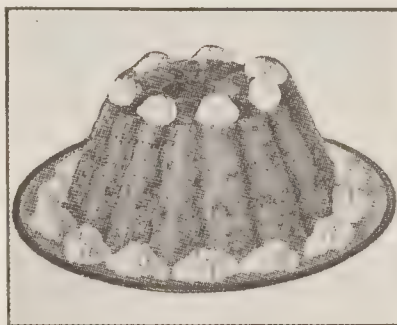
Crush the berries, sweeten and let them stand half an hour.

Cook the tapioca (soaked), sugar, butter and salt in the hot water till clear. Remove from the fire and fold in the crushed berries. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Cocoanut Rice Pudding

4 c. milk 1 t. butter
 $\frac{1}{3}$ c. rice $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cocoanut
2 eggs $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt
1 t. grated lemon rind $\frac{1}{3}$ c. sugar

Cook the hot milk and rice in a double boiler till nearly soft. Add the sugar, lemon rind, butter, cocoanut, salt, and well beaten eggs, and cook in the oven for 20 minutes.



Butterscotch Rice

Peach Melba

6 Round slices of cake
6 Halves of canned peaches
Peach syrup
Jelly or jam
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cocoanut

Over each slice of cake pour 1 tb. of peach syrup. Lay a half peach with the cut side up, on each slice. In the hollow of each, put a spoonful of bright colored jelly or jam. Sprinkle with cocoanut.

Strawberry Creme

2 tb. Gelatin
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Boiling water
1 Egg white
1 c. Thin cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Boiling strawberry syrup.

Dissolve the gelatin, which has been soaked in the cold water, in the hot water and juice from canned strawberries. Add a little more sugar if necessary. Set aside till it begins to thicken. Add the unbeaten egg white to the cream, and beat till thick. Fold into the gelatin mixture. Add a few of the drained berries and mould.

Butter Scotch Rice Pudding

$\frac{1}{3}$ c. rice 1 c. brown sugar
3 c. hot milk 2 tb. butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t. vanilla

Cook the rice in the hot milk till soft. Caramelize the brown sugar and butter, add to the hot rice, and stir till melted. Add the salt and vanilla. Serve very cold, with whipped cream.

Apricot Betty

$\frac{3}{4}$ c. Canned Apricots, sliced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Soft bread crumbs
Brown sugar
Butter.

Put alternate layers of the sliced apricots and crumbs in a buttered baking dish. Dot with brown sugar and butter. Pour over it $\frac{1}{4}$ c. of apricot syrup and $\frac{1}{4}$ c. hot water. Bake half an hour, serve with cream or hard sauce.

Strawberry Mold

6 tb. Cornstarch
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Strawberry juice
Sugar if needed
2 c. Hot water
1 tb. Lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Salt.

Mix the cornstarch and canned strawberry juice. Add more sugar if required. Salt, and stir into the hot water. Cook in the double boiler for 45 minutes. Pour into wet individual moulds. When firm turn from the moulds and garnish with strawberries drained from the juice, or serve the juice as a sauce if desired.

Maple Walnut Pudding

1 c. brown sugar 1 c. walnut meats
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. cornstarch 2 Egg whites
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. boiling water $\frac{1}{2}$ t. vanilla
1 c. hot milk $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt
whipped cream

Mix the brown sugar, cornstarch, salt and add the boiling water slowly. Stir into the hot milk, and cook in the double boiler, covered, for 45 minutes. Remove from fire, and add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup broken walnut meats, the vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into wet individual moulds and set away to become firm. When ready to serve, garnish with whipped cream and the remaining walnut meats, unbroken.

Peach Cocoanut Pudding

4 tb. cornstarch Sliced canned
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cold water peaches
2 c. hot milk $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cocoanut $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt

Stir the cornstarch and sugar together, add the cold water and pour into the hot milk. Add the salt and cook 45 minutes in the double boiler. Stir in the cocoanut, and pour into a wet mould which has been lined with sliced canned peaches. When moulded turn out on a serving dish. Peach juice may be served with it. Continued on page 26

A Recipe from Fifth Avenue

IN the kitchens of the world's famous mansions—some of the simplest ingredients are combined with just those touches of artistry which send them to the dining table in the form of exquisitely dainty and original dishes. One of these—a delicious dessert—owes much of its originality to

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

It is a dessert of real charm, that can easily be made by any housewife, according to this recipe:—

Pineapple and Rice Mold

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalded pineapple juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
Few grains salt
1 cup cooked rice
1 cup whipped cream
1 tablespoonful lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add scalded pineapple juice, sugar and salt to rice. Strain into this the gelatine and mix thoroughly; cool slightly, and add whipped cream and lemon juice. Turn into moulds lined with slices of canned pineapple, or cut up pineapple may be added to the juice. Chill, and serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple, and candied cherries added for garnishing.

100 More Ways to Grace the Dining Table

It is just as easy as not to serve dainty food in an appetizing way. The two Knox books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," give many recipes for delicious desserts, salads, candies, meat and fish dishes that are sure to add to the attractiveness of any menu.

We shall gladly send them to you, free, together with an instructive booklet on "The Health Value of Gelatine," upon receipt of your grocer's name and 4 cents for postage.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.

Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St., W., Montreal



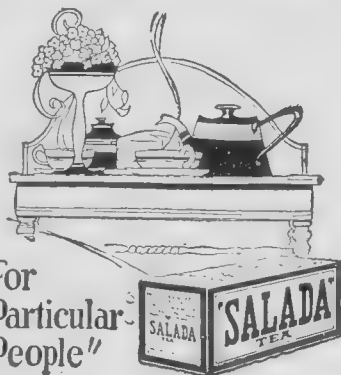
Science Prescribes Knox Gelatine In Sickness and Health

It has been discovered by science that Knox Gelatine has many beneficial effects in the human system.

For one thing, it is a powerful aid to the digestion, and is therefore highly recommended from infancy to old age, and especially for invalids, convalescents and those suffering from indigestion.

Further, the abundance of lysine contained in Knox Gelatine makes it a strengthening and growth-promoting food of the utmost importance for growing children.

The wise housewife provides gelatine dishes liberally and often, for their health value, daintiness and tastiness.



"For Particular People"

"SALADA"

H570

In the best homes,—at high-class restaurants and hotels,—wherever a discriminating taste influences the effort to secure the utmost in flavor, fragrance, purity and strength of blend—there will you find Salada Tea served as the recognized choice of particular people.

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 25

Loganberry Rice Pudding

Use either canned loganberries, or dried berries, soaked and stewed.

- ½ c. Rice
- 1 c. Boiling water
- ¼ t. Salt
- 1 c. Sweetened loganberry juice
- ½ c. Drained berries
- Sugar if needed
- White of 1 egg.

Cook the rice, hot water and salt for 10 minutes. Add the berry syrup and the berries and continue cooking till the rice is tender. Remove from the fire and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, chill, and serve with cream or soft custard.

Rebecca Pudding

A favorite with small children.

- 4 c. scalded milk
- ½ c. cold milk or water
- ½ c. cornstarch
- ¼ c. sugar
- ¼ t. salt
- 1 t. vanilla
- 3 egg whites

Mix the cornstarch, sugar and salt, and dilute with the cold milk. Add to the scalded milk, stir till thickened, and cook 45 minutes in the double boiler. Remove from the fire, add the vanilla and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Mould and serve either with soft boiled custard using the egg yolks, or with colored fruit syrup.

Peach Compote I

Cook rice in either water or milk. Pile in individual glass serving dishes. Arrange slices of canned peaches, or half of a canned peach on each serving, and pour syrup over it.

Peach Compote II

Drain canned peaches, and arrange either half a peach, or a few slices in buttered custard cups. Pack with boiled rice, cover, and steam for 15 minutes. Turn out on plate and serve with hot peach syrup.

Pear Delight

On circles of plain cake, put a tablespoon of pear syrup. On each one place a half canned pear, cut side up. Fill the cavity with whipped cream. Over the cream put a spoonful of thick red fruit juice, such as raspberry or strawberry if it is convenient, or a spoonful of red jam or jelly, or sprinkle with cocoanut.

Pear Betty

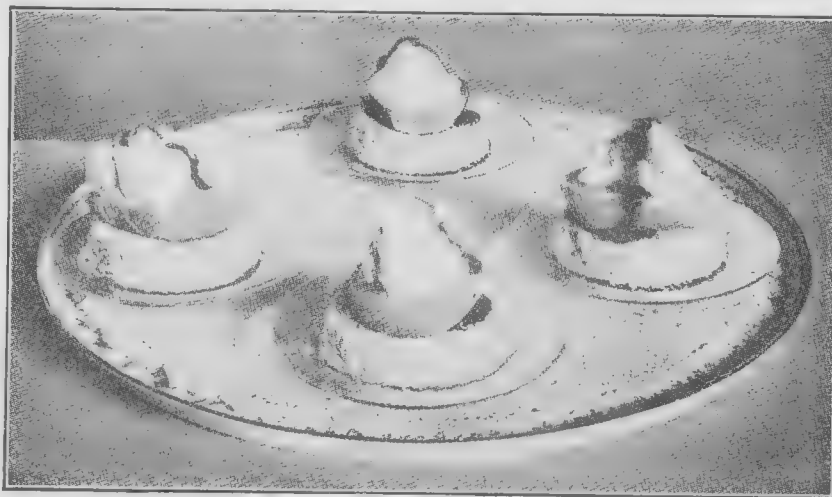
Make as Apricot Betty using pears instead of canned apricots.

Baked Pears

Put the desired number of canned pears in a shallow buttered cake dish. Pour over them ½ cup of the pear syrup and the juice of half a lemon. Cover with ½ cup of raisins, enough soft crumbs to cover, sprinkle with a little brown sugar and cinnamon, dot with butter and bake till the crumbs are browned.

Pineapple Rice

Cook ½ cup washed rice in boiling salted water till almost tender. Add ½ cup of canned pineapple juice and 3 or 4 slices of pineapple cut in pieces, and sugar if necessary. Continue cooking till most of the liquid is absorbed. Pour into a serving dish and chill.



Pear Delight

A Mother of Good Citizens

A MOTHER whose children take an unusually intelligent interest in the affairs of their home city was recently asked whether she had trained them to do this. "Indeed I have," she answered earnestly. "A slight fire which became disastrous because the nearest chemical engine could reach it only by circuitous and narrow streets, and the placing of a cemetery within the residential suburban limits as a result of the self-interest of landowners against the ignorance and indifference of the public, first led me to think seriously of what I, as a mother, was doing to make my children—future voters—capable of intelligent interest in the growth of their city. As a result I called my children to a new game. I gave each child a large piece of paper and a pencil. 'Plan me a city as you think it ought to be, children,' I said. 'Make two parallel lines for streets, and little squares for buildings. Ask all the questions you want to.'

"Guidance of ideas was at first necessary, but soon the children's wits were at work and a babel of voices arose. 'I shall have several parks in my city, not one big one.' 'My parks are in the crowded part of the city; what's the good of parks where there are gardens?' 'Mother, which is better, a central station or several stations with an electric subway to join them?' 'Don't you think I had better put the library near the High School, Mother?' 'I'm putting the

athletic field near the High School; it's such a bore to go two miles to ours.' 'Remember, children, that your High School must be near several car lines, as pupils come from all parts of the city.' 'My city is on a bay; how can I make my railroads reach the wharves without running through the streets?'

"It was surprising how much variety there was in plans. When done they were exchanged for friendly corrections and additions. Sometimes a prize was offered, father being judge or the decision being given by a jury of two children and an adult. Renewed interest was aroused by giving special problems—a manufacturing city; a city on a river; a city on hills. But always I aimed to preserve the main theme: to instill an appreciation of a city which serves all its people efficiently, economically and artistically."

Very Sad to Her

"I heard something very sad this morning," said a mistress to her servant, in explanation of her not feeling well, as the girl commented upon her mistress's appearance.

"Well," said the girl, "I can feel for you, ma'am. I heard something sad this morning too."

"You did?" asked the mistress. "Pray, tell me what was it?"

"The alarm clock, ma'am."

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Cinnamon Bon Bons: Flavor $\frac{1}{4}$ of the fondant with cinnamon; color red and make it into squares, patties or any other desired shapes.

Pistachio Bon Bons: Flavor $\frac{1}{4}$ of the fondant with pistachio; color green and make into squares or patties.

Chocolate Bon Bons: Flavor $\frac{1}{4}$ of the fondant with peppermint, make into patties and dip in melted chocolate; place on a greased paper and let harden.

Stuffed Dates: Flavor $\frac{1}{4}$ of the fondant with vanilla. Remove stones from dates, fill with fondant. The dates may be rolled in sugar if desired.

In the **Carnation Cook Book** you'll find recipes for a number of delicious candies, as well as other good things to eat. Write the **Carnation Milk Products Company, Limited, Aylmer, Ontario**, for a free copy.

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HOME DOCTOR

Cooking For Infants and Invalids

By Nurse B.

WHEN cooking for infants and invalids, special attention needs to be given to the process; it must be done well rightly.

This of course applies to the cooking of anything, for anybody, but it is even more essential to infants and the sick, because in both cases the digestive organs are not strong, and attacks of indigestion hinder growth in the former case, and recovery in the latter.

Beef tea, though not a food, is an excellent stimulant, and may be ordered by the doctor. Unless made properly it may prove flavorless and uninteresting, nauseating and very disagreeable, or too weak to be of any service. To make good beef tea take one pound of round of beef, remove skin and fat, cut up finely on a board, put into a stone jar with its own weight of water (one pound equals one pint), cover, and let stand for one hour; then place jar in a saucepan of cold water, bring to the boil and hold it at that point for one hour. Remove jar and strain through a coarse sieve, that the fine sediments may not be lost. The fat which rises to the top may be removed by a slice of bread or a piece of clean white paper. Beef tea should never be boiled. Heat as required. Do not make large quantities. Keep covered, and in a cool, airy place until required.

An excellent preparation is raw beef juice, which is retained by even very young children when the stomach will take nothing else. To make—

Take half a pound of round of beef free from fat, shred it finely, pour over it a teacupful of cold soft water; add a pinch of salt, stir, and let it stand for three hours; strain, washing the meat with a little additional water. The red color can be disguised by serving it in a colored glass.

Bread and milk may be made most palatable in the following way. Put one thin slice of stale bread in a basin with a pinch of salt; pour half a pint of boiling milk over it, add sugar to

taste; probably a teaspoonful; cover basin, and set in a warm place for ten minutes.

Rice is a very serviceable food, but must be cooked slowly and long. Put two teaspoonfuls of rice and a quarter teaspoonful of salt into a baking dish, add one tablespoonful of sugar and a pint of milk. Place in a slow oven and cook for two hours. The milk should not boil, but become gently absorbed by the rice, and the result a soft creamy consistency, rich in nutrition and easy of digestion.

Eggs are excellent food if prepared rightly. If to be used cooked, only gentle heat must be applied, whether prepared as coddled, as boiled or baked custard, or in omelet form. The white of one fresh egg added to half a pint of cold water and a pinch of salt thoroughly shaken and fed cold; with a spoon, or from a bottle, is very useful in cases of stomach irritation or great weakness in infants.

Barley water is a thirst quencher for invalids, and a temporary food for young children affected by diarrhoea. To make—Put a tablespoonful of well washed barley into a quart of cold water, boil gently for two hours, strain into a jug. For invalids the juice of a lemon may be added, and a little sugar. Barley water should be made fresh daily.

The military hospitals and the epidemic of influenza both uncovered new uses for gelatine in feeding the sick. Gelatine is so easily digested and liquifies so readily, that it was used extensively in semi-liquid diet for the sick, providing the means of conveying such foods as eggs, milk and delicate meats, which could not be eaten alone, to the stomach.

Sometimes when no other food will stay on the stomach, gelatine can be assimilated. It is especially valuable in light fever cases where a cooling, light food is desired.

Correctly Made Shoes Are Important

THE improper shape in which shoes are usually made is responsible for a great deal of discomfort and positive injury. That is why corns, bunions, ingrowing toe-nails, and flat-foot often occur when the shoe is believed to fit.

If a normal foot be examined, it will be seen that the greatest length is along the inner surface, which forms practically a straight line from the heel to the tip of the great toe. In the shoes most commonly worn, the greatest length is in the geometrical middle of the shoe, from which point the toe slopes out evenly on both sides. In making the foot conform to such a shape, the great toe is forced away from the inner side of the foot toward the median line. The more pointed the toe of such a shoe, the greater the distortion.

The Proper Shape for Shoes

A SHOE in proper shape should have a straight inner line, extending from the heel to the tip of the great toe. The shape of the toe is unimportant, and may conform to the latest style. As the sole of the foot is flat, the sole of the shoe should also be flat, not curved. Fortunately such shoes are now-a-days made by many manufacturers, particularly those who manufacture for children.

It is likewise important that the shoe be of sufficient length. This can be tested by seeing that there is some room in the shoe above the toes and that there is no pressure on the back of the heel. On the other hand, if the shoe be too long, blisters will result.

The heel should fit snugly and not move in the shoe when one stands on the toes. A shoe is judged sufficiently wide if the upper is not drawn tight against the toe, but gives somewhat, and if when one stands on the toes the foot does not extend over the edge of the sole. One must be careful, however, not to have the upper too loose or to allow the toes too much movement.

The heel of the shoes should be broad and low. High heels throw the body out of line, and hence cause a strain in the muscles and ligaments in the small of the back. They throw the weight of the body on the ends of the bones of the foot instead of on their sides, and frequently lead to the formation of callous or hardened flesh on the toes. Their continued use invariably produces breaking down of both arches of the foot and stretching of the ligaments with resulting weak or flat feet.

Arch Supporters

FLAT-FOOT is produced by a number of causes, faulty positions when standing and walking, the wearing of improper shoes, etc. The shoe dealer may help to prevent this deformity by furnishing proper shoes. But its treatment is beyond his province. This belongs to the physician and especially to the orthopaedic surgeon. It is dangerous to meddle with this condition. Serious injury is being inflicted by the indiscriminate and unmechanical use of various forms of ready-made arch supporters, which usually are improperly applied and often for a condition that has been mistaken for flat-foot.

Fruit Salad that is especially good



WITH Cox's Gelatine in the house, it is easy to prepare a dainty, delicious salad out of left-over fruits. This recipe will serve five to six persons.



1 envelope Cox's Gelatine
1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) water
2 tablespoons sugar or honey
2 cups (1 pint) ginger ale
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups ($\frac{3}{4}$ pint) mixed fruit

Pour water into saucepan, add Gelatine, sugar or honey and dissolve. Take from fire and add ginger ale. Cut fruits into neat pieces, place in a glass dish, and cover with the strained Gelatine mixture. Chill and serve with or without salad dressing.

Grape juice or other fruit juice may be used in place of ginger ale. Left-over fruits may be used in this way, and, if desired, the mixture may be divided into individual molds.

For making jellies and desserts of all kinds, for salads, soups and savories, you will find Cox's Gelatine a very real help. And also a valuable and healthful food because of its rich protein content. It enables you to use up odds and ends of meat, vegetables and fruit, in many delightful ways. Cox's Gelatine is absolutely pure, unflavored and unsweetened.

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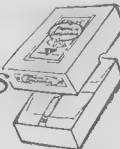
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FOR THE BRIDE



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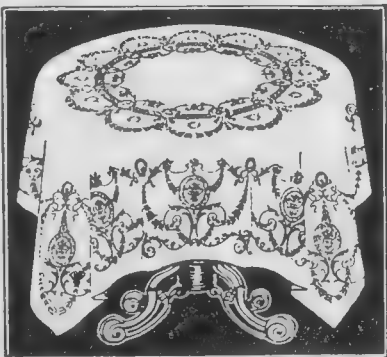
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MOTHER'S PAGE



Good House-Keeper Not Always Good Home-Keeper

By Susanna Lynn

THE woman possessing the characteristics, both of good house-keeping and good home-keeping, will make a model wife and mother. No matter where she lives—in cottage or mansion—there will be found peace and comfort.

But there is not one amongst us, who at sometime in her life, has not known a woman, who not only sacrificed her own strength and happiness but that of her family as well, on the altar of Good Housekeeping, where one ambition was to have her house spotlessly clean and in perfect order day in and day out; forgetting that a house is intended for a home—a blessed place where one can find rest for the body, peace of mind and good will. A place sanctified by the living grace of a good, reliable father and a kind, unselfish mother.

This woman forgot the big things of life, in upholding to a nerve-racking degree, her methods of good housekeeping. Her face had a down-at-the-mouth, soured-on-the-world expression which was reflected by each member of the family.

The children went pussy-footing around afraid of making a sound or of getting something out of place, never allowed to romp and play in the abandon of childhood—always trying to keep themselves prim and clean, knowing if a speck of good old Mother Earth stuck to their hands and faces or clothes, their poor "tired-out, over-worked" mother would have hysteric fits.

Poor husband, too, walked the straight and narrow path. After his day's work was over he trudged to the place he called home, knowing well what to expect when he reached there. He always had a feeling, somehow, that he didn't fit—that he was in the way. He was unable to tell just what it was, but he knew he was never comfortable and at ease.

He dared not smoke: that would "scent the house up." If he read, he

was neglecting her from whom his blessings flowed. If he tried to start a conversation she became contradictory and snappy. He could not lie down to rest his weary bones for he might muss or soil the load of useless cushions, piled from one end of the davenport to the other.

So, after a few struggling efforts at being sociable, he moped off to bed, earnestly wishing he could "sleep the sleep that knows no waking," for as is truthfully said—"the jaws of death are preferable to the jaws of life."

Now, just take a peep into a real home—a home that is glorified by a home-keeper. One who does not make a shrine of her home and slaves herself and family to worship thereat.

She takes pleasure in watching the children romp and play, knowing that if a little wholesome dirt adheres to them or their clothes, it will come off in the wash. She is glad to have their friends come to play with them. They dance, play games, make candy or popcorn without fear of a scolding when their company is gone, because of the "cleaning up" of tomorrow.

Of course, Mrs. Good-Housekeeper gets tired too, but she doesn't bore everyone she meets whining about it.

Her face is not sour enough to turn water to vinegar; instead it is sweet and good to look upon, her laugh is full of joy and good to hear. Her home, though not always in shipshape, is nevertheless clean and wholesome.

It is a pleasant place to visit. An evening or day spent there makes one feel refreshed and more like "carrying on" for days to come.

Blessed are the Home-Keepers. For not only will their children rise up and call them blessed, but their children's children unto the third and fourth generations.

One Mother's Method

Marilla R. Whitmore

THREE mothers sat rocking and chatting on the veranda of a summer cottage one evening in early summer. The children, all but one of them romped on the lawn not far away. The one child alternately whined and pulled at his mother's skirts or sat wistfully gazing at the frolics of the others but apparently was too listless to join in their play.

When eight o'clock came Mrs. Brown rose and called, "Come boys, it is bedtime." The boys, lads of eleven and twelve responded with alacrity clattering off upstairs full of fun and as playful as young puppies. "Why do you put your boys to bed so early?" Mrs. Smith inquired, "My Willie doesn't go to bed until we go. He always was like that even when he was small, a regular little owl." Willie was whining and fretful but his fond mother soothed him as well as she could.

Mrs. Jones had called her children as well, saying, "It is perfect nonsense to allow children to stay up until all hours of the night. Mine always go at eight o'clock and no nonsense about it." The Jones' children came unwillingly enough, shuffling their feet and acting sulky, going upstairs at their mother's sharp command with muttered words of protest as unhappy looking as children could well be.

Mrs. Brown disappeared in the wake of her noisy boys and it was an hour

before she rejoined the group on the veranda. Little Willie was still sitting up begging for this and that, hardly knowing just what ailed him and making himself generally unpleasant to all grown-ups.

When Mrs. Brown reappeared, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones were eager to find out why the Brown children had gone so willingly to bed and questioned the mother at once. "Oh, there is no great mystery about that," Mrs. Brown smiled. "I have always made it a practice from the time they were quite small to read to them an hour every evening if they went to bed as they should."

"Well, for one, I just wouldn't be bothered," said Mrs. Jones, emphatically. "No, nor I either," said Mrs. Smith, boxing Willie's ears for pulling the hair-pins from her hair.

"It is some bother, to be sure," answered Mrs. Brown, "but I thoroughly enjoy the hour myself. If something happens to spoil our plans, if I am going out for the evening, I always manage so we read earlier in the day. We choose our books very carefully, in fact we try to own all the books we read for if they belong to us they seem to be like old friends. When the boys bring home an extra good report a new book is the reward."

"It is not only the reading at the bedtime hour but we always have a chat as well. I have known one of the boys

MOTHERS PAGE—Continued from page 28

to have had some trouble during the day which he was not willing to confide to me and I have at times had some trouble with them myself and they have gone to bed vexed with me. I say nothing until the reading hour is over and generally there is no need, for the reading seems to help them. They relax and are willing to tell me what has occurred during the day. We do not let the sun go down on our wrath and if I did not spend the hour with them I am sure they would not be so prone to tell me their little troubles.

"It is easy enough to retain their confidence when they are in the stage where, 'Mother knows everything,' but a little later on when they begin to feel quite grown-up and superior, then that is a dangerous time. They so easily grow away from you and this is the time they need your guidance.

"My oldest boy says, 'Mother is my pal. She isn't so fussy as other fellers' Mothers are. She lets us do most everything at home.' The youngest says, 'Mother's my best girl and she is always goin' to be, you bet.' Of course I hope this isn't true but I appreciate being the 'best girl' for a few years."

The other two ladies listened in silence glancing at each other now and again. Laughingly, Mrs. Brown said, "Ladies you knew not what you did when you started me off on my favorite topic. I've said too much and tired you to death, that

I can plainly see. My idea is to live with your children, not for them. Why don't you try my method yourselves? You both have told me you do not know what to do with your children—that they drive you distracted."

"There might be a lot in what you have told us," agreed Mrs. Jones. "I have had the feeling for a long time that my children obey me simply because I am larger and stronger than they are, and I think the time is coming when they will openly defy me. I have not believed in giving children reasons for what I tell them to do, and it seems to me they are sulky most of the time. Your boys seem so friendly with you that I just believe I will try your method. It won't hurt to try and maybe it will make them like me better," she added.

"I wonder if it would work with Willie," Mrs. Smith said. "It seems to me he is so cross and tired of late. He cries half the time and will not play with the others."

"Why of course it will work," answered Mrs. Brown. "This plan has been in operation in our home for ten years and I know it works. You ladies try my plan and see if you do not get better acquainted with your children," she remarked as the ladies parted for the night. "I will see you again and see how you succeed."

Elizabeth Raymond's Mistake

By Laurentian Lou

"SAY, Irene," exclaimed Elizabeth Raymond, as she came into the kitchen where her sister was washing the supper dishes, "do you know that Maud Hopkins is the biggest fool on earth?"

"Why, what's up now, Elizabeth? You always think that your chum is about perfect."

"Well, just listen a minute and see if you don't think I'm right. There I went over this afternoon on purpose to help Maud make that satin dress, and we've hardly done a thing on it all afternoon. Just as we had the pattern laid on the goods ready to cut, up drove Tom Dickson with little Margaret Dickson and her little chum, Inez Myers. Well, we did manage to get the dress partly cut out, but then Maud told me to leave it awhile, and she brought out games and pictures for those little five-year-olds, and first thing I knew she was sitting down reading stories to them. It was five o'clock when Tom called back for them. Then Maud put on their coats and hats, kissed them both, and told them to be sure to come back again. We finished cutting out the dress then and basted a few pieces, but the whole afternoon was wasted and I told Maud so."

"Oh, Elizabeth!"

"I told her just that and more, too."

"Didn't she get angry?"

"No, she didn't. She just said very quietly, 'I am sorry that you don't understand, Elizabeth, but I don't call the afternoon wasted. Making children happy is not wasting time. Maybe some day you'll find out that I'm right.'"

Forty years later, Maud Hopkins—for she had not changed her name—sat at her sunny window, reading a letter from her girlhood chum.

"Dear Maud," it ran, "I wonder if it would be convenient for you to let me visit you for a whole month. Since George died, I am so lonesome that I don't know what to do, and I don't know anyone as good at cheering folks as you are."

"Poor Elizabeth," murmured Maud, "of course she can stay a month or even a year if she wishes, and I'll be mighty glad to see her. It is twenty years since we last met. I wonder how she looks now. Then she looked weary and older than she should have looked at fifty."

A few days later Elizabeth arrived to visit Maud. The visitor fairly gasped when she saw her friend. "Well, Maud Hopkins, how in creation do you do it? You're seventy and you look as young as you did at forty. I'd think that when you are all alone in the world you'd get sick of life, but it doesn't look as though you were a bit anxious to die. I wish I could learn your secret."

"There's my secret," replied the other, as a young girl of sixteen waved her hand to the woman on the veranda as she passed, and called. "I'll be in after school tonight."

"I—I don't quite understand, Maud."

"Well, that's Marjory Dunlop, the daughter of the little Inez Myers who used to visit me when she was a little girl. She comes in almost every day, and her school chums come, too, and they bring their little brothers and sisters. They all love me, and that's why I'm young. You know I used to make a great fuss always over Inez and her little chum and the other younger girls when I was nearing my thirties."

"Oh, yes, I know that, Maud. Do you remember how I scolded you once because you played with those children instead of sewing on your new satin dress that you had been so anxious to have to wear to Cousin Edna's party?"

"Yes, yes, I remember now. Well, when those girls grew up and married, they taught their children to love me, and my closing years are crowned with the love of these young folks, and I feel so contented even though I have no kith and kin to care for me, because these girls and their mothers have all told me, and they mean it, too, that if I ever get sick, or too old to do my own work, that they will always look after me. So why shouldn't I look young?"

"I see, now, Maud," said her companion slowly. "I was wrong when I scolded you that day, and I've been wrong all through my life. I never bothered with the younger folks. I did nothing to make them love me, and so now when I'm old and need love and crave love, I don't know how to win love to sooth my aching heart. Truly, we reap in this world just what we sow," and Elizabeth gave a little sob, and hot tears coursed down the withered cheeks of the woman who had made the great mistake.



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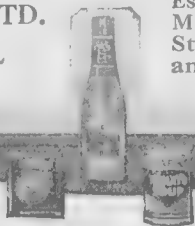
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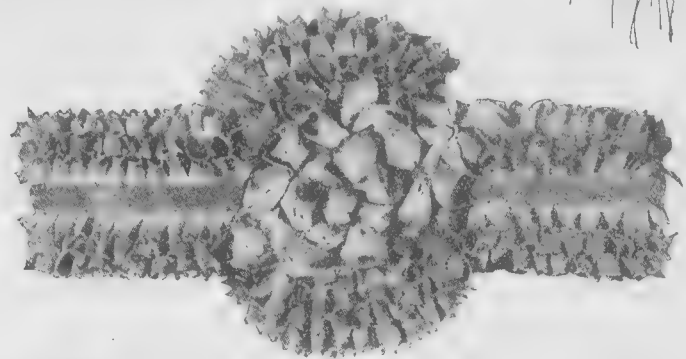
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RIBBON has always seemed to be the natural trimming for spring and summer hats, and Dame Fashion is favoring it more than ever this spring. Some of the most expensive new models are decorated with odd but decidedly new and charming ornaments of ribbon. The ribbon cocardes are much indulged in this season, and give just the necessary perky touch to the cloche, which still remains popular in spite of the tendency toward turned-up styles. The new novelty ribbons are offered in such a bewildering variety of colorings and designs that one just longs to work with them.

Brilliant colors blend into sombre shades in this entrancing motif that may make a lovely hat lovelier, or even serve charmingly as a corsage. A buckram foundation is cut in the shape of the ornament. Three rows alternating colors, of picot-edged ribbon are pleated and sewn on the foundation so as to almost cover it. The space in the centre of top and bottom uses a metallic ribbon stitched flat for finish. The tiny buds at the very centre of the cocarde use 2-inch pieces of multi-colored picot-edged ribbon, folded, gathered and sewn together at base and upper picot edge caught together.



Ombre shaded ribbon lends itself especially to this many-sided cocarde made of ten 2-inch strips of ribbon, alternating with loops made as in Fig. 1. The centre of the motif is made with several single short loops and pointed ends; Fig. 2.

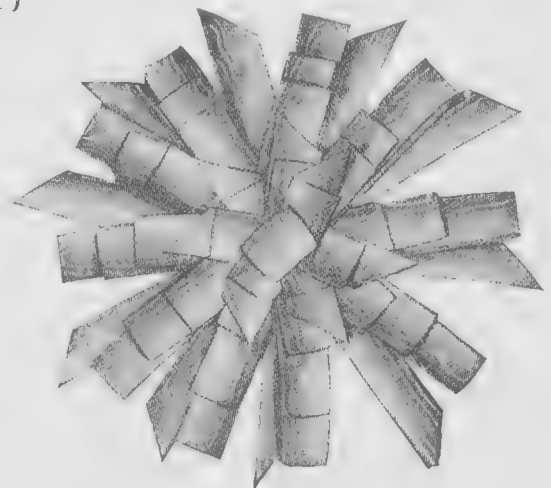
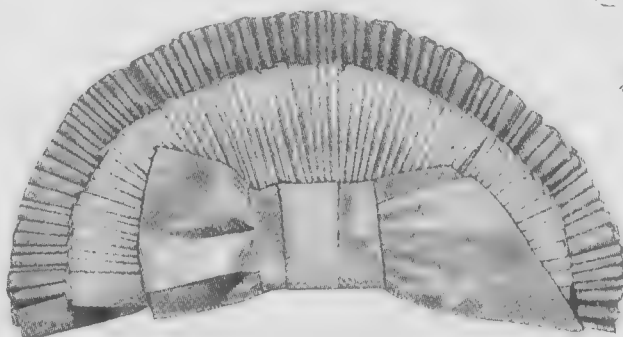


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

The coquettish fan ornament makes an equally charming finish for the modish cloche or the wide brim of straw or crepe silk. A buckram foundation is a semi-circle, measuring 6 inches across. One yard of 3-inch ribbon is pleated on to the outer edge of the foundation, and $\frac{3}{4}$ -yard of 2-inch ribbon makes the inner semi-circle. $\frac{1}{2}$ -yard is needed for the bow that finishes the centre.



With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

Reports for the Past Year

BELMONT. The programs of the regular meetings were very interesting during the past year. The final payment was made on the lighting plant installed in the rink. Two cemetery "clean-up" days were held. Considerable clothing and money was given to needy persons. The Institute library now numbers over 300 books. Over 50 new books were bought during the year. During the winter, plants of unusual varieties have been grown by the members, to be sold at a plant sale in the spring. Next year's activities will be for a Memorial Hall.

Benito. The Benito Institute provided the sugar and equipment for serving hot cocoa to the school children, and took charge of cooking classes among the school girls, the members taking turns in conducting the classes. An oil stove and dishes were purchased for the community hall, and the Institute arranges for the cleaning and care of the hall. Showers of clothing and food were held for two needy families in the district. A woman whose husband was ill, was given financial assistance.

Berton is one of the new societies and is a rural community, but has accomplished much. The membership has reached 36. They co-operated with three neighboring societies to improve the cemetery. The Institute has taken the responsibility of providing the school children with a hot lunch. Over \$100 was contributed for charitable purposes.

Beulah Institute set out 500 trees in the cemetery. \$200 was given to the Church Board, and a cook stove purchased for use in the church basement. A permanent library has been started, and some money raised for the rink fund.

Birds' Hill. The institute in Birds' Hill did considerable welfare and relief work. The library and community medicine chest continue to be popular. The Institute has done considerable work to direct the social activities of the community.

Birtle is one of the largest and most active Institutes in the Province, the membership being 129, and the money raised considerably over \$1,000. The average attendance at all meetings being over 50. The library contains several hundred books. 50 of the old books were given to one of the new Institutes as a nucleus for their library. The club room is maintained at approximately \$400 a year. The building fund for a new club room is now over \$500. Assistance to the hospital has for some years been an important undertaking. \$400 was raised for this purpose by various methods. Most of the equipment, linen, etc., has been purchased by the Institute. Considerable sewing, mending of linen, etc., has been done by the Hospital Committee. A number of social affairs, such as the Father and Son banquet, a banquet for the teachers attending the Fall Convention, etc., have been given under their auspices. A large amount of charitable and welfare work was done,

including gifts of food, clothing and money. The Institute financed the Child Welfare Conference at the Agricultural Fair, and aided both the Agricultural Society and the Boys' and Girls' Club.

Boissevain. The Boissevain Institute maintains a good rest-room without assistance from any source. They always finance the Child Health Conference, besides doing considerable welfare work. Over 30 new books were bought for the library.

Bowsman. The Bowsman Institute is helping to finance the town electric light plant. 150 new books were added to the library during the past year. Bedding, clothes, food, etc., were provided for 3 families whose homes were burned and a complete outfit of clothing secured for a tiny baby.

Brandon. The Brandon Institute devotes considerable effort and time to the local children's aid, which was opened in 1921. Dresses and sweaters were made for each little girl, and sweaters and overalls secured for several of the boys. Fruit, vegetables and pickles have frequently been given, as well as cash donations. Assistance has also been given to the Relief Bureau.

Carman is one of the newer Institutes. They paid the expenses of two children who were obliged to go to Winnipeg to receive treatment from a specialist. Thirteen families were given food, clothing and Christmas cheer.

Charleswood Institute is very keenly interested in the Boys' and Girls' Club. Tuxis Group and Trail Rangers, and have helped considerably with their enterprises. Laura Ellman, whose pitiful case aroused so much sympathy and indignation throughout Manitoba, was taken out to Charleswood and cared for by the Institute.

Clearwater. Raised \$20 to purchase equipment for the school playground. They opened and fitted up a rest-room. A trained nurse was secured for a sick lady who needed the service. Bed and meals were provided for two boys while their parents were ill. Two linen showers—pillow cases, sheets, etc., were held for invalids.

Coulter. Kept all sick people in their community provided with fruit and flowers. They had the school floors made warmer, and held a cemetery "Bee". Food and clothing were donated for relief work.

Crandale contributed \$136 to the rink fund. They have furnished a pleasant room in which they hold meetings, teas, etc. Meals were provided for an invalid.

Crystal City held some interesting meetings with helpful papers and discussions. They have been improving the cemetery and the park.

Culross. The Institute is the only women's organization in the community, so they look after all community enterprises, caring for the sick and needy, providing entertainments, debates, etc.

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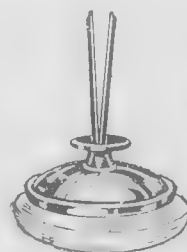


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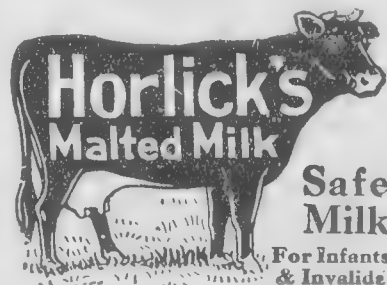
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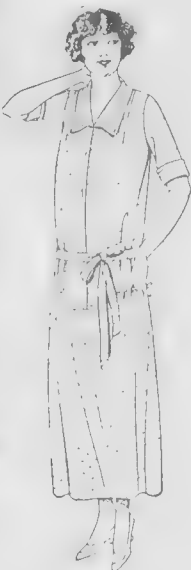
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4702



4723



4722

Notes on Late Spring Styles

The now so popular tailored suit deserves first mention. This style shows the straight short scant skirt, with accompanying jacket which may be in hip length, finger-tip length or three-quarter length. The silhouette is straight and more reed like than ever. Sometimes the scantness of the skirt is concealed by long tunic portions, which though beltless, display more flare than the skirt.

Tweed, twill, covert cloth, rep, alpaca and satin crepe are used for tailored suits and also for tailored dresses.

A suit of navy blue rep was made with a short box coat. The finish is simple stitching.

Costume suits show the same straight line effect that one finds in the suits.

A new idea is to have overlapping tunic sections trimming a one-piece beltless dress. Sometimes two colors, or figured and plain materials are combined in this way.

Fulness may also be suggested by way of a circular flounce or pleatings, ruffles, godets or tiers. Ruffles are especially attractive on summer dresses. They may encircle the frock or be arranged in horizontal or vertical rows.

Dresses entirely or partly plaited, also plaited flounces are in evidence.

A flounce of fringe is a very new and attractive form of trimming.

Buttons of every kind and size are used for practical or decorative purposes on dresses and coats.

Beading and embroidery is used, but the smartest models depend on grace of line rather than trimming for effect.

Lace is seen everywhere. Black chantilly is draped on flesh color slips. Brown chantilly over black satin is smart.

A new handwoven woolen material is used to fashion El Djobah robes. The material is heavily embroidered.

Beltless scarf dresses are new and attractive. Scarf and dress are of the same material.

With the mannish suit the brimless hat either tricorn or cloche is worn.

Scarfs in all sorts of colorings and decorations are worn with dresses and suits, and brighten otherwise plain effects. A coat costume of navy blue rep was worn with a scarf of roman stripe silk. On a dress of navy blue, red may be used as trimming.

Black suits and frocks are worn with lingerie collar and cuff sets.

A dress of black satin was effectively trimmed with figured silk, and wool crepe in a black pattern.

Linen was never more popular than it promises to be for the coming season. One may have a linen dress made on simple lines with hemstitching or drawnwork for decoration. All-over embroidered linen in white may be attractively combined with colored linen.

Wool plaid kasha in blue tones made a smart sports dress. It is trimmed with bands of old blue kasha. Plaids have been selected as suitable for street and country frocks.

Tobacco brown satin is used for a dress that has sleeve puffs and a graduated frill of organdy in French blue.

Finely plaited pink crepe de chine was used for a blouse finished with a deep yoke collar of matched satin.

Plaid taffeta in green made a sports blouse, that has a collar and cuffs of organdy.

For school wear, serge and serge weaves are used, as are also rep fabrics and wool crepe. Practically the same colors used in materials for women's clothes are shown again in children's garments.

For dressy dresses, taffeta and crepe de chine are shown. Narrow lace is used profusely for trimming little silk dresses, as are also quillings, flounces and tiers.

There are silks with striped or floral patterns trimmed with ribbon and made with short sleeves, round neck and full skirt.

The Bertha neck of lace is still in vogue.

For girls in their teens there are two-piece dresses with plaited skirt, and a blouse in middy style. A skirt of plaited pongee will be attractive with a blouse of flowered silk showing old blue, orange and brown on a ground color of pongee.

A plaited skirt of brown and white striped flannel has a jacket blouse to go with it, of brown crepe de chine.

Wash dresses show vivid colors. Yellow in pumpkin and orange shades lead.

Dresses of a plain color are trimmed with bands, pipings or panel effects in contrasting color.

A good sports suit comprises a white flannel skirt and a scarlet or green sleeveless jacket of flannel. A shirt waist, guimpe or blouse may be worn with this.

Bloomer dresses for younger girls are shown in soft silk and in beautiful wash fabrics. These dresses may be made with a high waisted bodice to which a full skirt is gathered or they may be made with yoke sections.

Plaited slips with camisole tops are worn under coats and sleeveless jackets, also with pretty blouses of contrasting color or material.

A Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl—4712. Mohair, jersey or linen would be appropriate for this design. As shown in a small view the "cape" collars may be omitted. The sleeve may be short or in wrist length. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Without the collar $\frac{3}{4}$ -yard less is required.

A New Play Suit—4705. This is a good model for percale, seersucker, drill, linen or linene. The blouse may be of the same material as the overalls, and may be finished with the sleeves in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. A 3-year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The blouse alone requires 1 yard. The overalls may be worn over any blouse or shirt waist.



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A Pretty Dance or Evening' Frock—4715. Tulle, organdy, chiffon and crepe de chine are desirable materials for this design. Changeable taffeta would also be attractive. As illustrated the dress was made of peach color crepe de chine, with corded pipings of satin, and embroidered chiffon for the yoke portions. A rosette of chiffon and narrow braided girdle finish the waistline. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material.

A Style Both Unique and Attractive—4724. Embroidered crepe and lace are combined in this illustration. One could use printed silk, with piping or binding in plain silk, which could also be repeated as facing on the cascades of the drapery. The drapery may be omitted as the small views indicate, and one may also have a choice of the long sleeve or the popular short sleeve. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size made as illustrated in the large view, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of embroidered material and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of lace, 32 inches wide. If made of one material without drapery and with short sleeves $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32 inches wide is required. The width of the skirt at the foot is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

A Popular Apron Style—4548. Percale with bias binding in white or in a contrasting color would be good for this design. Gingham, linen, cambric and sateen are also desirable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size requires 3 yards of 27-inch material.

A Popular Model—4702. This is a good style for a suit coat as well as for a separate garment. Wool mixtures, silk or wool alpaca, pongee and linen would be suitable for this design. The collar may be rolled high or low as illustrated. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

A Dainty Morning Frock—4722. Housework seems lighter when one can attend to its various duties, arrayed in a dress made from pattern 4722. Percale in blue and white, or green and white plaid gingham would be an attractive development. This style is also good for linen, linene and sateen. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

A Stylish Dress—4718. In smart simplicity, or gracefully embellished with cuffs and flounces—as one may wish to have this attractive style. As illustrated, figured and plain voile in matched shades are combined. The style is nice for linen, and for the new striped and plaid ginghams. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of the figured material 32 inches wide if made as illustrated in the large view. With short sleeves and without flounces $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of one material 32 inches wide is required. The width of the skirt at the foot is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl—4708. This model is nice for the new prints, as well as for wool crepe, mohair, pongee or gingham. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. For yoke and sleevebands of contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard is required. Blue and tan figured crepe would be a pleasing development, with yoke and sleevebands of blue sateen.

A New "Bobbie Blouse" Dress—4713. This jaunty style is fine for school wear. It may be made of checked or plaid woollen or gingham, and is excellent for linen and jersey. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is a wrap-around model. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. For collars, cuffs, belt and pocket facing of contrasting material $\frac{3}{8}$ yard is required.

A Comfortable Suit for the Growing Boy—4293. Wool jersey, serge, khaki, linen, drill and gingham are suitable for this style. One could have the blouse of linen or madras and the knickerbockers of cloth or khaki. Corduroy too is excellent material for the trousers. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard

for the blouse and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard for the knickerbockers, of 36-inch material.

A Style Attractive for Slender or Stout Figures—4717. Plaid suiting in tan and brown tones is here portrayed. The collar and vest are of tan wool crepe. This style is good also for alpaca, pongee and linen. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. For collar and vest of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide is required. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

Practical Slip or Foundation Model—4723. Sateen, long cloth, nainsook, silk or crepe may be used for this design. It is suitable for slender and stout figures. Additional width is provided by plait fullness below the hips. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

A Popular Ever Seasonable Style—3971. The apron and house dress are now considered an essential in every woman's wardrobe. Surely the model here portrayed will be much admired for its graceful lines and attractive pocket. As a porch "dress" or for garden and kitchen, this style will be very satisfactory. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 yards.

A Cool and Comfortable Frock with or Without Guimpe—4704. Dotted voile in blue and white, with bindings of blue is here depicted. The guimpe may be of batiste, lawn, crepe or voile. This is a pretty style for pongee or gingham. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for dress and guimpe. For the guimpe alone $\frac{3}{8}$ yard is required.

A Popular Romper Suit—3885. Children usually look happiest when comfortably dressed for play, and surely the bloomer suit has the right lines for comfort and convenience. This model has a pretty pocket and is easy to develop. The rompers may be worn without the smock. Pongee with stitchery is here shown. One could have chambrey, or pin-checked gingham. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material.

Patterns are 15c each unless otherwise stated. Address: Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.



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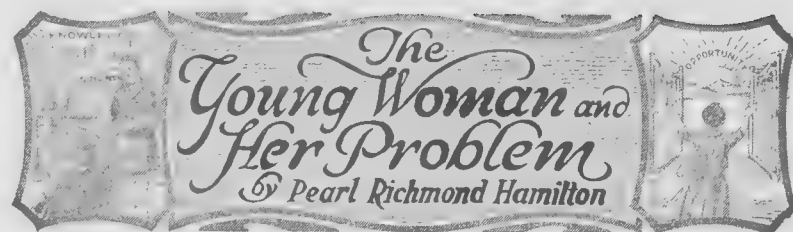
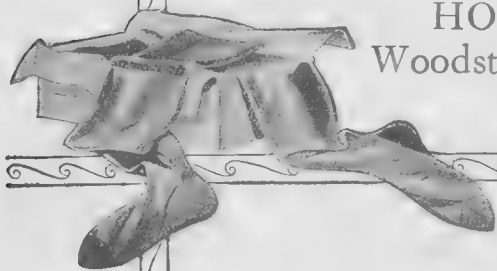
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The Welcome Hand of Fellowship

LAST week a club of business girls in Augustine Church entertained the girls from the Canadian Women's Hostel. It was a beautiful experience to feel the fine spirit of welcome extended to the Scotch, English and Irish girls who have come so recently to Canada. The spirit of genuine hospitality and the splendid expression of gratitude from each group meant much to our new citizens. Before the evening was over several of the guests said they would never forget the evening and the kindness of the girls who entertained them.

At the Canadian Women's Hostel recently when the matron gave the girls a party, one of the young men who is going to visit Scotland soon, took the Old Country addresses of friends of the young women with the promise to call on them.

"Shall I tell them you want to go back to the Old Country?" he asked.

"No! No!" exclaimed the girls.

"Tell them we like Canada and want to remain here."

Last week a group of girls came from the Old Country—a superior type—well educated and capable, according to their testimonials and their appearance. Before the end of the second day all had good positions.

Sometimes when an inexperienced girl who never succeeds any place, cannot fit in with a new environment, she complains and gives a wrong impression of the new country. These girls are the

exception, however. I know many of our new girls and they are happy, busy and anxious to make good.

They will, too, and it is up to every young woman and girl to make them feel we want them and need them in Canada.

Queen Mary's farewell words to fifty girls who came to Canada last year may be quoted here for the girls who come to Canada this year. Queen Mary's wishes:

"I feel sure you will prove as good citizens as those thousands of girls who, during the past twenty-five years have gone to Canada. It will be a fine healthy out-door life, and though perhaps strange at first you must not be disheartened. You will soon be accustomed to your new homes, and I know you will be happy."

"In wishing you good-bye and good luck, I should say to you; always be cheerful and make the best of things, do what is right, and whatever may be your task, do your best in it."

"Remember that life is made up in loyalty to things beautiful and good, loyalty to the country in which you live, loyalty to your King and, above all, for that holds all other loyalties together, loyalty to God. I shall always think of you. God bless and keep you."

The girl who leaves her homeland for a new country has courage and we trust she will feel that she is among friends.

At this little gathering of girls in Augustine Church there was a beautiful atmosphere of friendship.



The Morning Feast

Beginning a Home

IS there a young woman who reads this page who is not interested in this subject?

Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Chief of the Division of Child Welfare at Ottawa, sends us little blue books on subjects that interest and help women.

She has one on Beginning a Home in Canada.

I do wish she had left the cover off of this particular book. Really its' cover should not have been "blue."

The inside is all right, though and has some good thoughts:

"You have promised to marry the man you love and help him to make a home—a home for him—and a home for you in Canada."

"Canada is a happy land. Every new home makes her happier."

"The happy country is the country of Happy Homes."

"Marriage is the highest form of partnership; it is sacred, lasting and ennobling."

"It is, and it creates, the highest relationship of human life, and it calls for the best that is in you and gives beauty, dignity, and glory to you and to your home and country."

Avoid the first quarrel.

In the home justice means freedom, right, sympathy, tolerance, harmony and peace.

The husband can find no help in the counsel of his wife in an emergency if he has stifled her power of individual thinking.

To make a home is the greatest thing man or woman can do, and it takes both to make a home.

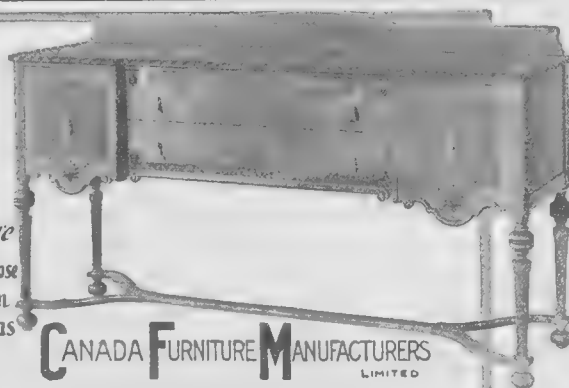
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THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Continued from page 34

Distance Lends Enchantment

A FEW years ago two women resolved to visit settlements of human interest in Canada—one woman took her camera, the other her pen—and they have opened our eyes to the beauty of everyday life, so familiar to us that we do not see it.

Frequently we read in a newspaper or magazine, published in Canada, the United States or England, a most fascinating description of a place in Canada that we have passed by without particular interest or one we do not know exists.

Recently an article appeared in the Manitoba Free Press in which these women asked why the Isle of Orleans, in the St. Lawrence River, is a closed book to tourists. It is only four miles from the windows of the Frontenac, and yet few are familiar with its quaint people, its beauty of scenery, or the old historic buildings that date from 1669.

These two women—Victoria Hayward and Edith S. Watson—search for little communities, then live with the people for a while, and from their experience, write a story of human interest, and emphasize the charm and historical value.

These women, with pen and photograph, give us such vivid views of the places that we long to see them. From

a paragraph of the above mentioned article we read:

"Here and there, especially toward the north-east, tall, stately Lombardy poplars give a Corot air, as of old France, and break the horizontal flowing lines of the road, the high farms, the low-lying silver ribbon of the north channel of the St. Lawrence, and the blue-gray line of the mainland toward Cape Tormente.

"In a sketchy way, a rough line may be drawn east and west, through the length of the island, and we see the farms lie to the north, while on the south are the homes of men who follow the sea." This intensely interesting article tells us how the island has fallen heir to the daring and the spirit of the past, and the life in the old buildings of the past has a charm all its own.

Miss Hayward and Miss Watson have written equally interesting stories of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Our young women readers live in interesting places. Perhaps they do not realize it.

What a wonderful page we might have one month if five young women readers would write of their community, and enclose an interesting kodak picture.

It might mean quite an advertisement for the Canadian West. Who will respond?



An Orchard in May

'Tis Their Gift

ONE of our Icelandic girl readers of this page sent me a book entitled "The Passion Hymns of Iceland," translated by C. Venn Pilcher, B.D. The sacred singers of that great northern island introduce us to the spiritual life and show us how courageous hearts beat true to Christianity.

The young woman has marked several verses with a personal note which makes me value the book more highly. It is among my treasures.

In his preface the translator says: "Inhabiting a land containing some of the wildest and weirdest scenery on the globe, speaking the most northern of civilized languages, and forming the far-flung outpost of Europe to the north-west, this people have braved the rigours of a sub-arctic climate, and survived the loneliness of isolation, the wasting of famine, the violence of volcanic action. The hymnologist asks, 'What type of sacred song did such a life develop?'"

Two names—Hallgrum Petursson, of the seventeenth century and Bishop Valdimar Briem, of the present day, tower above their contemporaries.

Hallgrum Petursson composed The Passion Hymns, fifty in number. They tell the story of Christ's sufferings from the moment when He sang the Pascal

Hymn with His disciples in the Upper Room until the military watch was set and the seal made upon His tomb.

It is the custom in Iceland to sing these during Lent. To some extent this custom is still observed in the chief Icelandic Church in Winnipeg.

Hallgrum Petursson's hymns are considered "The Flower of all Icelandic Poetry." He is the Shakespeare of his native land. It is sad indeed to read that Hallgrum Petursson died in a bare comfortable farm-house—a leper.

Valdimar Briem's hymns are remarkable for the charm of Icelandic nature and he sings of the life of Christ in his song entitled "The Voices of Creation."

The young woman has written in the margin near the first verse these questions: "I wonder—do we forget? Do they ever become common?" In the margin near the second verse she notes, "Typical of the Iclander's Vision."

In the margin near the last verse she writes: "By making life more beautiful to man shall we add to the beauty of God's own Presence Room. Is it not worth working for?"

I am grateful to the young Icelandic girl who sent me the book with her personal thoughts written here and there near the verses that impressed her most.

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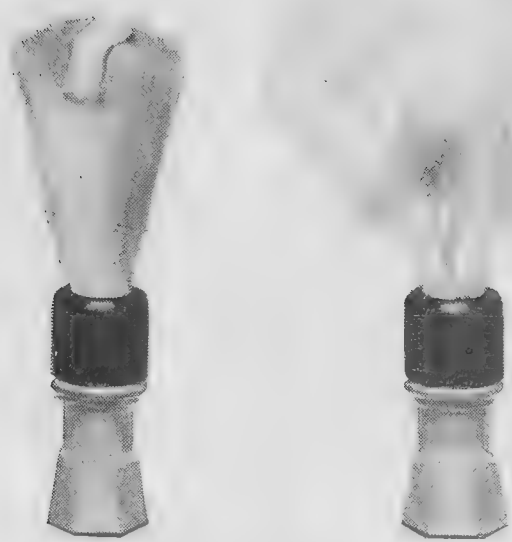
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By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

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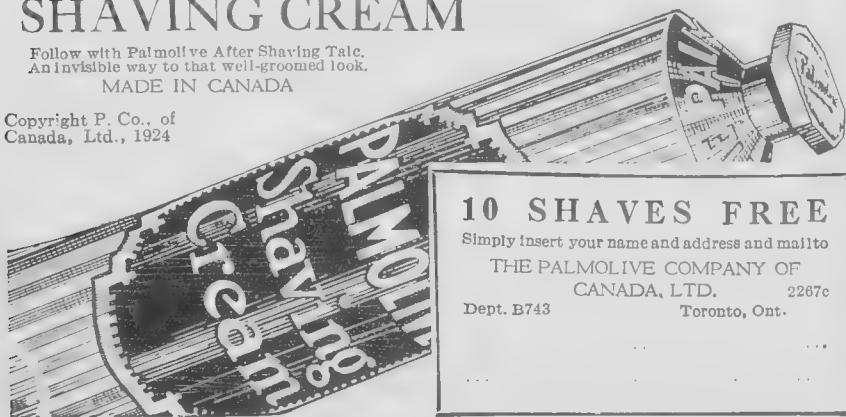
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DECEIVERS EVER—Continued from page 7

dragged wearily and customers that day somehow seemed strangely irritable. At last closing hour struck, and, after a hasty supper downtown, Katy set out to round up the programme she had prepared for herself.

Her purchase was speedily effected, and with her parcel clutched firmly under her arm, Katy set out to walk to Donald's house, timing her arrival after dark had fallen. She reached the tree shaded avenue as the last beams of the setting sun trembled to rest behind the western horizon.

A hasty glance up and down the street, and Katy tripped lightly up the flagged walk. Quickly she opened the door and closed it quietly behind her. Fearing to attract attention, she refrained from switching on the lights, but these were superfluous for she knew every turn and corner of the house. She passed slowly from room to room, seeking to prolong the thrill of her stolen visit, her feet sinking noiselessly into the pile of the rugs. Lovingly her hands caressed portieres and curtains and furniture, her long white fingers passing over them with a lingering touch. The beams from a street light entered the front windows and enabled her to see how perfect were the color schemes she had planned. The artist in the girl was abundantly fed, but the soul of her felt strangely hungry.

"It's all beautiful—wonderfully beautiful—but I wonder if she will appreciate it?" she breathed, standing before an etching of a girl holding a rose and which Donald had insisted on buying because he said it reminded him of the girl of his heart. That very day Katy had seen another copy of the etching in the art department of the store and had drawn the attention of a girl friend to it.

"Mercy, but ain't it like you!" the girl had exclaimed. For some inexplicable reason Katy had resented the remark at the time, although it cleared up in her mind a mysterious sensation of having seen before the face of the girl in the picture. In the half light from the street lamp, any resemblance to herself was not apparent, and she turned wearily away. She had barely reached the "den" when her quick ears caught the sound of a key being inserted in the front door. Donald's voice called out.

"It's all right, Katy! It's I—Donald!"

There was a joyous lilt in his voice that made the girl standing in the darkened room clutch her breast. Through the open doorway she saw the light flood the hall below. A second later, Donald's footsteps sounded on the stairs and his athletic form came striding towards the dark corner where she stood shrinking like a detected house-breaker.

"Well, you came to have one more look round, and on the quiet, eh?"

Again that glad note in his voice, only this time more unmistakable.

"Good job doorkeys are supplied in duplicate," rattled on Donald, rather breathlessly; "otherwise I might have missed coming out to close a window I left open last night."

The lights shot on, and Katy stood before him, speechless, white-faced, her heart beating beyond her control to still its wildness.

"Why are you here, little, girl?" asked the man, coming towards her, and looming so large that Katy shrank away from him against the wall.

She tried to speak but her vocal chords refused to function. She pointed a trembling finger at the lamp where she had placed it on a Turkish table inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Donald's eyes followed and from their depths flashed a blaze of suddenly unleashed joy. Katy pressed still closer to the wall, her arms and hands stretched along its supporting surface.

For a full minute they stood thus in unbroken silence; the girl, fearful, yet defiant; the man almost reeling with incredulous amazement.

"You wonderful, wonderful girl!" he said, at last, breaking the tension. In one stride he was beside her, her hands clasped in his. She tried to withdraw them, feebly. "Katy—" he began.

"Let me go!" she cried fiercely, rousing herself as from a dream. "You forget—"

"I forget nothing!" was the confident retort.

"Your fiancée!" The words came from the girl's lips with an effort. She was still struggling to free herself from his masterful arms.

Donald laughed, a little shamefacedly. "My fiancée?" he repeated. "She—she—well, she was a figment of my imagination!"

"What?" gasped Katy, collapsing into the chair beside her.

"A pure figment of the imagination, a chimera, a—a swindle, if you will!"

A spot of color began to show in the girl's face. She rose dizzily to her feet.

"Listen, little girl," said Donald, pushing her gently back into the chair, "weeks before I spoke to you in the store I had seen you—in the picture gallery, as a matter of fact. I—I—well, I rather liked you, especially when I saw that you admired the same kind of pictures I did. I saw you again, several times, and I liked you more each time. By a happy chance I discovered where you worked and began visiting the china department in the noon hour. I made up my mind to know you and one day I developed a sudden interest in your display counter. You know the rest."

"I don't quite understand," faltered Katy, averting her face so that the light that flooded her eyes should not betray her; "this house—how—and then you positively said you were going to be married!"

"I meant that, all right," answered Donald, with something of the old boyish laugh, "although I confess I deceived you about a fiancée. I was a bit previous there!"

"Then you are not engaged?"

"All depends on you, Katy!" was the almost whispered response. The girl rested her face in her hands and remained silent.

"Do you think you could come to care for me enough?" continued Donald. "This house has been furnished for you. Perhaps I was a bit of a fool to go about things the way I did, but I wanted you to get to know me. That was why I asked you to help me furnish. All along I have not dared hope until tonight when I saw you slip in here so quietly and realized that you felt you must have one more look at the little nest you had made. It's your nest, girlee—if you want it. If you don't want me with it—why say the word, and it's yours without any strings. I don't want it without you!"

Katy rose unsteadily to her feet. Her face was transfused so that Donald gazed at her in awe.

"Men are deceivers ever!" she said, smiling radiantly.

"Donald, boy," she continued as she saw him stand hesitating, at a loss to know her full meaning, "I think you have planned a perfectly beautiful love story for me!"

Katy's arms stole around his neck, and she disappeared almost from view as he gathered her close. It was some minutes before either spoke. At last—

"Let me down—I want to tell you something," said a smothered voice.

Donald released his lovely burden.

"I want to tell you," said Katy, with a roughish smile, "that I will accept your offer of the house—on one condition."

"And what is that?" demanded the deceiver.

"That you go with it!"





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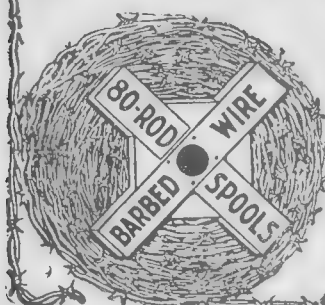
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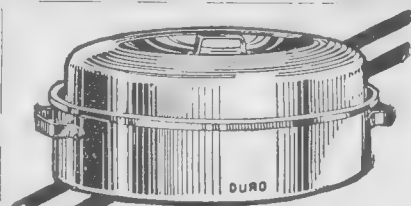
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MUSIC AND THE HOME

Music Education for Children

By Geo. H. Gartlan,

Director of Music in the Public Schools of New York City.

WITH each succeeding generation we are more nearly approaching the goal of conviction regarding music education. It is not intended that each individual member of society shall be a performer, but that every individual may develop an intelligent understanding of music, and not, as in the past, proudly boast of his ignorance by some such statement as, "I don't know anything about music, but I know what I like." It is at this point that school music education assumes definite intellectual proportions. Educators declare that music is something which everyone should know, whether or not they ever intend to use it for practical purposes. Therefore, it is accepted that music is not confined to the realm of genius, but is open to anyone who has the willingness to learn. Starting with this premise, all children are taught to sing. Secondly, all children are taught to read music largely to inspire interest in searching out hidden details. But above and beyond all of this, children are taught to appreciate music, even though their personal accomplishment may fall short of the starting point. And why? Because music education means more than personal accomplishment. It means intelligent understanding of music, no matter what the nature of the performance may be.

If we are to support opera, symphony, choral, and other forms of musical organization, we must commence with the assumption that all these forms of intellectual entertainment are open to complete understanding by everyone. It is generally understood that the lower we go in the stages of society, the less the desire for musical form of entertainment.

What can the home do to supplement the work of the school? First, parents should show some interest in the work children are doing in school. Apart from the ordinary inquiry regarding daily lessons we have the community interest of music memory contests, prize essay contests, orchestra and glee club competitions, and many other activities which can instill and maintain a healthy interest in the music life of a city. Music is no longer a subject by which the talented few can so successfully annoy the uninitiated majority; it is, after all, the one theme of intellectual solidarity which commands the universal attention of the world.

For generations the piano and the violin were the instruments of the home. Mechanical reproducing instruments are fast driving these out of the fold. There is no longer a desire on the part of children to apply themselves to long hours of practice necessary to successful accomplishment. The school system is meeting this danger by establishing classes in instrumental instruction. Some offer after school violin classes. Others, piano classes. A great many have already established, or are going to establish, classes for the study of wood-wind and brass instruments. Some cities are supplying instruments and instruction free; other communities are not so fortunate. But in most cases the sincerity of purpose is obvious, and it is only a question of time when the results will be apparent. The school is forced to take the place of the home, and every effort is being made to see that music education shall be kept to the high standard it rightfully should have.

Educational System's Relation to Music

By Aeolus,
in "Canadian Child"

THERE is real need of music appreciation study throughout our educational system. The splendid developments in public school music work increase rather than decrease the importance of giving to our university and college men and women similar opportunity. There is need for an opportunity whereby every student will at least become familiar with the Milton and the Shakespeare, the Dante, Moliere and Schiller of Music, as well as with the melodramas.

Music affords us pleasure which we continue to enjoy throughout our lives. Many of the subjects which we include in our university and college courses have as their basic claim the fact that they lead toward citizenship, a larger understanding of life and its problems, and towards an enriched enjoyment of the world around us. To no other study do these arguments apply more adequately than to the study of music. Except the daily newspapers, the number of people who listen to music is greater than those who read. It is a more frequent source of enjoyment than the reading of books. But how do we listen? Are we getting the most out of music?

The best kind of music in the home is home-made. By this I mean that although music brought to the home through various mechanical and electrical means is a constant source of joy to thousands, the greatest fun in music comes from making it oneself. Mechanical music of the best sort is an invaluable asset in the home. The phono-

graph has worked a revolution in musical taste in Canada, while it is important to remember that player piano rolls have delighted thousands. Moreover, many leading teachers are constantly using the player piano as a model, with hand-played records, to help pupils get various ideas of interpretation.

But the great joy in music comes from being able to play or sing. Nor can one's understanding of music reach its highest level in most cases until the music itself has passed through the mind and out at the finger tips.

Says a leading educationist concerning the value of music: "I cannot think of an ideal home as being without music, for it would be surely very incomplete without it. To me the beauty of music cannot be described in words. There seems to be no state of mind that one can be in in which music is not welcome. Even in the Bible we read that David played on the harp for Saul to quiet his troubled mind. We need music every day in our home more than any other place for the good of mind and body.

"The benefits of music are also reaching the hospitals, the homes of the sick, and busy people after a hard day's work find it refreshing to come home and hear its soothing strains.

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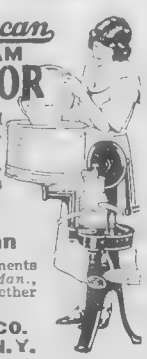
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IN OPEN-WINDOW DAYS

We Strive for an Effect of Restfulness and Coolness

By Sylvia Sims

IN March—we scoured and scrubbed and achieved that cleanliness which is indeed akin to godliness.

In April, we looked upon our work and found it good—but not good enough! So we bought paint—quarts of it, in the colors our hearts desired: and to cleanliness we added new beauty—the beauty of freshly painted surfaces on which no blot or blemish doth appear.

In May? What can we do this month to bring still more cheerfulness and beauty and comfort into our homes?

If you have been following my series of talks on the furnishing and care of the house, you will perhaps have noticed my little weakness for taking a census now and then. I do like to get things down to a very frank basis and know just where I stand before I tackle anything in the way of a new job or an experiment.

So now, I would say—let us take careful stock of the days that are coming, and of what we can do to make them pass more comfortably and more pleasantly than, perhaps, the days of the previous summer passed.

There are two lines of approach to our topic:

Are there any worth-while little improvements we might make in the appearance and liveableness of our home?

Are there any practical ways in which we can lighten the labor of the coming season—leaving ourselves, perhaps, a little extra time in which to take advantage of summer's special opportunities for enjoyment, or making way for special duties which come, for instance, to the woman on the farm, who finds herself catering for extra hands, all through the hot weather?

Let us wander through the house—in thoroughly informal fashion, if you will—and see where there may be a chance to serve either of the purposes I have named.

Promptly, an idea presents itself that has something to do with both of our objects.

How many things can we remove from each room, putting them away until the autumn?

Let me make haste to defend these possessions I propose to put out of sight. In most cases I have nothing against them (although there are usually a

few things that I find I don't care to live with again). But they make a much more acceptable addition to my cold-weather home than to the open-the-windows-and-let-the-breeze-blow house that is mine during summer.

Away with Warmth and Cosiness

FOR instance, there are floor coverings. I'm not speaking of a small rug here and there—but of the carpets and large rugs that give such a warm, cosy look to a room in midwinter.

If there is one way I don't want my rooms to look during the next four months, it is warm and cosy.

So up with all large rugs; I prefer my wooden floors, unrelieved upstairs and with only a small rug or two downstairs. The latter rooms are hardwood, waxed and polished to a cool and shining immaculateness; upstairs, the bedroom floors are all painted, one gray, one green, and another a soft grey-blue, each one matching its woodwork and paper. I love my painted floors—they were carefully smoothed and filled first, and their colors are exactly right in each case—not merely commonplace tones.

So my first sally scores twice for me—my rooms already look more open, cooler; and there are no carpets to be kept clean all summer.

What next?

In several rooms, there are heavy warm-toned hangings—at the windows and in an arched doorway. More warmth and cosiness!

Down with them!

Such fabrics as velours, velvet, chenille, homespun, tapestry and brocades, are rich and warm-looking; in summer, my rooms can dispense with the richness and I'll give a bargain of the warmth.

Free entry for every summer breeze, open, airy-looking windows, and no dusting of side drapes—this is much to achieve when we dust our heavy curtains and put them carefully away in moth-proof packages.

But we may have done more than make our windows look cool and breezy—inviting. They may have

the homely sort of frame or poor proportions that need something besides the mere glass curtains of net or muslin.

Thin side curtains, of a light summery material, are often a quite worth-while investment. There are cretonnes and chintzes in infinite variety and lovely guaranteed fabrics for the purpose—striped and checked gauzes, thin mercerized or silken stuffs that sound the last note of charm in color and design. If these fabrics are too expensive for the short season, however, we can turn to the whole dress-goods world and choose from it. Muslins, thin silks, ginghams, cotton weaves of one kind and another, are offered in endless variety. Given a bolt of unbleached muslin or factory cotton, and a few packages of dyes, one can make curtains to exactly suit every room in the house.

Another charming treatment for a dainty bedroom window calls for colored organdie ruffles on plain or spotted white muslin curtains. The ruffle runs down each side and across the bottom of each curtain, and a band of the color ties back the curtains. Across the top of the window, a white valance with a colored ruffle, is mounted on a separate rod.

In making these curtains, my plan is to hem and ruffle my colored stuff, then run it onto the curtain with a very long loose stitch on the machine. I pull this thread out, when the curtains are to be washed, and launder the colored ruffles separately. If you test your colored stuff first and find it positively will not run, you won't need to take this precaution.

Spare the Rod—Spoil the Curtain

THIS ruffled and valanced treatment will usually disguise an ugly window frame as effectively as side curtains would do, if the curtains are properly hung. You have noticed, if you are one of the ninety-nine women in each hundred, who do notice such things—how painfully a lovely set of window curtains can be spoiled by bad hanging. Talk of swallowing the cow and choking on the tail—!

For the fault lies usually in the rods. I would rather make a good outfit of rods my first purchase,

Continued on page 62

White

as the Cotton in Dixie/

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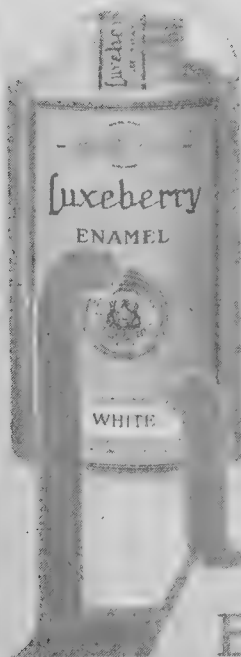
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CORRESPONDENCE

How Prosperity Can Come

Dear Jock,

Your letter was refreshing and—yes, stimulating. You sound like a writer. If you are not, you could easily be one, I am sure. At any rate, you are a thinker, which is more important.

"How," you ask, "might we renew, during 1924, an acquaintance with prosperity?"

During the recent great war a philanthropic individual offered a reward of several thousand dollars to the person suggesting the most effective way to bring the war to an end. One man succinctly recommended: "Stop fighting!"

And there you have it.

A first step towards renewing our acquaintance with prosperity would seem to be to discontinue our acquaintance with Prosperity's opponent—Lack. Cease speaking of it, cease thinking of it, and

A tree that may in summer wear
 A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
 Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree.

I have only recently—tonight, in fact—become acquainted with the W.H.M. correspondence column. It has been very pleasant to chat with two persons with whom I can so heartily agree.

Flo.

A New Qualification for Teachers

Dear Editor,

My sister gets your magazine all the time but up till a little while ago I never noticed it particularly. It's getting so good now, though, that I scrap to get the first look at it.



This photograph, just received from the Holy Land, shows the every-day activities of the people who dwell amid the sacred places of Jerusalem. The above shows Jaffa, the ancient port of Palestine, where ships which will fly the Zion Flag are now in course of construction.

give to Prosperity alone the most important place in our thoughts and conversation. It sounds simple, and it is, as most things effectual are; but it requires courage, and hope, and a clear and steady faith, which all of us possess, whether we realize it or not.

And Dot,

I for one quite agree with you that the majority of public school teachers assume their high calling at too young and immature an age to properly guide, either intelligently or ethically, the average youngster, not to consider pupils of the teen age.

I am so glad to find a kindred spirit who loves trees. Some day I shall photograph a favorite clump of willows and send you a print. I wonder do you know Joyce Kilmer's "TREES."

I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
 Against the earth's sweet, flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
 And lifts its leafy arms to pray;

I want to address myself to that "Enfant Terrible" Dot. Really little one (I'll bet you are) you can't realize what you are advocating. I only went to high school for one year and then I went to work and after that I got married and to top it off I had some babies. It is between the getting married and the babies that you miss the high schooling you didn't have. In this last few years, between babies and bottles, I have been industriously studying to make up for the years I didn't have in High school and University. If you know Latin and French and Spanish it is a great help to you in appreciating your own language. So much of our own is derived from them. I love to find a new word and then hunt up its history. I never tried geometry or algebra but I love economics and physics and history is a land to be explored forever, except the Canadian kind. I think the greatest educational reform in this country would be a complete revision of our present Canadian Histories. The school textbooks are compounded in such a way that the result is a flavorless, interestless botch.

Continued on page 58

COME LET US READ A WHILE

W.H.M. Librarian.

There is a distinct revival of interest in the novels of Ouida whose name in private life was Mlle. de la Ramee. This rekindling of the Ouida enthusiasm is due partly to a very fine introduction by Carl Van Vechten to a volume by Ouida "In a Winter City", published by Boni and Liveright in the Modern Library series.

Ouida was an extraordinary woman and dozens of stories have been circulated about her eccentricities of manner and dress. One of the best has to do with the late Mrs. John Bigelow. Determined to meet the famous and unapproachable authoress, she invaded the villa near Florence but the butler and several mastiffs barred the way. Mrs. Bigelow was unaccustomed to rebuff and ordered the butler to take her card to Mlle. de la Ramee and announced her status. Instantly she heard Ouida shout "Tell her to get out! I won't have an American in my house. They're all vulgarians and curiosity-mongers." Never to be outdone, Mrs. Bigelow shouted back, "You're an ungrateful cad. We're the only people who read your nasty books!" She was preparing to flounce off in grand manner when Ouida, enchanted by this bit of repartee, rushed out to welcome Mrs. Bigelow and the two became fast friends.

Children of Loneliness

This is the title of a volume of stories by that brilliant young writer, Anzia Yezierska, who has leapt into fame within the space of a few months. One day, a short story class was rocking with laughter over what they considered the absurd contribution of a queer Slav girl. A few weeks later, she had won the prize for the best short story of the year. Anzia Yezierska has named her volume of stories well. Each one deals with the lives of immigrants in America. And how lonely these lives are, Anzia Yezierska knows to the full. She writes of characters she has known and lived with; she understands thoroughly their problems, their comedies and tragedies and portrays with tremendous power their characters, hopes and fears, loves and hates. (Published in New York by Funk & Wagnalls).

A Tragic Story

The Macmillan Company (Toronto and New York) has lately published an intensely interesting biography, "Memories of the Russian Court" by Anna Viroubova, who was the nearest and dearest friend of the Czarina and who enjoyed an intimacy with the royal family second to none. This important publication throws much light upon court life, upon the position that the peasant Rasputin occupied at court, and gives a touching picture of the life-long and loverlike devotion between Czar and Czarina.

A Rollicking Story

NOT much rhyme nor reason but plenty of romance and recreation to be found in the pages of "Sir John Dering" by Jeffrey Farnol. Sir John is an English nobleman with a large estate in Sussex which he neglects for London and Paris. At the opening of the story, Sir John has the misfortune to kill a young man in a duel and thus incur the hatred of the Lady Hermione, whose attempt to revenge the death of her friend, leads to a very lively and engrossing love story.

Jeremy and Hamlet

AN ENGLISH schoolboy and his dog are the central characters of Hugh Walpole's latest novel, "Jeremy and Hamlet." (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart New York, The Doran Co.). Walpole is writing of the period when boys were supposed to be seen occasionally; heard never. But Jeremy wished to be heard. He had thoughts that he insisted upon voicing. These thoughts of his ran counter to his elders. His actions, the result of revolutionary thinking, were sometimes rebellious. Adults didn't understand young Jeremy, but Hugh Walpole did and, as a result, has written a poignant, human, memorable story.

The Twins

CLINTON twins. The Clintons you will remember are the creation of the English author, Archibald Marshall. Always a pleasant hour can be spent in company with this family. Not an exciting hour, for Mr. Marshall is never exciting. He is placid, gentle, soothing but not invigorating. A new volume has been published "The Clinton Twins and Other Stories." Lovers of Mr. Marshall's former novels will be glad of their opportunity to renew acquaintance with the Clinton family including the twins who enjoy many an escapade.

A Writer's Methods

"THE best part of writing a novel," says Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, as quoted in the American Writer, "is when the novel is still in my head and has not got any of itself on paper. By the time it is all on paper I am in a state of irritation and despair at the inferior thing it has turned out, compared with what it was when it floated resplendent in my thoughts. A novel takes me about six months to write, one month to prepare and one month to revise—eight in all. I have no fixed hours, but avoid working either very early or very late or during the afternoon. I seldom work more than a hour and a half at a time or more than three hours a day. I never dictate a novel—it is somehow too personal a matter! I work quickly and correct little."

Many western readers will be interested to hear that Hodder and Stoughton of Toronto have recently published a new novel by the Canadian writer Douglas Durkin. It is entitled "The Magpie" and portrays the life of Craig Forrester who returns from the war to find life very different from what he had expected. To make matters worse his married life is unhappy. It would only spoil the reader's pleasure to say much more, so we will leave the Magpie to tell his own story to you at the first opportunity that you have to catch this book!

I am anxiously awaiting my copy of Mrs. Reeve's new novel "Cattle" which is causing such a stir among reviewers. Speaking of her novel, Mrs. Reeve, the well-known writer, and well-known Albertan says "My book is an honest attempt to give a living photograph of a certain phase of life in a new and brutal country, as Alberta was and all new countries are."

Do We Inherit all Our Qualities?

E. M. DELAFIELD is a brilliantly clever writer; I remember telling you about a novel of hers called "Tension." Now she gives us another extremely interesting story, "A Reversion to Type" (The Macmillan Company, Toronto). In this book, the subject of inheritance of mental characteristics forms the theme around which the author has woven a most fascinating story. Miss Delafield is always a wee bit cynical, particularly one notices this in "A Reversion to Type." I am sure she herself would admit the cynicism in presenting the character of the little lad Cecil Aviolet in such a way that for a long period, we are mentally blaming his mother for all his moral weaknesses. In fact, 'tis not until we are at least three-quarters through this story that we realize whatever good qualities the poor lad has, have come from his uneducated, rather unrefined mother; while his pitiable weaknesses, his entire lack of moral backbone, is an inheritance from his highly educated father, a son of an aristocratic English family. This is a very engrossing story and a very sad one, depressing almost. There is but one consolation for the sensitive reader and that is, the knowledge that Cecil's much malingered, unhappy mother is going to find fresh joy in life through the love of Doctor Lucien, who recognized her real worth the first day they met, when the story opens.

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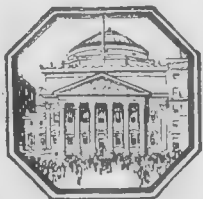
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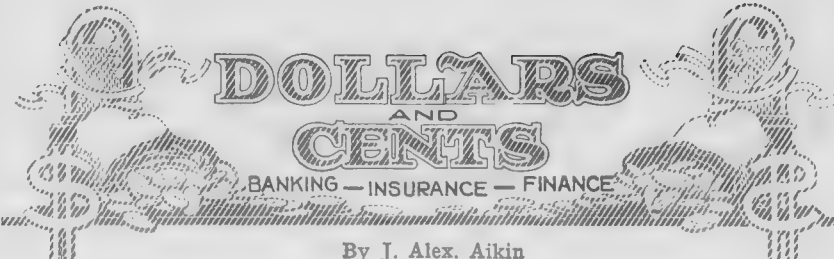
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DOLLARS AND CENTS
BANKING - INSURANCE - FINANCE
By J. Alex. Aikin

The National Budget

CANADA has joined the select society of nations which are able to balance their budgets, an accomplishment which in recent years has been the active possession of a limited few. The net public debt of Canada is \$30,000,000 less than it was a year ago, accountable by the fact that there was a balance of \$20,000,000 in ordinary revenue over expenditure and payments of \$8,305,000 from the British government in settlement of other accounts during the year reaching above the ten million mark, which enabled the Minister of Finance to make the welcome announcement. Having turned the corner it will be the duty of every government to permit no more additions to the national debt. The duty is quite as incumbent upon provincial and municipal governing bodies but, strange to state, they are frequently inclined to take an easy view of the question.

In public finance there are ways of accounting which are far from satisfactory to the regular banker or corporation financier. During the past year it was necessary to provide \$72,000,000 for the Canadian National Railways, of which \$22,000,000 was paid in cash and the balance by a guaranteed issue of bonds. The cash paid is gone and adds actually to the debt of Canada by lessening the visible assets. The \$50,000,000 bond issue, though guaranteed by the government of Canada, is not regarded as a direct liability and is not included in the statement of accounts as a debt. If it were, the balance for the past fiscal year would vanish. But the improvement shown in the earning capacity of the Canadian National Railways is one reason for the claim that the guarantee is not the same as a direct obligation.

The gross national debt of Canada including railway obligations is put at three and a half billion, and though there are substantial physical assets to offset that sum, they are not self-sustaining but actually call annually for relief through the heavy deficits incurred and, therefore, have to be carefully estimated in any national inventory.

While there may be serious differences of opinion as to the wisdom of the tariff changes announced with the budget, there is unanimous welcome for the announced cut in the sales tax which constitutes a direct burden on the consumers.

Plan For Reparations Settlement

THE Dawes report on reparations and the German capacity to pay gives promise of providing the way out for Germany and France and breaking the spell of evil depression now upon Europe. It is stated the experts proceeded on two assumptions; (1) the good faith of Germany and (2) that France and Belgium would retire from the Ruhr once the terms had been agreed upon. Germany has learned in the rough school of experience during the past three years that it is not possible to play the robber baron among the nations for any length of time, but that on the contrary it is necessary to co-operate with the other members of the Family of Nations to make progress. France will have to be convinced of the good faith of Germany as well as of the co-operation of the great powers in the effort to effect settlement.

An outstanding point about the financial plan is that so far as possible, Germany is made responsible and free to carry out the arrangement. It looks like an essential feature of the plan that France shall let go the strangle hold on the railways and economic life of the Ruhr. Nothing short of the stupidity of the Stinnes-Ludendorff type can prevent the Germans from accepting

the scheme and going ahead to carry out the terms laid down for settlement.

The recovery of debt and not the imposition of penalties has been kept before the experts and is expressed in the report. And for the accomplishment of that purpose the experts propose that Germany shall be reconstructed financially so as to be able to balance the national budget and pay her obligations in good currency. It is claimed the bank plans call for operation upon lines which will be more in harmony with London than New York, for sterling rather than dollars. This is regarded as being decidedly in favor of London and will make the City the financial headquarters for Germany rather than New York.

Efficiency of British Bankers

IT is also to be noted that British banking methods and policy are to be followed in Berlin rather than American. The British Banker was always, even in the war years, given to operating on a narrower margin of gold than either France or United States. In 1920 being 26 per cent. of gold for currency issued and in circulation, compared with 55 per cent. for Canada, and 65 per cent. for the United States. The British banks operate under a minimum of government interference and a maximum of banking efficiency, which during the past three years has demonstrated a superiority over any competitors or venturers into the field of international finance and exchange where some ambitious challengers have lost heavily by way of extending credits in the attempt to get trade. The Americans have paid dearly for their adventures into the realm of international trade and are credited with a readiness to learn from London when information is required of an expert kind.

Contrary to expectation, but entirely in line with the policy followed by the experts commission, the reorganised Reichsbank will be under German control, but the General Board of Control which will have oversight of German national finance will be composed of Allied, Neutral and German directors. This board and its president will have the right and power to decide by the index on German imports and exports whether the 2,500 million gold marks annual payment after 1929 will be fair and in harmony with Germany's capacity to pay. The experts were impressed with the fact that capital took flight as a result of the failure to balance the budget, inflation and the raising of large national loans, none of which suggests that selfish absence of patriotism which has been levelled against German capitalists. Consequently the report sees that fundamental causes of the flight of capital must be removed; that inflation must end, the budget must be balanced and a bank of issue on a sound basis must be established. Legal enactments and severe penalties having been proved unequal to the task of keeping capital in the country, the experts suggested in their report that Germany might grant an amnesty for a limited time to those bringing their capital back, citing Austria as an instance, where, under a stabilised currency, the necessities of trade brought back existing foreign holdings.

It is plainly intimated in the report that the reconstruction of Germany is not an end in itself, but is part of the larger problem of the reconstruction of Europe. And, judging by the interest taken in the report on this continent and the open purpose of financiers in the United States to support the proposed movement, the plan is interpreted to mean much for America as well as for Europe.



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Too Much Talk by Legislators

THE Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures are not the only assemblages of human beings in which there is a superabundance of talk. Is there, or was there ever, an assemblage of human beings without a great deal of unnecessary talk? Let us be fair to human beings in this connection. Let us recognize fully the undeniable fact that in most assemblages of men and women (now that women have their places in legislative bodies) of men and women, there is often need of a great deal more talk than a critical listener might judge necessary. It is needed for the clearing of the minds of the assemblage, in order that they may come to an understanding decision about the question under discussion. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that there is in our legislative bodies a great deal of talk for which there is no justification from the point of view of the public good. Much of the unnecessary and unjustifiable talk is the outpouring of men who are more concerned with politics than with the public good, and a great deal of it is due to the inability of the talkers to arrange their thoughts in an orderly way and express them concisely. Allowances should be made, of course, to beginners and to those whose ability to think clearly and express themselves clearly is not great. They may have something to say worth saying and worth being heard. But men who are elected to be legislators are not usually beginners as public speakers. The time of legislative bodies should not be wasted by men who are training themselves to speak. Charles Fox, the celebrated parliamentarian of a century ago, said after he had become an outstanding figure in the British House of Commons: "In my first five sessions I spoke every night but one, and I only regret that I did not speak on that night too." A member who would do that sort of thing now would be rightly judged to be a public nuisance.

A Great Chapter in Human History

HOW diseases were spread was a mystery which the wisest and most learned men in past centuries sought in vain to penetrate. They had many theories, but all their theories were wrong. There was only one explanation of the origin and spread of the epidemics which seemed to fall from the heavens on the people, and often raged with devastating effect: and that explanation was that they were visitations on account of the sins of the people. Repentance and prayer were proclaimed, in order to stay the progress of epidemics. Repentance and prayer will always have their place in human life. We live surrounded by the unseen and by mysteries, and religion is a fundamental need of humanity. But the mysteries of disease infection are of a wholly different kind from the spiritual mysteries with which religion has to do, and with the progress of science, which is simply organized human knowledge, they are coming to be more and more understood. There are still diseases in regard to which much more knowledge has to be gained before they can be grappled with effectively. But in regard to many diseases, including consumption, the Asiatic cholera, yellow fever and other epidemics that in the past devastated cities, destroyed armies and swept from the earth whole tribes of primitive people, the school children of today are taught how they can be prevented and cured. It is cause for devout thankfulness that the prevention and cure of so many diseases, which were mysteries to "the wise and prudent" of former times, are now matters of common knowledge. There is no chapter of human history more important than that which tells of the conquests that have been made over disease—a chapter to which much has yet to be added.

The Virtue Next to Godliness

THE wisest men of ancient times had no conception of the invisible agencies in filth that made uncleanness such an all-powerful factor in the propagation and dissemination of epidemic pestilences and of contagious and infectious diseases generally. It was reserved for scientists of the recent past to discover the nature of the infective germs of communicable diseases, their origin, their development, their modes of infection—in other words, their life history. Thus it came to be known that filth in every form is a culture bed for the germ-producing diseases. The secret of the great power of cleanliness as the true means of preventing pestilences is now known to all. "Cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness," is an oft-quoted saying of John Wesley. Bacon stated the maxim thus: "Cleanliness of body was ever deemed to proceed from a due reverence to God." The Mosaic sanitary code enjoins cleanliness, and the great awakening of all civilized peoples which began with the epoch-making scientific discoveries about the middle of the last century has restored cleanliness to its place as a virtue of fundamental importance and the most reliable private and public means of conserving health. The value of soap and sunlight is more and more realized. The intimate relations between filth in all forms and communicable diseases are becoming more and more widely and better known. And the result is increasing length of life and better health. The gospel of cleanliness is one that cannot be too strenuously preached.

The Philosopher

Failure to Get Right Ideas of Things

MOST people, educated or uneducated, fail to observe accurately. They are unable to repeat a conversation with complete correctness, or to describe with accuracy what they themselves have seen or heard, or to write out on the spot a correct account of an event they have just witnessed. Successful men often are not deficient in this way, for the reason that the development of keen powers of observation and reasoning are, as a rule, necessary to success. Professional and business training and experience develops these powers. Some men whose school education ceased early in their lives have acquired through experience in the occupations at which they have worked powers of observation and correct inference which professional men whose education was continued to their twenty-fifth year have not yet acquired and may never acquire. It is the men who have learned, probably out of school, to see and hear correctly and to reason carefully from facts observed, who originate and carry on great undertakings and enterprises. Every boy and girl at school should learn by experience how difficult it is to repeat accurately one short sentence just listened to; to describe correctly the colors on a bird, the shape of a leaf, or the design on a coin. Every child should have during school life innumerable lessons in mental truth-seeking and truth-telling. Nothing is more important to men and women, in their lives as individuals or as citizens, than accurate observation and accurate statement. The very basis of social well-being is scrupulous accuracy of observation and statement. Much harm is done by unfounded rumors and reports that are not sufficiently attested by evidence. Unbalanced public opinion, antagonisms in a community or in the national life, and wrong action due to loose talk can be traced to lack of care in observation and in mental truth-seeking.

A Crime Against Canada

EVERY thoughtful man or woman in Canada, having at heart the welfare and progress of our country has reason to feel that an injury inflicted on the national welfare every time that narrow, sectional prejudice or class feeling or racial or creed bias usurps the place that should be held by broad Canadian patriotism and concern for the best interests of the country as a whole. If The Philosopher were to say that such offences against true Canadianism have been more in evidence in the East than in the West, his declaration might not unfairly be judged as being in itself such an offence against true Canadianism. And yet it would be a declaration of the truth. Not that the only Canadians animated by the spirit of true Canadianism are the Canadians who live in the West. The spirit of true Canadianism is strong all over Canada. But there are harsh and unjust judgments of the people of the West uttered not infrequently in the East, in public speech and in printer's ink, of which it must be said in all sincerity and the most earnest desire to be fair and truthful, that it is difficult to understand how those who utter them can do so with their minds open to the manifest truth. Take, for example, the statement made recently by a speaker addressing an important assemblage in Montreal, that "the Western Provinces had been given three transcontinental railways, which meant tremendous costs from which the country is still suffering." None of the railway systems which cross Canada was "given" to the Western Provinces, or constructed for the especial benefit of the West. They were constructed to develop the Dominion, and when it is remembered that the West has been made a field for the sale of things manufactured in the East, the injustice of saying that those transportation systems were "given" to the West stands out more manifestly; for it cannot be denied that the tariff policy since the construction of the first of those railway systems has been designed to serve that purpose. Moreover, for every dollar of national indebtedness incurred by the Dominion for any purpose, including the buying out in 1870 of the charter rights of the Hudson's Bay Company in the West, the West has borne its full share of the burden. This makes more grossly flagrant the injustice of the statement that "the Western Provinces have been given three transcontinental railways." Men who say such unwarranted things as that are guilty of the worst offence that Canadians can commit against their country's welfare. Only by working to put an end to sectionalism and build up united Canadianism can Canadians make Canada's future what it should be.

The Inextinguishable Need of an Outlet

THE greatest power in the world is the power of ideas. Striking expression has been given to this truth by Thomas William Bird, who represents in the House of Commons at Ottawa the constituency of Nelson, through which constituency will run the Hudson Bay Railway line, when it is completed. Mr. Bird, in setting forth with earnestness the need of completing without further delay this long-delayed, unfinished national undertaking, showed first what the opening of the Hudson Bay outlet will mean to the producers of the West, especially to those in the Northern parts of the West, and then told the House that this matter is not merely a business proposition, which can be estimated in terms of dollars and cents. "It is a matter of profound sentiment," he said, "indefinable, yet nevertheless powerful, that always grows in the consciousness of people who are isolated, as we are out West, toward their natural outlets to the wide world. You are dealing with a profound community consciousness that you cannot defeat." There is a vision and there is wisdom in these words of the member for Nelson. The most imaginative of the statesmen who laid the foundations of the Canadian Confederation did not foresee, and could not have been expected to foresee, the development of the vast area which comprises now the Prairie Provinces into one of the greatest and most important areas of production of the food of the world. But now the vast extent and resources of Canada's national estate are known, and it is plain that the working out of Canada's national destiny can proceed rightly if it is guided by broad-minded recognition of the wisdom and the necessity of making the most of our position on this continent, without any unjust discrimination in favor of any section, or any class, for the advantage of any other section, or any other class. There must be fair play for all Canadians. With national vision and political wisdom, Mr. Bird said that provision for the immediate completion of the Hudson Bay railway "will work a revolution in the mental attitude of the West towards the East, which has become exasperated by reason of an unscrupulous propaganda that has been carried on by certain newspapers in the East." The present expenditure for only one year on the Welland Canal, Mr. Bird showed, would do this, and then the value (or, as the opponents of the Hudson Bay route argue, the lack of value) of the outlet to the Bay would be proved by the test of actual operation. Could any expenditure of public money serve a better national purpose?

Criticism From the East

WHEN Manitoba, after having been for twenty-five years the only prairie province, found herself in 1905 with two new-fledged sister Provinces on the prairies, there was nobody in all Canada to say that the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta had been established too soon. There was a great inflowing of population into the West and a rapid growth and development was in progress, consequent upon the opening up of the fertile prairie country by railway construction. It seemed only reasonable and right and proper that the people between the Western boundary of Manitoba and the Rockies should have Provincial self-government in full measure, instead of the territorial system. It was natural to suppose that the growth and development would continue. Who could have foreseen the World War and its consequences? But now that the recovery from those consequences is beginning to be felt, there is every ground for confidence that there will be a great and steady increase in all three of the Prairie Provinces, and a more diversified development of their rich and varied resources, as the years go on. But certain newspapers in Eastern Canada have got the habit of setting forth the suggestion every so often that the three Prairie Provinces should be made into one Province. Strangely enough, it is in the Maritime Provinces that this idea seems to be most firmly rooted. If the idea of combining the two or more Provinces into one has anything to recommend it, the best locality in the Dominion to put it into operation first is down by the Atlantic. Why should not the three Maritime Provinces be made into one? The figures of the recent Dominion census show that the population of Nova Scotia is 523,837, of New Brunswick 387,876, and of Prince Edward Island 88,615, or a total of 1,000,328 for the three Maritime Provinces. The same census shows the population of Manitoba to be 610,118, of Saskatchewan 757,510, and of Alberta 588,454, or a total for the three prairie provinces of 1,956,082. Moreover, since the census of 1911 the population of Nova Scotia increased only 6.40 per cent., and of New Brunswick 10.25 per cent., while that of Prince Edward Island has decreased 5.46 per cent.; while the population of Manitoba has increased 32.33 per cent., of Saskatchewan 53.80 per cent. and of Alberta 57.22 per cent. And one leading newspaper in the East had the nerve recently to say that "the three Prairie Provinces have a total population of about 1,250,000"! Some of those Eastern purveyors of everlasting criticism of the West and advice to the West should learn a little accurate information about the West.

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WILFRID L. TODD, St. Stephen, N. B., Canada



By Allan Campbell

Try Some Asparagus

THE above title may cause some of us to become retrospective of the last well-earned trip to the Coast with its memories of dining cars and well equipped hotels together with the holiday appetite with which we did justice to the little extra luxuries and indulgences that come under the special license of those who take a long-looked-for vacation. One item on the list of the above pleasant memories at least may become an annual one for the average citizen by the planting of an asparagus bed right in the home grounds so that such a luxury is no longer an occasional treat on some auspicious occasion, but will take its place in the schedule of the ordinary season's vegetables.

To prepare the soil for asparagus, there should be a heavy application of well rotted barnyard manure deeply plowed or dug under in the spring on land already under cultivation, and the ground thoroughly harrowed. As the asparagus plantation may remain in one place for from twelve to fifteen or more years it is very desirable to choose a site where the soil is good and of considerable depth, for while annual applications of fertilizers will keep the asparagus in good condition in comparatively poor soil, the better the soil, the better the average crop is likely to be. As early asparagus brings the highest price, it is important to choose warm, well drained soil, preferably with a southern exposure, so that growth will begin early.

Asparagus is usually propagated by seeds, although it is possible to propagate it by dividing the crown, although this method is much less satisfactory than raising plants from seeds. The most desirable seed is that from the earliest plants giving the longer stalks. A convenient shaped bed in which to sow the seed is one about four feet wide. It may be any length desired. Drills are made across the bed about one foot apart and half an inch deep, the seeds sown thinly in them and covered with soil. A little radish seed which will germinate in a few days and mark the rows may be mixed with the asparagus seed, as asparagus plants are not easily seen when coming up. The earlier in the spring the seed is sown after the soil is dry enough, the sooner will the seeds germinate and the longer season of growth they will have. As soon as the young seedlings are up, the surface of the ground should be loosened and kept loose throughout the summer to encourage as rapid a growth as possible. The plants should be thinned if very thick, to from two to three inches apart. These are dug the following spring for planting. In selecting, those with fewer and stronger buds are chosen in preference to those with more and smaller buds, as the former are likely to produce the thickest stalks. If the plants are bought, it is best to get the best grade of one year old plants, although two year old plants are quite satisfactory.

Planting should begin as early in the spring as possible, the land having been prepared as described in a previous paragraph. Trenches about eight inches in depth are opened up with the double mould board plow or spade. For garden culture asparagus may be grown in beds if so desired, making the beds about four feet wide and setting the plants about eighteen inches apart in the bed. The rows should run as nearly north and south as possible.

A little mound should be made at the bottom of the trench where each plant is to go. The plants are set very rapidly in the trench drawing two or three inches of soil over them and pressing it well down. When the plants have made some growth, more soil is drawn into the trenches when cultivating or hoeing and by the end of the first season the ground is nearly level and the crowns of the plants six or seven inches below the surface of the soil. During the growing season the soil should be kept loose and free of weeds. The advantage of having the plants well below the surface is that the ground may be cultivated early in the spring and manure worked in without injuring them. In order to have as strong plants as possible it is advisable to mulch with short manure the autumn of the first year. This is worked into the soil the next spring. No cutting should be done the second season after planting, even though there should be some good shoots, but the ground should be kept well cultivated and free of weeds and mulched again in the autumn. A little cutting may be made from the stronger plants the third season, but it is best to leave most of the shoots to build up strong crowns. The fourth is the real cutting year and may continue from six to eight weeks. Do not over-do the cutting as it will tend to weaken the plants. After the last cutting has been made in the summer, manure should be spread between the rows rather than over the crowns, as the feeding roots run some distance from the crowns.

To cut asparagus, a knife should be used and the shoot severed just below the surface of the ground, taking care not to injure the crown or other shoots. When there is good growth it is necessary to go over the plantation every day. After cutting, the asparagus is bunched and in order to have the bunches of uniform size, a small appliance called a buncher is used. The bunch is then tied and the ends squared off to make it neat. To have asparagus of the best quality it should be kept crisp and plump. To prevent wilting, the asparagus may be placed in damp sand or in water, or in a cool cellar until ready to take to market.

Small Fruits

THE success with which Western horticulturists obtain crops of currants, raspberries, etc., should certainly recommend the general adoption of these fruits to all those who possess a garden of a fair size.

The currant is one of the hardiest of the fruit-bearing plants that is found in the West, and it will thrive in northern districts where it is hard to produce fruits of other kinds. This fruit is comparatively easy to cultivate and should appeal to those who wish to make their garden help to keep the house provisioned, for many a winter meal has been greatly embellished by the appearance on the table of a jar of preserved currants.

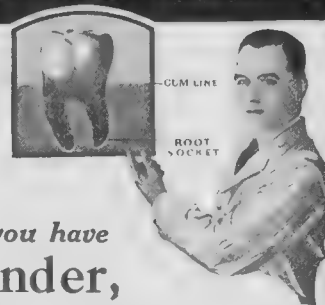
The ideal soil condition is that of heavy clay loam, well drained, cool and moist. The bushes are shallow rooted and will not do well in a very dry, warm, sandy soil. If the soil is not rich in plant food, work in good well rotted manure.

Planting is accomplished by means of cuttings. The cuttings should be eight or ten inches, and should be planted so as to leave only one or two buds exposed. The cuttings should be obtain-

Continued on page 54

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The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

A Code of Conduct

A LARGE business corporation in the United States has prepared the following code of conduct for the guidance of its employees. The code groups the duties of every employee under several headings: to himself, to the company, to his fellow-employees, to the company's customers, and to society, as follows:

To Himself

To put purpose behind every effort. Aimlessness is excusable only in an imbecile.

To stand squarely on his feet, valuing his friends for what they are, and not for what they can give.

To teach himself to think without bias, to seek advancement without impatience, to lose without bitterness, and to win without conceit.

To increase his usefulness by cultivating that creative vision which transformed a wilderness into a nation, and made of this, our nation, a bulwark of liberty.

To the Company

To be loyal in every thought, word and deed. Disloyalty is the root of failure.

To safeguard the company's property and good name as he should his own.

To realize that the company's interests and his are identical.

To His Fellow Employees

To voluntarily co-operate, knowing that he can succeed only as he makes others successful.

To be manly, sympathetic and generous. Self-pity is moral tuberculosis.

To the Company's Customers

To realize constantly that every customer is an asset to him and to the company he represents.

To render service without arrogance and without servility, knowing that life offers nothing higher than the opportunity willingly to give intelligent service.

To Society

To make friends in the company and in whatever community placed. There can be no true success without ennobling friendships.

To take an intelligent interest in every effort to make his community cleaner, happier and more prosperous.

To keep himself informed so that he may intelligently combat insidious forces and be a living example of a true citizen.

Unlimited Resources

A SHORT time ago, I heard a Manitoba member of parliament addressing a group of young men, and in the course of his remarks the speaker referred three times to the unlimited resources of the Dominion. There is, perhaps, a looseness of expression here that ought to be guarded against. It is generally understood by economists that mineral resources, for instance, are not unlimited; that a mine that is emptied of its treasure cannot be refilled. Scientific thought suggests that even agricultural land may be so maltreated that its resources may be impaired, of not permanently, at least for many years. It is officially on record in Manitoba that at certain towns with elevator capacity for half a million bushels of grain, the yield has diminished so much that half the number of elevators would be sufficient. This situation has resulted from the belief that the soil was inexhaustible in its fertility.

The forest resources of the Dominion are not unlimited. A forest area that is burned over and otherwise neglected may cease to grow trees of any size, and as the districts may not be suitable for agriculture, permanent loss results.

The idea of unlimited resources is partly responsible for the damage to the salmon-fishing industry of British Columbia.

We have great natural resources in the Dominion, but they are not unlimited, and ought to be treated with due regard to scientific principles of conservation.

A Definite Income

WE have a definite income; and in one aspect at least the universe has been just to us. We have just twenty-four hours a day income from God; and the wonderful thing about this income in time is that we can save it only by spending it. If we would save our dollars and our pennies we must put them away, not spending them in the ordinary routine of life; but if we would save our hours and our moments we must spend them, and the more completely they are spent for ends that are worth while, the more they are converted into capital of character, intelligence and power.—Griggs.

Light Come—Light Go

GOING to Australia is of no use to a man if he carries a set of lazy bones with him. There's a living to be got in old England at almost any trade if a fellow will give his mind to it. A man who works hard and has his health and strength is a great deal happier than my lord Tom Noddy, who does nothing and is always ailing. Rome was not built in a day, nor much else, unless it be a dog-kennel. Things which cost no pains are slender gains. Where there has been little sweat there will be little sweet. Jonah's gourd came up in a night, but then it perished in a night. Light come, light go; that which flies in one window will be likely to fly out at another. It's a very lean hare that hounds catch without running for it, and a sheep that is no trouble to shear has very little wool. For this reason a man who cannot push on against wind and weather stands a poor chance in this world.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Belief in the Bible

AT a meeting of an economic conference some time ago, one of the speakers voiced his opinion that he really had not been able to get very much out of the Bible, leaving his hearers to infer that it was a book somewhat overrated. He then went on to discuss various economic matters and concluded his address with words to this effect:

"I am satisfied, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, that if we continue the investigations that have been begun in this conference, we shall eventually arrive at the truth, and the truth will make us free."

There is something very familiar in these words; in fact, they sound somewhat like a quotation from the New Testament, and lead to the remark that gentlemen who take occasion in public to express their doubts concerning the usefulness of the Bible ought to be consistent and to refrain from mixing Biblical quotations with their eloquence.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

THE following address by Lincoln is posted in one of the great British universities as a model of good and impressive English. There is a story in connection with this to the effect that on the occasion of the address, Lincoln, and an orator of national reputation, were asked to speak. The orator spoke for two hours and his words have been forgotten; Lincoln spoke for five minutes and his address has earned a secure place in English literature.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Taking Time

LORD PALMERSTON was a speaker who knew the value of taking time. Once, at Tiverton, a vehement electoral opponent inquired whether he would give a plain answer to a plain question. To this Lord Palmerston assented. The question was: would he vote for a radical measure of reform? Palmerston at once answered: "I will"—pausing, while the Liberals cheered—then adding, "not," whereupon the Conservatives applauded; waiting until they had done, Palmerston continued: "tell you"; when the wily and evasive candidate retired amid laughter and distrust all round.

The Parts of Speech

Three little words we often see
Are ARTICLES, *a, an* and *the*.
A NOUN'S the name of anything,
As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.
ADJECTIVES tell the kind of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white* or *brown*.
Instead of nouns the PRONOUNS stand,
His head, *her* hat, *your* arm, *my* hand.
VERBS tell of something being done,
As *read*, *write*, *spell*, *sing*, *jump* or *run*.
How things are done the ADVERBS tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill* or *well*.
They also tell us where or when,
As *here* and *there*, and *now* and *then*.
A PREPOSITION stands before
A noun, as *in*, or *through* a door.
CONJUNCTIONS join the words together,
As *rain* and *sunshine*, *wind* or *weather*.
CONJUNCTIONS sentences unite,
As *kittens* scratch and *puppies* bite.
An INTERJECTION shows surprise,
As *Oh*, how pretty! *Ah*, how wise!

The Art of Speaking Clearly

I HAVE before me a little book which lacks two years of being one hundred years old. It is entitled "Lectures on Rhetoric." Rhetoric, by the way, is defined as the science that treats of discourse, and by discourse is meant any expression of thought by means of language.

In the section on Eloquence, some useful hints are given on distinctness of articulation and it is evident that audiences suffered one hundred years ago from faulty platform speech much as they do now. For those who have to deal with the public through vocal rather than written messages, the following passage is reproduced:

"To being well heard and clearly understood, distinctness of articulation is more conducive, perhaps, than mere loudness of sound. The quantity of sound requisite to fill even a large space, is less than is commonly supposed; with distinct articulation, a man of weak voice will make it extend farther than the strongest voice can reach without it. This, therefore, demands peculiar attention.

"The speaker must give every sound its due proportion, and make every syllable, and even every letter, be heard distinctly. To succeed in this, rapidity of pronunciation must be avoided. A lifeless, drawing method, however, is not to be indulged.

"To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, cannot be too industriously studied, nor too earnestly recommended. Such pronunciation gives weight and dignity to a discourse. It assists the voice by the pauses and rests which it allows it more easily to make; and it enables the speaker to swell all his sounds with more energy and more music. It assists him also in preserving a due command of himself; whereas a rapid and hurried manner excites that flutter of spirits which is the greatest enemy to all right executive in oratory."

What the Classical Writers Say

Then live like men of courage, and oppose
Stout hearts to this and each ill wind that blows.
—Horace.

What each one thinks of himself is really not the question. Let us take the opinion of virtuous men, which will have weight and importance.—Cicero.

It is a dangerous thing to show a community that the majority of its members are wicked.—Seneca.

Let us then strive, while life lasts, to leave as little as possible for death to make an end of.—Pliny the Younger.

I have made it my chief care neither to ridicule, nor to deplore, nor to execrate, but to understand the actions of mankind.—Spinoza.

How we should estimate nobility
I know not, for I hold that men of courage
And honesty, though they be born of slaves,
Are nobler than a string of empty titles.
—Euripides

If you would be well spoken of, learn to be well-spoken; and having learnt to be well-spoken, strive also to be well doing, so you shall succeed in being well spoken of.—Epictetus.

Though one be prosperous beyond all others,
Yet his luxurious life is insecure.
For swift turns fortune's tide.—Menander.
If all of us must die who cannot have
What we would wish, then all of us must die.
—Philemon.



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Then you can really appreciate that fine flavor—that rare delicacy—which DEL MONTE offers you—even now, with summer far away.

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Ready to serve—*always!* And they're packed *two ways*. Peach Halves for service just as they come from the can! And Sliced Peaches—for service, of course, the same way—but also sliced, ready for use in all the special peach desserts in which you would first cut up the fruit yourself.

Why not serve these luscious fruits more often? Not only peaches, but over a hundred other varieties of canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties offer new hunger-delights under this one dependable brand.

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THE BOUDOIR

Is Your Skin Dull?

A Winter-Worn Complexion is Shown Up by Our New Clothes

WHEN you stepped out gayly in a new Easter bonnet—did your mirror confide, in the frank way, that mirrors have, that your face lacked the freshness of the pretty hat above it? That you did not quite do justice to the efforts of your milliner and dress-maker?

It is a horrid feeling, this—but every woman has experienced it some time.

Most of us neglect our skins in winter—and rue it in the spring. We know that icy winds, alternated with the heat of the house, ably seconded by the soot from the fires and often augmented by our over-harsh treatment, can't help but tell on our complexions. But then, when was a woman ever logical about her looks?

Fortunately, we are not helpless, even though we have given Time and Weather rather a good start.

I think more women suffer more from an over-dried skin, at this time of year, than from one which gives evidence of too much oil. Take your mirror to the window; has your skin a chapped, chipped appearance at the corners of your mouth? (Such a weak spot, this—one of the first to show any kind of wear and tear). Perhaps the strong light will also show a group of black pores there—and another group between the eyebrows. I always feel, when I see this very common blemish on a face either young or old, pretty or plain, that the face's wearer never indulges in a good, square look at herself. It has such an ugly, unkempt sort of effect—even when a most fastidious woman is the victim.

THERE is no use mincing words about the matter—what is needed in such a case is *more thorough cleanliness*. And unless one is the possessor of that exquisitely smooth, rose-leaf skin seen one time out of a hundred, *soap and water cleanliness isn't enough!*

Our pores are tremendously busy working for us—working to keep us not only handsome, but fit as well. They are there with plenty of purpose—purpose which we balk if, through carelessness or lack of knowledge, we don't give them a chance to work.

A clogged pore can't work; it is expected to rid the body of certain waste products; but naturally, if it is closed at the surface with dust or powder or anything of the kind, it can't do this.

If you have a tendency in this direction, I would say to set yourself very sternly toward overcoming it; it is a difficulty that grows worse with time, if it is not kept well in hand.

Every face deserves one really leisured cleansing at least once a day. A quick rub with a soapy wash-cloth won't do the trick.

Let the water be hot—as hot as you can comfortably bear it. Use a cloth of generous proportions; dip the cloth in the warm water, hold it to the face, and when it cools, repeat the performance. This will open the pores, make the skin readily receptive to further treatment. Use your favorite soap—I do hope that you are individualist enough to know just which soap seems to suit your own skin and that you stick to it whether it is used by anyone else in your house or not. The soap, like the treatment, should be gentle.

I hope you can then take the time to sit down and carry the cleansing and stimulating processes further. Perhaps you will arm yourself with a jar of good cold cream, a piece of soft old white

cloth (keep your bits of old linen for toilet purposes—nothing else is quite so good), and a feeling of relaxation. (There is nothing more helpful in the cultivation of beauty, than an occasional complete relaxing of body and mind). Rub the cream gently into the face, always with an *upward and outward* motion; then gently rub it all out with the soft cloth. The cool, soothing cream will carry off an amount of soil that will surprise you, after even the most thorough washing.

Packs of various kinds have always been used by the beauty specialists, but have not fallen within the province of the home dressing table until very recently. The *clay pack* is now as familiar to most women as cold cream and face powder. There is no trick about applying it and it offers a very good method of cleansing the skin and freshening its appearance. The soft clay, after it is spread over the face, sets, draws out the deposits in the pores, and removes the particles of dead skin about which I have already been complaining. It is also an astringent in its own right, and closes the pores after cleansing them. It makes one feel very refreshed and gives a toned-up feeling to the skin that is most pleasant—not to speak of an appearance of freshness and good grooming that is the paramount charm in a woman.

A touch of cream, lightly applied,—a dust of powder,—and the most critical eye should be pleased with the result.

Now when I speak of the critical eye, I mean also the *reasonable eye*. It is silly for any of us to think that the cleverest beauty specialists and manufacturers of toilet preparations, can include magic as one of the ingredients in their cream or lotion or clay. These things are all scientifically compounded, and they will, given a fair chance and an open field, do all is claimed for them. But we can none of us expect to undo at one sitting, the ravages of a whole season; to make up by a little care, for a long period of neglect. We must be patient and pains-taking, faithful, never fickle, in our application of the cure.

Don't forget that, after using hot water or other such non-astringent agents to open the pores, it is necessary to close them before faring forth into the dusty highways again. Use an astringent of some kind. The simplest one is, of course, cold water. Dash plenty of it over the face—the colder the better. Or you can fold a piece of ice in a towel and go carefully over the face with it. There are delightful astringent lotions on the market, or you can use a few drops of lemon juice or benzoin in the water you rinse with.

Having been careful to cleanse your pores so thoroughly, let me beg of you not to turn about and fill them up again promptly. Now don't be afraid—I am not one of those surviving few who look upon the use of face powder as a wicked worldly habit; on the contrary, I consider it a good deal of a necessity to the well groomed woman—unless she is that rare, rare one with the afore-mentioned heaven-born complexion which no art could improve. But I do urge this—apply a *very light touch* of vanishing cream before powdering. And never neglect to completely remove the powder and other accumulations of the day—give your pores a chance to keep your face lovely!

Plantol

25 YEARS
ON THE
MARKET

A Toilet Soap
made only from
plant fruit and
flower oils.

It never leaves your skin dry and rough—its gentle and flowerlike ingredients soothe. Its fragrant purity is a real aid to healthful beauty. A new shape tablet and wrapper to please you at a very reasonable price.



921

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

To Every Woman
A Clear and
Beautiful
Complexion
by the
Boncilla
Method



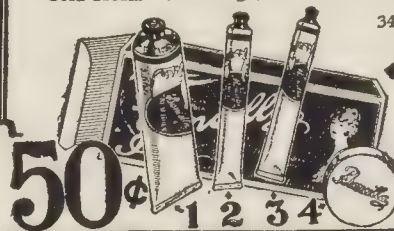
BONCILLA Clasmic Beautifier used with the Boncilla Method is accepted by beautiful women everywhere as their one and ideal complexion aid. The rejuvenating powers of this pleasant gray clasmic preparation is guaranteed to clear the complexion of blemishes and restore the skin to surpassing softness and charm.

Beauty Clay was a Vogue,
2000 years ago

and today thousands of women ascribe their flawless complexions to its regular use. If you have not experienced the amazing complexion improvement that even one treatment of the Boncilla Method will impart—you should get a 50c Boncilla Package O' Beauty containing a generous quantity of each of the four articles comprising the complete Boncilla Method, including the famous

Boncilla
CLASMIC BEAUTIFIER

If your Druggist cannot supply you, send 50c to us for this Package O' Beauty. It includes tubes of Beautifier—Cold Cream—Vanishing Cream and Face Powder.



Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Limited
590 King Street West, Toronto. I enclose 50c.
Please send Boncilla Package O' Beauty to

Name..... Address.....

W. H. M.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

Wembley Park, London, England,
April to October

THE greatest exhibition probably in the world's history is that which opens at Wembley Park, London, England, this month, and that will continue to receive the peoples of all lands until October. It will be in effect an imperial stocktaking of the products and potentialities of the British Empire. More important still, the possibilities of Great Britain and her powerful Dominions, with their illimitable resources, will for the first time be made plain. Of particular interest to Canadians is the fact that the idea of this tremendous undertaking was conceived by a great Canadian and Nation builder, the late Lord Strathcona, who has to his credit many national achievements, including that of being one of the founders and originators of perhaps the greatest railway system in the British Empire, the Canadian Pacific. It was first proposed by him in 1913, and had not the World War broken out in 1914, the exhibition would already have passed into history. While the scheme had to be postponed it by no means had to be abandoned. Soon after the Armistice it was revived by leading men in the old land and from the various Dominions who threw their weight and wide experience into the great prospect that is now, an established fact. The Canadian participation in the exhibition will be a proud one, and one that will proclaim the advantages of the Dominion as perhaps they were never presented before.

Undoubtedly the Exhibition will be the great World event of 1924 and through it many thousands of Canadians will become better acquainted with the great Empire of which they form a part. It is costing over £10,000,000 to produce and an entirely new city has been erected to house it. Though its exhibits will be confined to the Empire, in all but name the Exhibition will be International, for the Empire itself covers a quarter of the known globe and everyone of its Dominions and Colonies is taking part.

The Canadian Pavilion

THE Canadian Pavilion, an imposing building in neo-Grec style, will contain a complete range of the natural and manufactured products of Canada. Agriculture will form one of the outstanding features of the Pavilion, and samples of all agricultural products will be attractively displayed. Mineral specimens, representative of practically every producing mine in the Dominion, will be on view. This will give the visitor an idea of the immense value of Canada's mineral wealth. Specimens of all woods grown in Canada will be shown in the Forestry Section. Horticulture will be represented by a varied display of both fresh and preserved fruits, set out in a typical Canadian orchard, which will illustrate the methods of cultivation used in the West.

Samples of all the leading manufactured goods in the country will be arranged in different parts of the Pavilion, and representatives of individual firms will be in attendance to quote prices and dates of delivery. From this display the Home Country will see the vast strides Canada is making along industrial lines. A special section will be devoted to the educational facilities offered in Canada. Suitable reading and rest rooms will be provided.

The Canadian Pacific Pavilion

THE Canadian Pacific Building is grouped with the Canadian Government Pavilion,

with which it has been designed to harmonize.

A massive simple entrance, two stories high, deeply recessed with painted and coffered ceiling, richly coloured doors and grilles of Canadian wood, approached by a broad flight of steps flanked on either side by a bronze moose and buffalo, is the centre of a facade enriched with decorated panels and columns. The strong colour scheme of this entrance is emphasized at night by a unique lighting effect.

5,900 square feet floor space will be provided on the ground floor and a hall capable of seating three hundred persons is placed above. Lectures will be delivered here accompanied by films of more than ordinary interest to the business man, tourist and would-be settler.

The interior decoration has been conceived as a rich background against which will be displayed exhibits showing the many enterprises of the Canadian Pacific—rail, steamships, hotels, colonization, telegraphs, express services, etc.

The British Government Pavilion

THE exhibition buildings consist of a Royal Pavilion, a Stadium, a Palace of Engineering, a Palace of Industry, a Palace of Art, and many others, apart altogether from the pavilions the Dominions and Colonies are themselves erecting. The design of the main buildings is on simple classical lines, severe in character and free from unnecessary ornamentation. Variety and colour are provided by kiosks and bandstands, with which the grounds are provided, and by the more elaborate beauty of the Eastern Pavilions. The grounds themselves, which run to over 216 acres, are being laid out with all the skill known to the modern landscape artist. An ornamental lake, which runs through the centre of the grounds, will provide excellent boating facilities.

Though the predominant purpose of the Exhibition is serious, every effort has been made to leave stereotyped exhibition methods behind. A mine



The Canadian Pacific Pavilion

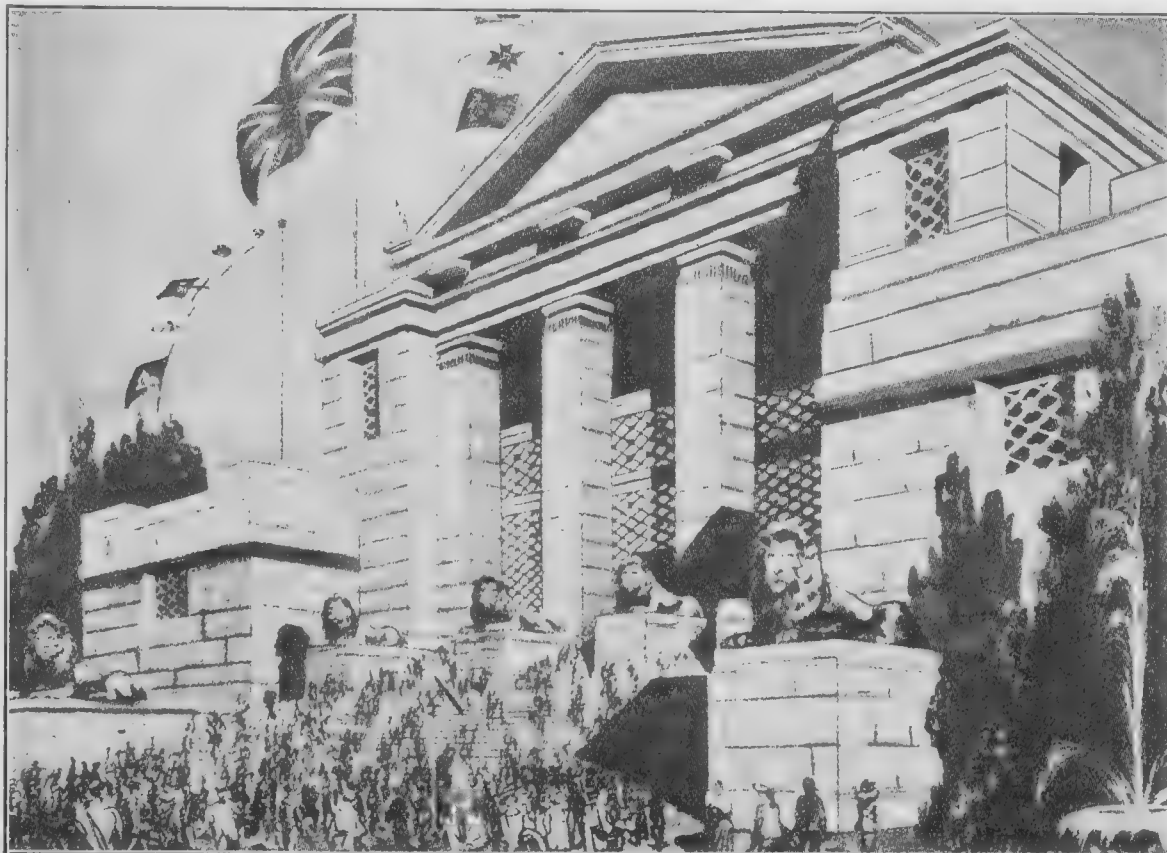
at work will show what the coal industry means to the country; a complete range of cotton machinery at work will emphasize the importance of the cotton industry. And so it is throughout. No museum this, but a live, up-to-date enterprise worthy of the Empire it is designed to reproduce.

For amusement the latest devices known to the ingenuity of man will be collected in an amusement park three times the size of the largest existing amusement park in the United Kingdom. Apart from scenic railways, switchbacks, water rides, and other attractions of the fair which will be on a scale altogether unprecedented, there will be special attractions which will make the Exhibition famous in the annals of the showman.

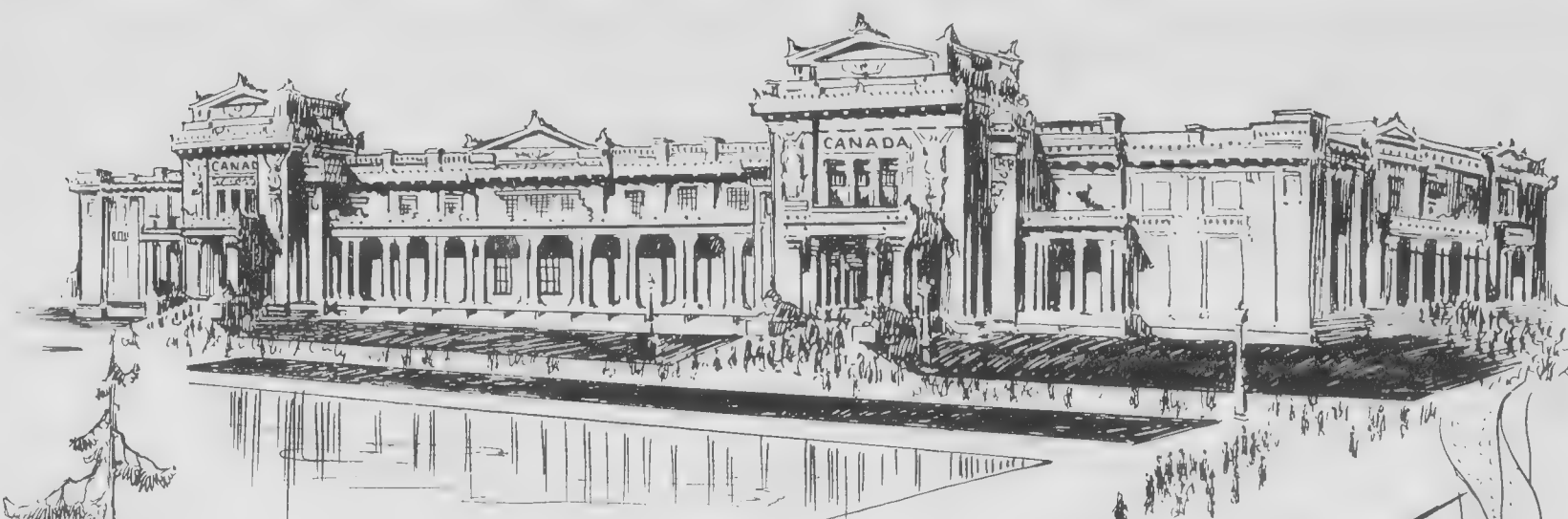
THE grounds at Wembley will reproduce in miniature the entire resources of the British Empire. There the visitor will be able to inspect the Empire from end to end. From Canada it is but a stone's throw to Australia, from Australia a short step to India and the Far East, from Hong Kong a few minute's walk to New Zealand or Malay, in a single day he will be able to learn more geography than a year of hard study would teach him. And he will be able to see in each case the conditions of life of the country he is visiting. That is the importance of the British Empire Exhibition. It is a stock-taking of the whole of the resources of the Empire.

Our Friends Abroad

WITH a particular appeal to the peoples under the British flag, the British Empire Exhibition will have a special appeal to our friends of the United States, South America, Europe and all parts of the world. To this Family Party of the British Empire, the people of the United States especially will come as honored and friendly guests because the work thus shown (on the whole worthy work for humanity) is work in which they have had a large part.



The British Government Pavilion



The British Empire Exhibition

Wembley - London

APRIL=====OCTOBER

will be the chief event of 1924. Never before has an Exhibition on such elaborate scale been prepared. Though its exhibits will be confined to the British Empire, in all but in name the Exhibition will be international, for the British Empire covers a quarter of the known globe and every one of the Dominions and Colonies are taking part.

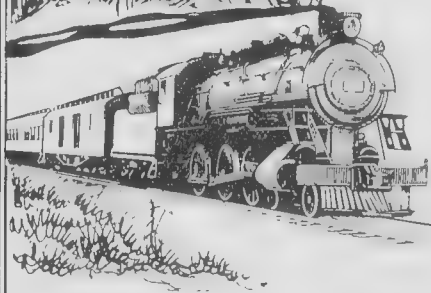
To Visit—The Event of a Lifetime.

You have wanted to see the world. At Wembley you will be able to do so at a minimum cost, in a minimum of time, with a minimum of trouble, studying as you go Shop Windows of the British Empire.

Canadian Pacific Imperial Highway to the Exhibition.

offers a direct through service on Land and Sea with one standard of service throughout—the Best.

Any Agent will gladly give full particulars, arrange passports and every detail for train and steamer.



CANADIAN PACIFIC
BY LAND AND SEA

Get Market Prices Daily by Radio



The opening and closing prices of farm products are daily features of many broadcasting stations. Buy a Radio receiving set and equip it with Eveready Radio Batteries and let the daily quotations from market centres guide your buying and selling. Radio dealers everywhere sell Eveready Radio Batteries.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO.

Montreal LIMITED TORONTO Winnipeg

EVEREADY

Radio Batteries

—they last longer



THE FAMOUS FADA "ONE SIXTY"

NEUTRODYNE RECEIVER

Set the dials for the station you want, and listen in without tedious tuning. Get distance, clarity and volume.

Write to-day. Also ask about the Thompson Magnaphone, more than a "loud speaker."

C. R. FRASER CO. LTD.

8 Colborne St. TORONTO.

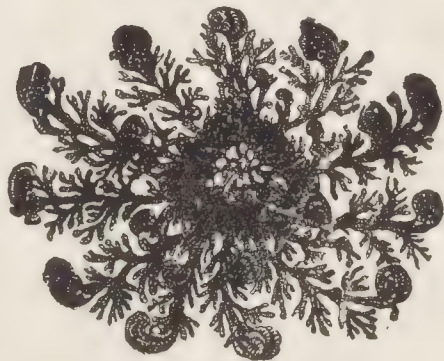
The Western Home Monthly

FOR ONE YEAR

The Free Press Prairie Farmer

FOR ONE YEAR

AND



A Resurrection Plant

For \$1.25

The Resurrection Plant is found among the pines and cedars of Palestine. It is a ball of tightly folded leaflets, which, when dropped into a bowl of water, expand into a striking rosette of fine fern-like leaves both odd and beautiful.

This special offer is, of course, good for a limited time only, so we suggest immediate acceptance.

USE THIS COUPON

Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg.

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me the Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, the Western Home Monthly for one year, and Resurrection Plant

Name

Address



Know Your Set

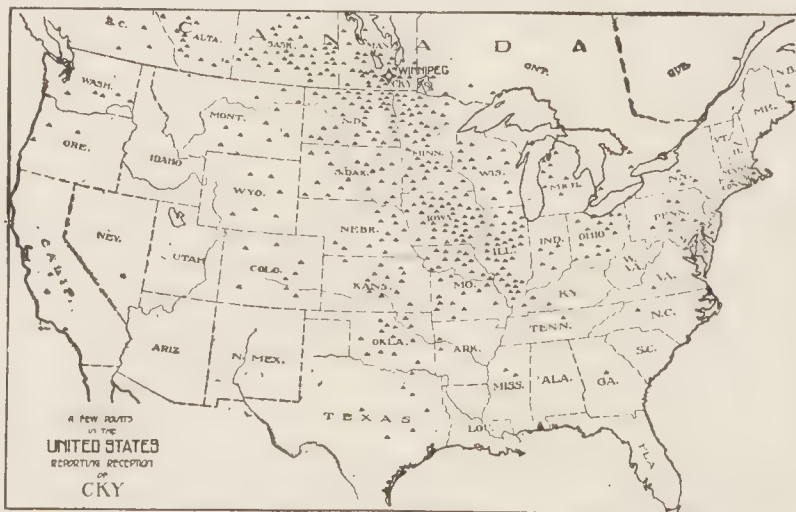
THE first receiving set a radio enthusiast builds is likely to be a very simple one because the builder either consciously or unconsciously realizes the fact that his knowledge of radio is limited. The experience gained in constructing and operating the first set is of great help to him when he undertakes his second set. The same thing holds good for each succeeding set, and the builder is led by easy though progressive stages from the crystal detector and single-slide turning coil to the super-heterodyne. Thus experience, familiarity with radio principles and operative skill keep pace with the growing complexity of the apparatus. Such a condition of affairs is very favorable for a continued interest in radio. On the other hand, the beginner who is so fortunate as to have a well filled pocket book and is in consequence enabled to burst as it were into radio—this beginner may or may not find his early acquaintance with radio encouraging and satisfying. It will all depend on what kind of set he buys.

The other day I was asked to look over a set that was not giving satisfaction. The set had been purchased primarily so that the owner could hear the out of town broadcasting stations

There is nothing the matter with the set; on the contrary, it is a particularly good set, but he will not know how good it is until through painstaking search he has found the proper settings of the dials for each station. When he has once done this he will be able to set the dials for any particular station and then, provided that station is working, he will be sure to hear it. Until he has all the stations correctly logged he will be like the man who, feeling the need of an atlas of the United States, went out and bought dissected maps of all the states.

You Can't Broadcast Movies

THE recent debate between Dr. Magill of Winnipeg, and Mr. Sapiro, the pool marketing expert, was broadcasted from the Leader Station CKCK, of Regina. The debate, which was held in Third Avenue Methodist Church, Saskatoon, was relayed over long distance telephone to the radio station in Regina. An amusing sequel was the chairman's announcement at the conclusion of Mr. Sapiro's remarks, when he said that the programme was not over, as moving pictures were about to be shown. Needless to say, the fans who had been listening to the speaking did not get in on the movies.



Over four thousand communications have been received from the points noted on this map, all reporting favorable reception.

and was proving a great disappointment because only local stations were being heard. I gladly accepted the invitation to operate the set, because it was of a type I had never handled. I wanted experience, and believe me, I got it.

You radio bugs know the kind of set that has three dials, each one of which is turned to the same number of degrees and then, presto! the signals just pound in. Well, the set I was to subdue was a most beautifully made one of this type. It brought in the local stations so very well that I was sure there was nothing wrong with the set, and so, after looking the set over and getting acquainted with the various controls, I began my search for distant stations.

Accompanying the set was a list of principal broadcasting stations together with the proper dial settings for each station. A note stated that the dial settings were merely suggestive and that the actual settings required might differ a degree or so either way. Forewarned in this manner I started out to pick up the distant stations and in two hours' time how many stations do you suppose I succeeded in hearing? Just two—Cincinnati and Schenectady.

Perhaps, in view of the fact that in the matter of years I am not exactly a novice at the radio game, I ought to feel some shame at having to make such an admission as that given above, but somehow I experience no such feeling. Rather, I feel sorry for the owner of that set. He bought it, as I have said, so that he could listen to distant stations, but he is getting distance in homeopathic doses.

Health Talks Now Broadcasted by CKY

THE Manitoba Telephone System's station at Winnipeg has inaugurated a new series of short talks to be delivered at the studio on Tuesday evenings by a number of doctors representing the Manitoba Dental Association. The following is an outline of the talks which are to be given:

General introduction to the subject—The Mouth, the gateway to the System—The Temporary Teeth, why attend to them?—The Permanent Teeth—Importance of the six year molar—The cheeks and tongue—Irregularities causes—when to attend and effects of neglect—Decay, what it is, causes—Prevention—Cleanliness—Diet—Focal Infection—Gum Boils—Blind Abscesses, etc.—Diagnoses and X-Rays—Restorations, fillings, bridge work, dentures—Pyorrhea—Facial expressions—Mastication, etc.

From this outline it will be seen that the course of lectures will cover a wide range of the subject. Each of the talks will occupy about fifteen minutes, so will not interfere with the regular musical entertainment.

Answers to Correspondents

Grounded Loop

What is meant by a grounded loop?—R. C. Enns, Saskatoon, Sask.

A grounded loop antenna usually refers to a standard loop which is connected to a ground. By doing this, signal strength will be increased somewhat, but selectivity will be greatly reduced.



THERE is no reason why a low-priced car should differ in design and construction from cars of higher price.

When deciding on *your* car look for these modern features: Morse silent timing chain, disc clutch, water pump cooling system, semi-elliptic springs, tubular back-bone, rugged rear axle. They are all to be found in

The Star Car

DEALERS AND SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE



The Aristocrat of Low Priced Cars



A Splendid Serviceable Apron, 4460—This model has the side sections stitched to the front so as to form pocket, that prove most practical and convenient. Percale, gingham, chintz and cretonne may be used for this style.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material.

A very Attractive House Frock, 4302—Blue or Black sateen with white dots, and with trimming of white linene, would be pleasing for this style. It is also nice for percale and gingham.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 40 inch material. To trim as illustrated will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32 inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

A Practical Apron Model, 4405—No button or snap fasteners to be considered, easy to adjust so easy to launder—and withal so comfortable and neat. An ideal apron indeed. The Pattern as here shown was developed in figured percale, and trimmed with rick rack braid. The style is good for all apron materials. In damask with pipings of sateen or linen in a contrasting color, it will be very pleasing.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards

A Simple Style for Porch Wear or, for Service, 4360—Very unique and quite attractive is the "one piece" model. It may be developed in gingham or linen, or in the new ratine weaves. Figured voile with facings of white organdy would be cool and pretty.

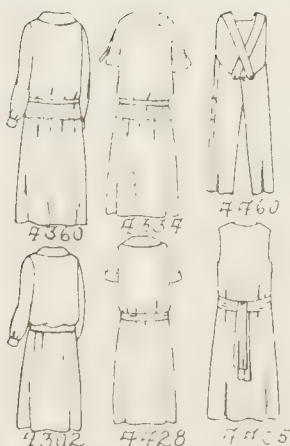
The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. For collar, cuffs and facings of contrasting material 1 yard will be required. The width at the foot is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

A Pretty Frock for House or Porch, 4428—This is a simple one piece model with centre closing under the plastron. Percale with trimming of linene would be attractive for this style. Gingham too could be used, or crepe.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires 1 yard. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

A Pretty House Frock in Slip on Style, 4334—Green and white plaid gingham with facings of white linen would be attractive for this model. It is a dress for service or for porch wear, and suitable for slender or mature figures.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards



THE TONIC WHISTLE—Continued from page 10

"Right you are, Terry! Right you are! If it ever dries up enough for us to sow. You're as happy as ever, Terry. You never seem to get down-hearted. An' here I am near worried to death with the pigs broke out o' their pen; an' the calf slipped in with its mother last night and stole all the milk. The wind blew the cover off my hot-bed, an' the chickens scratched all the seeds out. There's no end o' trouble in the world. How do you keep so merry like?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it is, father. You know how much I like pickled pig's feet?"

The old man laughed.

"Yes, I know you scour the country for some, whenever the butcher's out o' them."

"Yes,—yes, I do." Terry acquiesced with his hands in his pockets. "The world is blue for me without them."

"But, that has nothing to do with whistlin' and singin'," his father-in-law interrupted impatiently.

"Hasn't, eh? Well, if I couldn't eat them, it would. Now, look here, father. If a man has a grouch, he gets indigestion, hasn't he?"

"Well, yes! I guess he has."

"Well, if I had a grouch, and got indigestion, I couldn't eat my pig's feet. Then where would I be? So," he finished, "you know why I keep whistlin'."

When the old man got his breath again, he asked how Larry's leg was.

"He's feelin' some easier now. I hope we won't have to move with him laid up like he is. Jake Nye is tryin' to buy the place from under me. I was wonderin' if you might be able to be helpin' me out, some way."

"Buy the place? Jake Nye? The rascal!" and Mr. Moore's expletives poured forth in an inexhaustive stream.

HOWEVER the honest, staunch old man was unable to aid his son-in-law, for money could not be obtained on a moment's notice.

Then Terry tried Mr. Craig, but, the old man rather abstractedly replied that he was out of funds at present.

When Terry arrived home, Betsy's weary eyes searched his face as he came in the door.

A stranger would have said that fortune had favored him, for he was whistling blithely.

"You have bad news!" she faltered.

Terry wound his arm about her, and implanted a sounding smack on her wan cheek.

"Don't you fret, darlin'! They can't conquer old Terry. Don't you remember the time old Jones was goin' to seize all our cattle, and I won out by gettin' that money from the old tightwad, who owed us so long. And you know the time we lost all our crop, and I got a fine job in the lumber camp, and paid all our bills?"

"Oh, but Terry! Things have never been so bad as they are now."

"That's the reason they won't stay like it long. We'll come out o' this with colors flyin'; an' Jake'll be so mad he'll hide his face for a year."

"What is he tryin' to do anyway?"

"He's tryin' to buy the place from under us."

"Oh, Terry, Terry! And every farm rented,—and all our other troubles,—and nowhere to go."

"I'll tell you," Terry uttered in a loud whisper, "We'll follow the cockroaches through a crack in the floor," and he waltzed the slight form of his wife across the room.

Betsy's anxiety was even more tense, as she watched him walk the half mile to town, to the telegraph office.

Three minutes after entering the door, Terry had despatched a telegram reading thus:

Mr. C. Schram:
Will you give me unconditional lease on your section. Wife sick, and son has broken leg. Will consider buying in a year or two.

Terry Mates.

When the reply came, Terry blinked his eyes several times before he could read it.

When he could see the letters, this was the message:

Have good cash offer. Will make deal with first man sends full amount. Be prepared for notice to vacate.

C. Schram.

The room became dark to Terry. Business was so cold-blooded.

Then he rallied.

"I'll go to Daniels, and ask him to buy the place," he soliloquised. "He'll do it. Then I'll buy it from him later."

Terry was breathless when he reached Daniels' office, for he had almost run. The time was so limited.

But, Daniels' door was locked.

Terry went into the hardware store next door.

"Can you tell me where Daniels is, Howard?" he asked the bulky man measuring nails.

"Yes! He took the train for the east, half an hour ago."

Terry turned with leaden feet, leaden eyes, and leaden brain, towards home.

He could think of nothing more, not the barest idea, which might save him from the impending calamity.

As he seated himself at the supper table, he saw Nye wave his cheque.

His heart thumped turbulently, but he was outwardly calm.

He ate nothing, though a large dish of pickled pig's feet was on the table.

Betsy was distraught, for never before had her dauntless spouse ever refused such tempting viands.

But he went out of the house fifteen minutes later, whistling so ringingly and cheerily, that even the sky seemed to echo the sound.

He still had till nine o'clock in the morning when the lawyer's office would be opened, and the deal would be closed.

Terry was up till eleven o'clock that night visiting every man he knew who had ever had money.

But, he climbed to his bedroom with no relief in sight.

HE HAD an early breakfast the next morning, and was just about to go to Jim Darrow's home, to see if, by any chance, Schram could be compelled to stick to the lease.

The telephone rang, and he answered it. The telegraph office informed him that a message awaited him.

Terry dropped the receiver with a bang. The climax had come.

Jake must have obtained a lawyer to finish his business last night, and Schram had wired notice at once to vacate.

Betsy was still in the kitchen, and Terry walked out in a daze. His brain buzzed in a vain effort to form some plan for the future. Moving the sick, at such a critical time, would be the most distressing part. Larry should be kept absolutely quiet for some days to come; and the baby's cough was more racking yesterday than it had ever been before.

As there was no unoccupied land about there, it would be necessary to move to the unsettled districts. That meant no more schooling for the children, for this year at least; then there would be a great amount of breaking new land before seeding.

Here was the two hundred acres of summer-fallow, and Jake Nye would have the benefit of it.

Well! he must look about, at once, for some opening of some sort.

But, how could he ever tell Betsy? Dear, patient, worn-out, uncomplaining Betsy!

There came the rub.

She would be absolutely crushed. She now shouldered more work, and cares, than the average man. Terry did all he could to help her, but he, himself, was worked beyond his strength.

And indolent Nye—Jake Nye—would step into their feathered nest.

Terry ground his teeth at the thought of surrender.

Then he entered the door of the telegraph office.

Receiving the telegram, dully and drearily, he walked to the window to read it.

The door opened, but, in the bitterness of his spirit, Terry did not glance around.

He read the message, then turned a dazed face to the wicket.

There stood Nye with a telegram in his hand.

"What does yours say?" Jake asked abruptly.

Terry mechanically handed the paper to him, and Jake read aloud:

"Am forwarding to you by mail, a prepared form for leasing the section for five years, with option of buying."

C. Schram."

Continued on page 54



"Good-bye, dears,
Be careful to-day"

MOTHER knows the many dangers lurking ahead of the children each day, and constantly instills into them the habits of safety.

Chief among these is personal cleanliness. The danger of infection through dirt is ever present, but children taught to keep clean, to purify hands and face with Lifebuoy Soap, are much less likely to suffer from the thousand possible dangers of the day.

The rich, powerful lather of Lifebuoy does more than cleanse surface dirt—it goes deep down into every pore, driving out impurities and leaving its sanitary protection to guard against infection. Keep a cake of Lifebuoy at every place where there is running water.

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In these days of sedentary habits it becomes necessary for nearly all the members of the family to use some treatment to arouse the sluggish liver and ensure regularity of the action of the bowels.

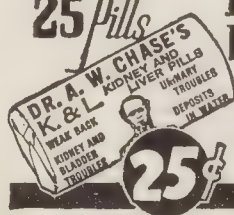
Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills can be depended upon to produce the desired results under all conditions they are the most popular of family regulators and are found in the

great majority of homes as a safeguard against the scores of ailments which have their beginning in constipation, biliousness and a deranged digestive system.

You will notice that while the price of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has been increased to 35 cents, the box now contains 35 pills instead of 25 as formerly.

Likewise Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is 60 cents a box of 60 pills, instead of 50 cents a box of 50 pills. Edmanson, Bates & Co. Ltd., Toronto.

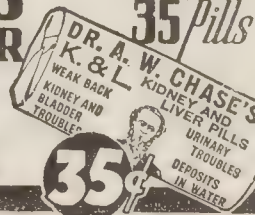
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Our General Catalogue or Wall Paper Booklet, if not in your home already, will be sent free on request.

No time like the Spring or early Summer for decorating the house and dressing up the home generally.

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The newest designs in Suits and Dresses, Street Costumes, Wraps and Sport Clothes, are shown in a variety to suit every taste.

There are many pretty new styles in Summer Lingerie, and particular attention also is paid to the children with their many needs. Full directions are given for the finishing of garments, and the stitches used, both in sewing and embroidery.

No woman who realizes the economy and individuality possible through the making of clothing for herself and the children at home, will want to be without this complete and practical Fashion Book arranged by the publishers of The Western Home Monthly for the women of Western Canada.

Send Twenty Cents now and we will forward you a copy

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The Western Home Monthly
Stovel Building - Winnipeg, Man.

THE TONIC WHISTLE—Continued from page 53

As Terry passed Mr. Craig's residence on his way home, the owner called to him to come in.

"What are you smiling about so, Mates?"

Terry told him.

"That's fine! That's fine," and he nodded his head until Terry thought he would nod it off. "That telegram of mine, yesterday, didn't do such bad business. Did it?"

"What telegram?"

"Here's the copy!"

Terry read in silence:

"Dear Old Pal,
Observe these figures,
Exchange to U.S. on your \$12,000
will be..... \$2,400
Increment tax nearly..... 500
Agent's fee..... 200
Total..... \$3,100

If Mates, your present renter, a thrifty farmer, buys in two years, improvements

alone will more than cover increment tax. There will be no agent's fee, and exchange will most probably be only about half of present rate equalling \$1,200

Result, you gain nearly..... \$2,000
Besides having the customary \$1,200 per year in rent.

Craig."

WHEN Terry came home with pickled pig's feet for dinner, Betsy put them on to cook, while the old joyous, liling laugh, straight from her heart, together with Terry's soaring whistle, thrilled the air and wafted across the fields in a merry dance with the song of the bees, and the meadow-lark. The sounds fairly stung the ears of Jake Nye, as he hotly argued with the man to whom he was returning the twelve thousand, and who positively insisted on the sum of two hundred dollars in recompense for his disappointment.

A LITTLE GREY HOME—Continued from page 19

"Jack, Jack!" came in a moan, and she ran to her husband's side.

"Oh Jack, speak to me!" Forgotten was the Cabinet Minister, forgotten the stateliness of the great lady; only the primal instinct of the woman for her man remained. The still figure froze her heart. "Is he dead?" said she fiercely to the doctor.

"Oh no, madam, only stunned. I am sure there is nothing serious."

"He is my husband," said she, "and he must not die."

At that moment the figure stirred and his eyes slowly opened at first, then rapidly cleared.

"Jack! My husband!" and she was on her knees beside him.

"Why Clara, what is it? What has happened?"

"Are you in pain?"

"No, only a soreness in my head," and he closed his eyes.

"His wife," whispered Jane in awe to the doctor.

"Who is she?"

"She is the Minister's wife."

The doctor came to the bedside and examined the Minister, who again opened his eyes.

"I think, madam, that monsieur is all right," said he.

"Yes Clara, I feel fit only my head is sore. Where are we, and how did you get here?"

"We are in my Little Grey Home," she whispered.

He lay quiet for a time.

"Your Little Grey Home," said he, "I might have guessed."

"Keep quiet Jack! You must take care of yourself."

"But," he continued, "but you Clara, you and this little house. What does it all mean?"

"It's a little house I bought," said she, "for my play-time, and I wasn't brave enough to share it as I thought you would think I was getting silly in my old age and laugh at me."

"Laugh," said he looking at her wonder-eyed, and as she bent down to him he stroked the grey head reverently, fondly, "Laugh at you, my dear? I feel more like crying, that I am so stupid. I thought the big home was your ambition. That is why I built it for you."

"I did want it—for your ambitions," said she, and they both laughed.

The Minister's eyes twinkled. "A man can never read a woman, not even a Cabinet Minister. They say the days of secret diplomacy are over, but wait until women are in the Cabinet."

The doctor came bustling in, greatly important now he realized who his patient was. "The ambulance has arrived from Hull, madam."

"I don't believe I need any ambulance, doctor," said the patient, rising. "I think your ministrations will fix me up."

The doctor bowed, much gratified.

"But is monsieur quite sure of his strength?"

"Certain," laughed he, "if," he quizzed, "my wife will invite me to rest in her Little Grey House." And he put his arm around her, and unashamedly before the smiling doctor and the awed Jane, kissed his wife like a young lover.

THE HOME GARDEN—Continued from page 43

ed in late summer from the season's growth and planted at once four inches apart in rows three feet apart.

When taken from the nursery row to be placed in the permanent location, plenty of space should be given the plants, as it induces better growth and more fruit. Four feet apart in rows six feet apart is the recommended distance. Strong one-year-old plants should be used and planted at least an inch deeper than when in the nursery row.

On account of the shallow root system the cultivation should be shallow. Frequent cultivation is essential to keep up the dust mulch and prevent evaporation of moisture, as well as to keep down grass and weeds.

A currant bush should consist of six or eight stems forming a fairly open bush. No wood older than four years should be kept. Red and white currants bear most of the fruit on two or three-year-old wood. Black currants are dependent on the one-year-old wood for most of the fruit. If the old wood is gradually removed year by year, the bushes are kept prolific for many years. One hundred bushels per acre is considered an average crop and expert opinion

states that half a dozen plants should produce enough to supply the average household.

As they are entirely hardy, no winter protection is needed other than that provided by the shelter belts around the orchard and our usual mulch of snow. If the season is dry or if the soil is getting poor, it is well to apply a mulch of good manure around the bushes in the fall and work this into the ground in the spring without injuring the roots of the plants.

Among the best varieties of currants may be placed the following: Black Magnus, Kerry, Climax, Saunders, Collins Prolific, Eagle, Clipper, Topsy.

Red: Red Cross, Cumberland Red, Rankins Red, Raby Castle, Victoria, Red Dutch.

White: Large White, White Cherry, White Grape.

"He Who Fights—and Runs Away"

"I hear you had some trouble at the picnic," said Fred.

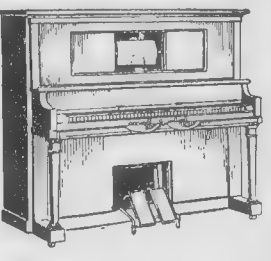
"Yes," sighed Percy. "The girls called me a coward because I wouldn't get them a hornets' nest."

"Unhonored, eh?" chuckled Fred.

"Yep," said Percy, "but unstung."

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THE NOBLE RED MAN—Continued from page 15

days. She never divulged what she expected to find; and, when on one solitary occasion, a big black beetle rewarded her searching broom, I at once surmised that beetles were carried around by the Indians—a belief I cherished for many years.

The Indians used to collect in the back yards of hotels, which, in those insanitary days, presented a truly dreadful conglomeration of empty ale, wine and whisky casks together with used lemon and orange peel and the real refuse of cans, etc., from the wasteful hotel kitchens. By dint of holding an old tomato can under the tipped-up barrels to catch the dregs, a really enterprising Indian and his squaw could enjoy a warming quaff of many flavors of liquor; and the subsequent feeling of exhilaration was not unlike that experienced by the richer white man.

One French-Canadian hotel-keeper had, as was the custom of the time, a good-sized pig-pen at the extreme end of his large yard. One morning, much to his sorrow, he discovered one of his treasured half-grown pigs had succumbed in the night to some unknown malady. He took it away from its living companions and put it in the corner of his yard till leisure would permit of its permanent disposal. In the interim some Indians discovered it and craved it as a gift. When he explained the matter of its unknown cause of death, they said they would take a portion and return next day for the remainder. The following morning they came for their prize, and on being questioned why they wanted the small piece first, naively confessed: "Try it on old woman first, she no die, so now all eat," pointing to his family and friends.

My father used to tell quaint stories of the Indians. He said, when he first came to the country, it was no uncommon occurrence for a squaw to gather her children in a Red River cart drawn by a stout ox or tiny Indian pony and, without escort, start off for the Saskatchewan (now Prince Albert), a distance of many hundreds of miles.

How did she find her way?—Instinct. And it is a noticeable fact that anyone with one drop of Indian blood is always remarkably good at finding locations even in big strange cities.

Another of his stories was about an old squaw called "Buckskin." The lady in question was of the notorious type; and she drank with all-comers. On one occasion a terrific thunderstorm found her with two Indians in a canoe in the middle of the Red River. The latter has some dangerous undercurrent or slimy mixture of mud and weeds in its depths; but, in any case, it claims as victims practically all who have the misfortune to tumble into its dark waters. In the morning the bodies of the two men were discovered, but no trace of "Buckskin" was found for several hours. Then she was located lying half on the bank, still dead-drunk, submerged in the river up to her waist. It required an ordeal by fire to rid the world of poor old "Buckskin." A couple of years later she was burned to death in her teepee, miles away from human habitation.

My recollection places in strong relief an old squaw called by us "Noo-Noo." She, I imagine, was also of the disreputable type. She was stout, with untidy white hair covered with a black handkerchief, and must have been a great age. She seemed to suffer from some form of ulcerated limbs, probably varicose veins. These it was her habit to dress under the clear sky of heaven. Seated on some high wooden sidewalk she unwound yards and yards of narrow cotton, much to the wonder of the gaping children, of which I was never one.

There was also another squaw whom we called "The Indian Queen." She was old, too, but dainty in her dress. Her forehead was bound with a braid of many colored ribbons with the ends depending from it on all sides. The rest of her dress was black.

In our school days, "Laughing Joe" was a common figure on our streets. He was in appearance very like a pig, with a coarse nose and thick lips. His dress was always Canadian; his coarse hair was never braided, but Dutch-cut to his shoulders, and he always wore a huge straw hat and carried a thick staff. For a dime, a crust or a drink, "Laughing Joe" would exercise his one talent. His laugh was a weird concatenation of sounds too terrible to describe.

Lastly, "Crazy Sack," a slight, trim man, who was always laughing, and always carried a jute bag in his hand. He was harmless, but I do not know if he could speak much. His story is the last word in tragedy. He was tossed by some one, probably his mother, under the bedclothes during one of the hostile invasions of the Sioux in Minnesota. His father and mother and five brothers and sisters were all massacred. "Crazy Sack," a child of two or three years old, escaped with his life, but not his reason.

The Red River Cart deserves a paragraph of its own. It was a stout two-wheeled cart, made entirely of wood, body, wheels and bolts. It stood about four feet from the ground, with quite a high railing on both sides and the back. When the Indians would be bringing in their harvest of pelts in the spring, my mother used to tell us, the squeak, squawk, squeak of the Indian carts would be not only deafening, but nerve-racking.

Gone are the Red River carts—gone are the Indians. Gone for the most part are the half-breeds.

Scattered throughout the country are the descendants of the Redman, their native blood, dominated by the more potent Anglo-Saxon and Celtic characteristics. Here and there is a return to type of an extraordinary nature. I met recently a girl of great personal charm and vivacity, whose features, dark brown skin, flashing white teeth, straight black hair and dark eyes, warranted the supposition that she was of almost pure Indian blood. Yet her closest connection with them was from her maternal great grandmother, who had been a squaw.

Here and there in Canada, miles from its big cities and towns, are the Indian reserves. Why the Indians still wish to remain wards of the Government and not Canadians, as we understand the word, I cannot say. That life is successful with them is proven by the fact that last year the Indians on the File Hill Reserve employed white men to gather their harvest, paying the standard wage of between four and five dollars a day.

Many of the best orators we have had in our Manitoba Legislature have been of Indian extraction. Their voices are soft and a little flat, their manners courteous in the extreme, and no hospitality in European courts can equal the easy graciousness of the native host and hostess.

These are only memories to us now. Our present-day children would think it a fairy tale, should we tell them that on this street or this avenue, or behind this sky-scraper, we used to hold each other's hands and run breathlessly past the groups of Indians, who were sitting or standing around.

All the men and women smoked short clay pipes, while they spoke in guttural language of things we could not understand.

Time flies, and the Indian generation has passed.



Tea-kettle steam! —what then?

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The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

THE BETTER DISH—Continued from page 8

furnace less they muss up a freshly-washed floor. They even wondered openly how he stood for it. Perhaps Perry followed the line of least resistance. Perhaps he was so accustomed to it that he even liked it. There were often buttons off Jimmy's shirts and not infrequently holes in his socks, but there was always Sally whisking around the corner of the front door at six bells in a bewitching frock, with warm hands to draw him in out of the cold. Who cares about buttons? And anyway, it was fun to rag her about it. She was an expert at good natured bantering. He could not remember once of finding her in a dirty house frock or a frowsy dressing gown, as the magazines have it, with her hair in curl papers and cold cream or the remains of a clay pack still doing duty on her face; and he was proud of her gameness. She never complained of a sore back when you felt like skating or a headache when you suggested having a game of bridge with the people across the way. Once she had said with a playful tweak of his blonde hair, "I don't want to make the mistakes others make—people I know—and sometimes when you think I gad around too much just remember I'm doing it to keep you interested in me so as I won't get on your nerves or you on mine, see?"

He had come to realize the true philosophy of her words. He felt rather sorry for good old Perry Kendry. He really liked Perry and they missed him out of the crowd. It hurt him, too, to have his pals laugh and say nonchalantly, "No use expecting Kendry, Flo won't let him come." Jimmy looking up from his hand would resent it, yet knowing the truth of the statement. There was nothing wrong with meeting the boys once a week. Might lose a little, but what were the odds? It had brought a good bit of business his way, keeping in with the gang. Sally was far from perfection. She had her faults, and she was irresponsible and careless, but still even these defects made her lovable when they annoyed him most. The Kendrys had been married four years to their two and without any vital cause there had persisted an underlying current of rivalry on Flo's side at least, because as far as Sally was concerned she had been far too happy and occupied to even consider it. Perhaps she too was just a little sorry for Flo.

IT was only a stone's throw across the street to Sally's, and Flo, having disposed of the bulk of her morning's work, slipped up the back path to find Sally on her knees wielding a floor cloth. She sat up on her heels and welcomed her visitor with a friendly grin, motioning her to a chair.

"I thought I'd do the kitchen to-day. I have that Musical on the go for tomorrow. You'll go, of course."

She offered by way of opening a conversation.

The time was ripe for Flo to throw in her well chosen words of neighbourly advice.

"Don't you think, Sally," she began, rather primly, "that you are trying to do too much, and I believe a lot of people were really surprised at the frock you wore at the dance the other night. It's hard when you are first married to do without, but Perry and I have, and we find it so much more satisfying to have our bills off our chests." A certain smugness had crept in to her voice. Sally, blinking at the floor cloth, dropped it out of sheer surprise.

"Why, I don't know, I had not thought of it." A note of laughter surged up in her throat. Here was Flo, Flo of all people, sitting in her kitchen, come with the express purpose of giving the Butterfly Bride advice. It was ludicrous—and laughable—and bewildering.

"Why, its very kind of you to worry about us," she said, brightly, "but really we're getting along just splendidly, and I'm not as extravagant as you think." She was almost too demure. Flo looked dubious and she said more to the same effect. It was perilously near to lunch time before she left. Sally, alone, a mixture of amusement and vexation, stared helplessly at the patch of unwashed floor. "If she thinks I'm spending Jimmy's money, do the others?" It hadn't occurred to her before to even harbour the thought for a moment. She was nothing if not forgiving, and she could afford to be

generous about the dance. It was obvious, the rather thin subterfuge. Sudden tears brimmed over while at the same moment the front door banged.

"Why, what's up?" Jimmy, staring blankly, stood still in the doorway.

Sally came to her feet briskly.

"Nothing, been spilling glycerine, trying to do a movie act."

"Nothing of the kind, Sally, tell me." He held her wrists with pre-emptory firmness, releasing them to draw her closer. She was silent.

"You aren't afraid to tell me anything?" He reminded her gently.

"It was just—Flo, she didn't mean to be unkind. She said people were saying I spend all you could make—on clothes—and," Jimmy cursed suddenly and Sally, shivering, grinned in spite of her tears.

"Don't you ever let anything Flo Kendry says worry you. We don't care what people say. I'm satisfied, see? And I wouldn't change places with Perry Kendry—Ye Gods, I'd rather you shot every cent I made. I don't suppose you told her that you make your own clothes or do your own interior decorating and painted your own place cards." Sally's fingers against his lips made further speech impossible.

"I couldn't help wondering—after."

"Well, you just stop wondering, don't ever think of it again—Sally." For one lovely moment she lay against his shoulder, held close. Then, "I'm starved, what's to eat?" and she slid out of his arms. When you marry a man you minister not only to his heart, but to his stomach. Sally was rather good at both.

Nothing happened, eventful or otherwise, for a month. The town was in the throes of spring with its haunting sweetness and elusive promise of green grass where mud puddles and running rivulets spread themselves now against dirty snow or purple violets along a mossy bank. Sally, smiling reminiscently, watched children mapping lakes and rivers and building dams, screaming with shrill sweetness to each other. Already there were little groups of youngsters playing at marbles. It reminded her of other springs.

THEN late in April, the thing happened.

She was in the living room, curled up in front of the fire, school-girl fashion. The afternoon was damp and chilly and the fire was both cheerful and comforting. Without knocking, Flo had made her way through the house to pause in the open doorway. For an electrified second words stuck in Sally's throat. Something terrible must have happened to make Flo look like that. She was afraid to have her speak. When she did her voice was quite calm and dry. "Perry has gone." She might have been saying "Butter has gone up." There was no emotion in her words. Sally sat up, startled, unbelieving, and wholly uncertain. "But, he's coming back, Flo," she cried almost sharply. Of the two, she was the most unnerved.

"No, he isn't ever coming back. He said he was tired of being tied to a woman's apron strings, having me tell him what to do. I should have been more like you."

Sally shivered at her terrible composure. She was shocked too. It was so tragic and pitiable. She wanted to cry and laugh. She could understand how Perry must have strained his bonds to the limit until finding them unbearable had broken free. Poor Flo, she was sorry, because she was a woman and needed comforting. She reached forward curious eyed to touch the sewing Sally had dropped. It was a baby's dress, a tiny feather-stitched thing, with something whimsical and appealing in its tiny outline.

"I didn't know. That was another thing. I didn't want children for awhile, my house was so neat and—orderly—a child would have upset everything, and now, dear God—" She was crying, swift, awful sobbing. Sally, holding her, compared their lives, not cynically, but with great thankfulness.

"You should hate me. I came a while ago to give you advice and now I am here on my knees. I've learned so much the last few hours just about living. He may never come back, but if he does!" She got to her feet slowly. Sally tried to keep her, knowing the tremendous loneliness the house would hold for her, but she wanted to go and,

THE BETTER DISH

Continued from page 56

with an odd little feeling of friendliness she found herself really liking Flo. She knew that Perry would not be far away. He would come back and life would settle down again in the house across the road. Habits of a life time are not so easily laid aside and there would be days when Flo would forget the pain of those other hours. But she had seen and that she would really try Sally was assured. It had been too great a jolt from the narrow orderliness of her rut for her to ever go down to its roots again.

She was in the kitchen when Jimmy came in and in the shadow of the little hall she failed to see the other man.

"Jimmy, Flo was here," she commenced eagerly, stopping short at the queer look in his eyes and glanced up to see Perry Kendry. Her hand went out impulsively, "Oh, I'm so glad," she stumbled, then went on gayly, "Flo is coming right over too. You knew, of course."

Jimmy eyed her admiringly. She slid out the back door across the road, almost dragging Flo back with her.

"Now is your chance, to show us you really meant what you said this afternoon. Be good to him, and, here's a powder puff," she thrust the frivolous article into Flo's hand, opened the living room door and gave her a little shove. Jimmy was in the kitchen washing at the sink. She pirouetted around the kitchen on tiptoe.

"They'll be all right. How did you run into Perry?"

"Found him wandering round—made him give up his misery and brought him home to you to patch up, made a good job of it, haven't you?" He grinned over the towel he was vigorously applying to his face and hands.

"Lord, I'm nearly starved; say, can't we eat out here like we used to before the dining room junk came?" He begged, boyishly. Sally giggled, "And what about our neighbours?" "Go see," he advised. She came back, a perplexed look on her face.

"They're gone," blankly.

"All the better, gone over home likely, more space, bring on the food—and—Sally," he pulled her down until he could kiss the nape of her neck where moist little curls always formed.

"I'm gosh awful glad you are you."

"That doesn't make sense," she retorted.

He held her very close for a long moment. No wonder Perry had envied him. Quite suddenly he had an idea. Funny he should think of it just now. The last Sunday they had been at Church the theme of the sermon had involved Mary and Martha with the text bearing on the line "And Mary chose the better dish." Jimmy wasn't particularly religious or particularly reverent, like a goodly number of his clean limbed young generation, but he caught his breath with a soft little intake, "Mary and Martha—Sally and Flo. Well, by George, Mary." Then a little brokenly, as if the thing was too tender to say out loud, "If it's a girl—we'll call her Mary—Sally?" Funny how it stuck. He could not see the tiny smile that curved his wife's lips. He did not realize that he had spoken aloud, so taken up was he with the thought. She stirred in his arms. It was indeed good to be a—Mary.

The Reason

The friend of an English clergyman, who was spending a few days in the latter's parish, says the Guardian, went up to a neighboring country church one day and found an old woman just turning away from the door.

"Locked and bolted," she said. She then told him that she lived in a neighboring village and that she came every now and then to the church in which she had been christened and confirmed and married, but it was always the same: she could never get in.

"But what reason can the vicar have for keeping the church shut up?" asked the friend.

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure," she said. "I should think either he must be afraid of some one getting in and praying, or else he's afraid of God's getting out and seeing what a state his parish is in."



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Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

THE beautiful shimmering materials that are fashioned into Milady's clothes today require the most delicate care in washing.

Old methods of rubbing would never do for such exquisite fabrics.

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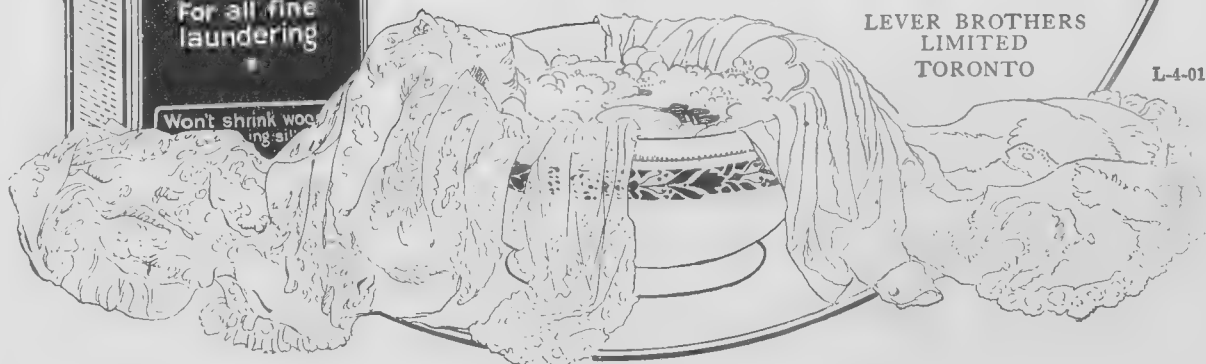


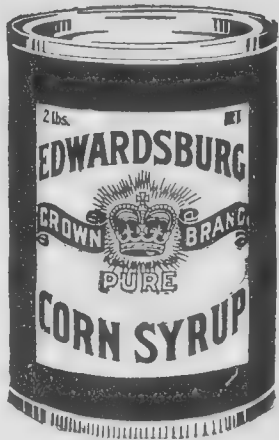
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CORRESPONDENCE

Continued from page 38

I am sure Domestic Science is very necessary and in my part of B. C. they have it in the curriculum. Honestly, though, do you think you would really like it better than the other things? I learned my practical cooking from my mother and I'm sure that if you started doing things around the kitchen and showing yours that you were really in earnest, you would have no difficulty learning it that way too. As to the technical end of it I send to the B. C. Government Board of Education for their leaflets on calories, vitamins, etc. You have to know all about these things when you raise babies.

Anent teachers in public schools: It is evident you don't intend to be one. In my estimation no woman should be allowed to teach until she has brought up a full sized family of her own. After that she may know a little about children. What would you have them do, though, sit down and wait until they get to be thirty and then find they have forgotten half they learned or that it is out of date? I think that if they start teaching what they have learned just as soon as they are finished learning it, they are really more capable than if they had waited a few years. The material is fresher. There is really all credit due to the brave little school teacher who goes out to the country to take her first school. I don't know any but I imagine they must feel very weak in the knees the first morning school starts. It is bad enough trying to manage two children let alone a whole roomful, particularly if they are as wise and blasé as yourself.

My love to the little seamstress. I know just how she feels about her profession. I make all my own dresses and design lots that I can't possibly afford to buy. It must be lovely to "do" gorgeous gowns, even if they are for other people, and I am sure that if she has taste she will make a success—so few people have.

Irene Hopkinson.

Reproves Dot

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for some time and enjoy it very much. I have often thought of writing but never had the courage until Dot's letter in the March issue forced me to write on behalf of the teachers. I will not speak of the subject of "Programme of Studies," but why belittle what the teachers are doing?

I think if Dot, who is possibly not aspiring to that wonderful profession would do something to help these girls, who are as we might say "strangers in a strange land" when they go out teaching, it would be more to her credit. I am surprised that a girl in the tenth grade would speak so of those who have taken her far on the road to learning.

Co-operation would be of more value to the teacher and to those who co-operate than the criticism some are so ready with.

My address is with the editor if any one would care to correspond with me.

Robin.

The Call of the South

When birds migrate I wish that I
Were blessed with wings that I might
fly,
Far from drear winter's cold and snow
To where warm Southern breezes blow.

I long to rest on glistening sands
Where children play in merry bands;
And hear the music of the sea,
That ripples on unceasingly.

I yearn for grass that's emerald green.
For spreading trees whose leafy screen
Throws dappled shadows o'er my way,
Where golden sunbeams glance and stray.

Give me gay flowers to live among.
Birds to enchant me with sweet song.
The charms of Nature loudest call.
When birds fly Southward in the Fall.

Isobel Wilson.

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UMINGMUK, KING OF THE BARRENS—Continued from page 16

ing and painful as the points of the horns of his attacker cut slightly his side. In that interval of time while the old bull gathered for still another charge, Umingmuk upsprang, getting into motion almost the instant he stood erect. For wise was he, his quick brain tuned instinctively to strategy. With the old bull so close upon him, no time had he on rising to turn and face the enemy with lowered head and body tensed and ready to meet the woolly thunderbolt. So Umingmuk sped fleetly from the spot, intending to turn and give battle when a little distance gave opportunity for preparing. But, unsatisfied as yet, the older animal came close on his heels, giving voice as he started, to one horrible bellow.

But speed was Umingmuk's forte. Easily he kept ahead, till abruptly the thud of his pursuer's feet died on his ears. Halting, Umingmuk turned and viewed with amaze a sight most surprising and new to his vision, a phase of ox-life unfamiliar and strange. In two straggling bunches the cows stood some two hundred yards distant gazing with meek eyes upon the scene before them so typical of September. Looking beyond them Umingmuk now saw one of the young bulls dashing away, as he himself had done the moment before, the other old bull in close pursuit.

And now quickly returning to the heart of the herd, Umingmuk's late adversary went hurrying fast. Umingmuk, his red passion slightly cooled by his flight, now watched the second young bull and the old one close in combat more lengthily than had been his lot; for the second young bull had had time to prepare, met with head and propped body the attack of the elder.

But weight and wisdom were the weapons of the elder beast. Once downed the younger turned tail and went racing across the Barren, and the victor, after a short pursuit, came back and began rounding up the cows, moving with quick, nervous steps and explosive snortings, the hair upon his hump above the shoulders ruffled erect from love's inflaming passion; jealousy mingled with angry eagerness for fight.

Queerly stirred by emotions new and disturbing, Umingmuk saw the other young bulls, like himself, gazing back upon the herd. There was something forlorn and wistful about them, as they hovered there outcast and beaten. Yet Umingmuk suddenly felt rise within him a fierce enmity against these two who all through the summer had been to him as brothers. But his enmity sank into insignificance when compared to the hot hate now arising against the older bulls. With it now, however, was mingled a deeply interested curiosity. He gave over thoughts of battle in watching the actions of the herd, so different from any he had ever seen before.

One old bull had now driven together a dozen of the cows, huddling them in a circle, and was about to further add to the group from the surrounding ones scattered over a radius of a hundred yards, when the second elder male came trotting back. He was the larger of the two. For a moment they glared at each other, both snorting loudly, then the smaller turned away, gave his full attention to the twelve cows he had banded together. Round and round he circled them, snorting, prancing, setting them in motion, herding them away toward the eastward, while forming a bawling vanguard to the body came the half-grown calves, kept roughly away by the snorting old bull. The second bull, seeming content with the fourteen remaining cows, perhaps even flattered with this greater number, evidence as it was of his superiority, after standing glaring several moments, too turned and began similar shepherding.

Thus was the herd split, and remained so till the beginning of October marked the waning of the love moon, and the madness passed from the hearts of the males of the musk-ox.

DURING this month of mating, Umingmuk's heart was filled with fiery longings and a great desire to fight. Yet the temerity of youth and the memory of his so ignominious beating kept him from returning to the attack of either of the elder males. Brave as he had been

to defend his life against the charging wolf; even as a youngster he had shown unshaken front to the fly-mad caribou. But now, mingled with his war-like emotions was a queer diffidence. He was not afraid. Had either of the old bulls left their herds and crossed the quarter-mile of distance which divided Umingmuk from them, he would have gamely given battle, and fought his best. Yet, apart, aloof and alone, something withheld him from carrying the conflict to the stronger adversary in charge of each flock.

The musk-oxen though divided into two herds, remained in the same vicinity, the two separated by less than half a mile. Clinging to the outskirts, and kept rigidly away by the vigilant old bulls were the last year's calves, thus forcibly weaned by a queer double-working law of Nature. Beyond the calves belonging to the lesser band of twelve cows, by the smallest of the two old bull guarded, Umingmuk hung, a lonely figure, his heart filled with love's longings, as yet only half understood, and gazed with mingled hate and wonder upon his aged, more experienced rival. The other two young bulls remained on the outskirts of the second herd, undergoing the same emotions as Umingmuk; unsettled, disturbed, feeling the first faint workings of love that later would grow into an all-consuming passion. Yet though all three young bulls had been simultaneously banded from out the heart of the herd, their situation did not cause to arise any spirit of comradeship between them. Instead, each held aloof from the other. Save on one day, when Umingmuk caught sight of the other two fighting. Impelled by an odd feeling he started toward them, his inclination to give battle to one or both. But they were more than a quarter of a mile away, and before he had covered half the distance they had desisted and gone different directions, bringing upon him a cooling of his belligerence. So he continued his solitary existence, watching from the distance the old bulls, wise monarchs and proud, who patrolled with eyes watchful and jealous around their gathered companions.

The love moon ended, and immediately the harmonious life of the past was renewed. The two herds became one again, and the young bulls mingled with their elders of both sexes. The pains and the bruises, by the old bulls inflicted, were by the young ones forgotten, and peace was the portion of all the assembly.

Chapter VIII

Luck of Life

THROUGH the long winter Umingmuk added weight and height and length till his body reached maturity. When June looked once more upon the Barrens he was the finest of the herd, by Nature crowned with all the attributes of kingship. Ninety-four inches he was in length from the end of his nose to the tip of his two-inch tail. From his foreleg heel to his hump was sixty inches, and six hundred and five pounds was the weight of his body. His horns reached four inches beyond his eyes, a total sweep of thirty inches, while the bases were already near to meeting at the middle line. Such was Umingmuk in the third year of his life, a musk-ox commanding, what of his superior weight



and height, for few herds contain animals with a body length of eight feet, a height of over five, and horns measuring two feet and a half.

He walked arrogantly now among the animals which he had the previous summer joined so meekly and gladly. The summer waxed to its hottest days of mid-July. Hotter it was than the previous year. The scarcely setting sun dried the old caribou moss into a brittle carpet dry as shavings, and even parched the vigorous new growth, hardy as it was to maintain life in this land of great extremes of heat and cold. No rain fell. Dry week followed dry week, till the tiny sloughs and even larger shallow lakes in the vicinity evaporated, forcing the herd to turn to the river for their supply.

But the banks of the Coppermine here sheered steeply for miles; the river had cut deeply into the surrounding plain. Only after much searching did the herd find a place where it was possible to reach the water, a little defile where now a dry streamlet's bed gave steeply upon the river. Even this was so narrow and so sharp of incline that only three of the herd could drink at one time, and then only at great inconvenience, for the swift river in cutting down through the plain now left the water level nearly two feet below that point where the streamlet in early spring emptied. Thus the musk-oxen had to go down on their knees on the creek bed that inclined steeply and stretch their necks far over the incline's end in order to touch the surface of the river. Still they would have continued frequenting this spot so difficult had not one of the last year's calves over-reached itself and gone slipping and sliding over the edge into the river and been whirled away, bawling despairingly, down the river, the towering steep banks of which denied it a chance of ever gaining shore. The horror of the happening lay so heavy upon the herd that it went migrating in search of a new watering place. This trek was, however, not alone due to the calf's misfortune, though this accident forced the herd sooner to a moving that would undoubtedly have eventually been made. The second reason was the animals' desire for shallow water where they could wallow and gain relief from the heat of summer.

Led by the old bulls the animals, now increased to eighty head by the year's yield of calves, turned inland. Guided by some sixth sense, which in some beasts seems to detect water at a great distance, they came, at the end of the second day's march, upon a narrow lake about a mile long. To the east of its end was a splendid feeding ground. In the new region the herd took up life again, spending long hours lying lolling in the shallow water, their bodies submerged, only their heads above the surface. At night they slept on the deep-mossed barren to the east of the lake.

With the hot weather unusually prolonged this new lake was a very paradise to the heavy furred creatures.

The sun on July's last day went down an unreal disk, its usual draperies of red clouds and gold overlaid by a murky yellow. The Barren sunk to shadow and grew gray under a darkness premature. The usual hanging hush, that stillness so soundless it has a singing sounding all its own, strange paradox of the Barrens, was deeper this evening; more profound, as if in awesome listening for a threatening terror tensely felt, anticipated, though unknown.

Uneasy the herd lay down, disquieted, in a saucer-like depression on the Barren about a mile from the end of the lake, for the grazing in the immediate vicinity of the water had been pretty well cropped of the choicest growth, and with plenty of feeding ground the musk-oxen had become arctic epicures.

As the night closed around them their restlessness increased. All were uneasy, from the oldest bull to the youngest calf, sensing something subtle of disaster in the brooding darkness and the silence more sombre than any night before.

THEN out of the West, along the rim of the world where the sun had slipped over fully four hours past, once again light came breaking, long-flaring and frightening with its sinister flaming,

Continued on page 60



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Here's instant relief from that burning corn! Blue-jay will stop the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Does away with dangerous paring. Get Blue-jay at your druggist.

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Blue-jay

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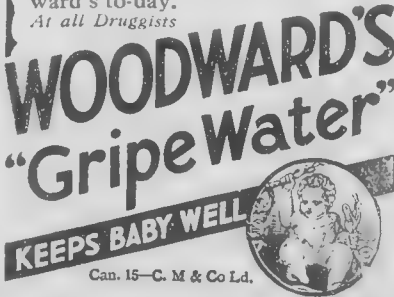
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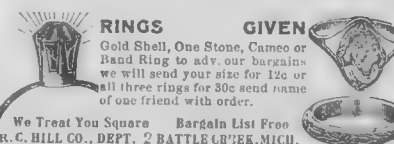
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MADE IN CANADA

UMINGMUK—Continued from page 59

a brilliant dawning at a wrong point of earth. Rapidly it ran along the horizon, and came rushing eastward with comet-like speeding. The darkness fled before it across the Barren. The sleeping wilderness glowed with brightness unreal and eerie, and the silence was shattered by muffled roaring with a leit motif of sharper cracklings as of a million million toy guns simultaneously snapping; a wild refrain of destruction.

Ahead of the long red line fleeing came the routed battalions of the Barrens' army of animal life. First flew many great owls of the arctic, strong pinioned and swift, their brown eyes no longer pitilessly flashing, but dazed with the dread of this enemy advancing that knew no tiring; no stopping to rest. Close in their wake, many almost ready to fall from exhaustion, but still spurred on by fear of what followed, came scores of arctic hares, gaunt-limbed racers, dun-hued masters of speed. Like long-legged ghosts in the unearthly brightness they flitted on and on, eyes ghastly, despairing; creatures maddened with fright. And racing with mile-devouring speed, stride famous in song and legend, came the pirates of the Barrens, the grey wolves, no longer terrible to everything that walked, but as craven as the rabbits, fear-filled with a panic that transcends all others. By ones and twos and half dozens they sped along, spurning the miles behind them with frantic feet made doubly fleet by terror.

Up sprang the musk-ox, after long hours of disquiet, now conscious of a danger subtly sensed but at first unknown. One moment quivering, each beast stood staring at the once black horizon now changed to line of ever-nearing red, and then all got into motion, went galloping headlong over the tundra.

Quickly the glow grew all around them, till from horizon to zenith the sky behind them was aglare with the blaze of the fire on-rushing, an untiring runner that fast overtook all fleeing before it, save those on wings; more speedy than creatures on foot.

Well in front of the herd went Umingmuk, speeding, speeding. An hour passed. His breath, at first coming so easily, grew shorter. His saliva became cotton in his mouth and foamed white around his lips. A pain in his side from faint ache grew to an agony intolerable. His forward movement, spurning at first the tundra with twenty-five-mile-an-hour gait, slackened imperceptibly, though he still exerted himself to the utmost, dashing on with sobbing breath and laboring sides, the night filled with his wheezing that was repeated by a dozen of his companions who still kept close behind him.

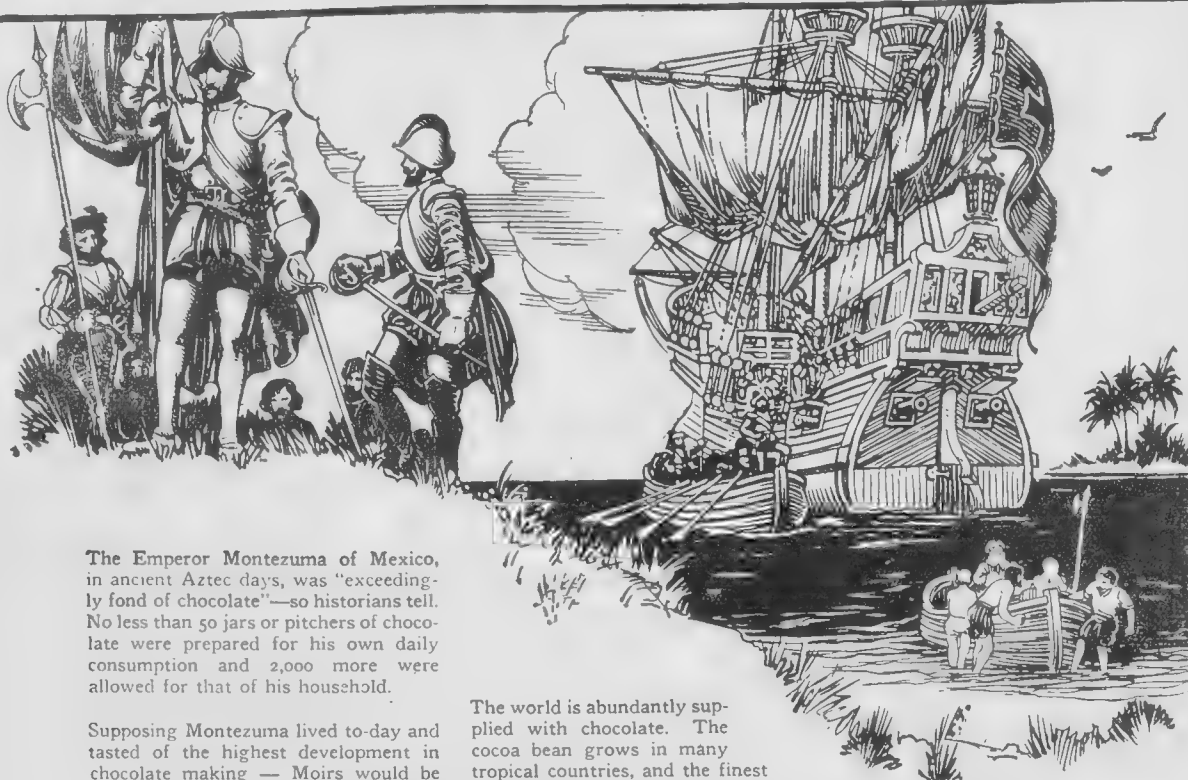
Another hour past, and now Umingmuk's run was slow almost as a trot. His following had dwindled to nine close companions. At various distances behind him, far scattered and straggling pitifully, the old ones of the herd moved heavily, the exhausted gaping calves deserted, left to the flames, fire-fear a greater thing than even mother love.

Umingmuk's lungs were as an aching void scorched by shrivelling heat, and his head hung low as he hurried with the slowing steps of approaching exhaustion. Still on he went, bobbing along with queer musk-oxen gait like a toy rocking horse violently agitated on a semi-circular base.

With the beginning of the third hour of the flight, close came the flame on his heels. The world all about him was brilliantly alight from the blaze of the Barren where the thick carpet of the dead moss of many previous years lay brown, brittle and dry, a perfect fuel that fed the flames and gave them monstrous speed, unslackening, inexorable, against which no beast that ever trod the tundra had a chance by flight.

OF all the panics which living things—men, beasts and birds—are heir to, that born of fire is the greatest; no others even nearly compare in power. Fire-fear robs many of mankind, and all the animal kingdom of reason's every vestige. Otherwise, Umingmuk and his kind, while there had been yet time, instead of starting off ahead of the flame would have dashed back and soaked

MONTEZUMA had tasted MOIR'S!



The Emperor Montezuma of Mexico, in ancient Aztec days, was "exceedingly fond of chocolate"—so historians tell. No less than 50 jars or pitchers of chocolate were prepared for his own daily consumption and 2,000 more were allowed for that of his household.

Supposing Montezuma lived to-day and tasted of the highest development in chocolate making — Moirs would be compelled to sell to his Aztec Highness the complete output.

The Spanish invaders probably ended Montezuma's indulgence in his favorite confection, but they quickly acquired the habit themselves and introduced it into Europe.

And thereby the "gladness of living" was multiplied many times because the sweet tooth of humanity is as universal and ancient as its love of beauty—and the chocolate is the "king of sweets."

The world is abundantly supplied with chocolate. The cocoa bean grows in many tropical countries, and the finest varieties are those from favored islands that seem to possess the humidity desirable for the most delicious product. It is in islands such as Ceylon and Jamaica that Nature does her best with chocolate, so naturally Moir's Chocolates are made from the finest cocoa beans that these islands grow.

Moirs have gone to the ends of the earth to acquire and maintain the high quality and delicious flavour so long identified with their famous chocolate coatings.

MEXICO

The high state of civilization among the dominant Aztec tribe astonished the first Spanish invaders of Mexico early in the 16th century. Cortes found nations with courts, armies, and stone buildings of such elaborate design as to astonish the architects of Europe. The disappearance of this civilization dates from the time the white man heard of and coveted the rich minerals and rare products of Montezuma's kingdom.

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MOIR'S Chocolates

UMINGMUK—Continued
from page 60

themselves to the shoulder in the water of the lake. Of course, even here death might have come to them by suffocation by the smoke that lies close and heavy over such surfaces when fire is near. Still, the lake offered at least a chance for life. Now the animals had none. But that first sight of the flaming heavens had turned them all into mere mechanisms that madly moved. Blind terror was their portion. Even the sense of direction became sunk in the general numbness, so that Umingmuk, in the second hour of his flight, had unconsciously swung farther and farther to the left until at last, instead of racing ahead of the flames, he was moving on a line parallel with the advancing fire, an occurrence which, unbelievable as it may seem, is quite common among animals of widely different kinds when driven before a far-reaching line of fire on prairie or in forest, as has been beyond doubt established by the observation of men similarly fleeing, but not so robbed of mind as to be unnoticing of so strange a happening.

With the fire still some distance behind him, Umingmuk continued this parallel course, and the nine musk-oxen closest had followed.

Moving on ever slower Umingmuk went, while the fire maintained a speed unchanging. The wall of flame, distant by a mile the first hour of the hegira, cut down the intervening space by more than half in the second. By the middle of the third hour only a hundred yards separated Umingmuk and his companions from the racing, roaring furnace.

Frenzied, blundering on despairful, staggering in strides that were painful, and more demanding on his fading strength as the minutes flew, yet producing only lope that was laggard and losing compared to the pace of the fire, Umingmuk went forward upon his parallel way. The flames grew closer. Seventy yards only lay between him and death's scorching breath. The distance narrowed to fifty; then thirty. Yet all his concentrated effort produced less speed than what he could have made at a canter on an ordinary occasion. The air he gasped in now was fiery and doubly seared lungs, already for long painful, seemed molten. He stumbled, fell; rose only by terrific effort; ran on. Suddenly the air came cooler to his nostrils; less smoke-filled, purer. Yet half a dozen lengths and down again he came. This time he recovered his feet more slowly than the last; ran hobblingly; fell again within a dozen yards; rose. Three hundred yards perhaps he made before he fell a fourth time, and lay still, run to exhaustion.

Yet no consuming flames swept over his prostrate form, for luck of life was his and those few of his kind who had been able to keep near him.

Luck of life?—Yes; luck of life!—one term fit, and one term only, by which to explain Umingmuk's salvation and that of his few companions: that in his panic fleeing he should have taken a course which, ordinarily, would have meant destruction only the quicker in its coming; but instead had been the means of his retaining life and leading to safety the instinctively following few of the herd whose speed had been sufficiently lasting to keep near to him, by Nature given such superior virility. Had Umingmuk gone to the right, instead of to the left, a jump into the Coppermine ultimately would have faced him, had he succeeded in outrunning the fire to the water's edge; this a mere changing of the form of death from burning to drowning after a dread voyage on the bosom of a swift and treacherous-currented river whose steep banks would have kept him to the water till death overtook him.

But running to the left, parallel with the advancing fire, he had outrun it; passed beyond the end of the wall of flame, which had been diverted by a narrow stretch of Barren where half a dozen flat rocks close together protruded slab-like faces, a few inches above the surface. These slabs of rock covered scarcely two hundred square feet; they were bare of any growth, and had sent the fire swerving around them to the right.

Continued on page 62

"Standard"
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NO matter what their actual years, youthful people are always attractive. Vivacious and happy-spirited they are invested with an irresistible charm. Life accords them a full measure of interest and enjoyment.

Only in recent years have we learned that *Time* does not cause the departure of youth and attractiveness, but destructive poisons that originate and remain in the body.

Medical science is today giving its attention to the insidious and deadly poisons that form in sluggish intestines, says a noted health authority. Many bodily and mental ills, he adds, arise from this condition. Dizziness, headache, biliousness and excessive nervousness have their almost certain origin in clogging of the intestine. It is the commonest source of premature old age.

The skin soon registers the effect of intestinal poisoning in pimples, sallow, muddy, roughened or blotched complexion. Still worse conditions make their appearance after a time, and according to eminent physicians, this continual poisoning often results in the gravest diseases of life.

Do not sacrifice your youth and attractiveness by neglect of internal cleanliness. Every headache, bilious attack, or sleepless night leaves its aging mark on your body. They warn that you are subject to faulty elimination.

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says

a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

How To Overcome Faulty Elimination

Through knowledge gained of the intestinal tract by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, medical science has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a laxative. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Remember, continued youth and attractiveness depend upon internal cleanliness. Maintain it by taking Nujol as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Like pure water, it is harmless. Nujol promotes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world. Keep a bottle of Nujol in the bathroom cabinet as a daily reminder. For sale by all druggists.

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For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.) Write name and address in margin.



Nujol
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
For Internal Cleanliness

UMINGMUK—Continued from page 61

No more freakish element of destruction exists than fires of great magnitude which sweep through large forests or over vast expanses of prairie or Barren. The slightest obstacle often suffices to deflect the course of such conflagrations, and the flames, swept onward by the terrific wind of their own creating, will actually break off short at certain points and leave untouched a stretch of territory covered with inflammable matter.

Such had happened to the flame in Umingmuk's rear. Swerved by the rock, the fire-line had swept eastward, the deflection leaving untouched a strip of Barren on which Umingmuk and his companions found safety.

The thin smoke lying over Umingmuk presently cleared, drawn southward by the draught of the heavier rolling masses. Still breathing with considerable effort, his throat parched and paining, Umingmuk got heavily to his feet. A weariness beyond words, such as never before had he even nearly approached, lay upon him. The sound of hoarse, drawn breath now caught his ears. Turning, he saw, ten yards behind him, a yearling cow lying on her side, her flanks heaving. Beyond her a few feet another young cow was just in the act of arising, while scattered beyond her again over a hundred yards of area lay seven others of the band in various sprawling positions of rest, all still too weak to arise. Umingmuk saw with surprise that all were young cows. Neither of the old or young bulls had escaped. Umingmuk's eyes moved to the racing destruction now far ahead and to the right, the clouds of yellow-white smoke partially obscuring the flame. The short night was over. Day was upon the land, though the smoke rolling heavenward blotted out the sun.

For several moments Umingmuk stood gazing upon the desolation before him and at these few exhausted members of a once fine herd. Presently something of the natural leadership that was his by virtue of his sex and size, moved him to action. He walked over to where the first cow lay flat, and nuzzled her encouragingly till she made an effort and succeeded in rising. In turn he roused the rest of the survivors, gathered them together.

The country was strange. Yet to Umingmuk, with the nine young cows beside him, there came a sudden vast assurance, the poise and calmness and air of command natural to one destined for leadership. Proudly he raised his head. Then, though still very weary, he went across the level barren to the northward through the land left untouched by fire, his nostrils scenting for water, upon the finding of which now so much depended. And, recognizing his leadership, the nine cows came close at his heels, made confident by Umingmuk's lordly bearing, his immediate assumption of command.

Long and hard was the march, and nearly done was even Umingmuk when that seeming sixth sense, so strong in some creatures of the wild, brought him at last late on the following day to a new lake about a mile in length. The surrounding country was a rich pasture land.

Here in this new domain with his nine followers so obedient and admiring, Umingmuk came into the kingship for which he had been fitted with fine body and fleetness by wise Mother Nature. And here, far, far from his place of birth, he reigned among an admiring and obedient following, King of the lonely Barren, sole monarch of this wilderness stretch.

THE END.

PORRIDGE—Continued from page 5

from John whenever she left him to get the needed things—everybody washed and put into night-clothes. "This Little Pig Went to Market," ad nauseum, to make John forget that he was motherless—at last, a sleeping cherub, looking too angelic to be real in his little, cuddly nightgown, prayers, endless, unabridged, improvised, prolonged, lovely eyes raised in supplication for everything on the farm, from the new turkeys to the rag doll that fell out of the Ford and got lost—then two rosy mites tucked up—then silence—awful, grim, crushing silence—then bed. Was ever a bed so soft, so restful? Then delicious slipping, slipping into such drowsiness as she had not known for months—then the ghastly memory! That fiendish porridge should be parboiled, and put in the 'skooker' or war would be declared again in the morning, by that incredible person in the cot. Out of that luscious bed, the country saved—and a little stifled sob from Jeanie.

"What is it, dear?" What had one day's care of little ones done to her? The endearing word came as naturally to her unaccustomed lips, as to a mother's.

A choking, smothered sob, and—"I'm lonesome for my Mummy!"

Chloe, tired, aching in every joint, forgot her weariness. She lifted the little figure in tender arms, and carried the child to her bed, then cradling the curly head on her arm, she slept the God-given sleep of those who earn their rest.

"TIRED, Chloe?" John Tennant helped her from the train step, six weeks later on her return home.

"Tired?" she laughed. "I don't know the meaning of the word any more. Prepare to have your head talked off, John Tennant; the story of my first week without Martha Holland, will turn you grey! But the second was fun, and the third—John, I've cared for those children so long, that I felt fussy about leaving them with their own mother! I'm sure she won't do things the way I do them!"

John Tennant looked into her eyes, with an expression that confused her. "What is it, goose?" she asked.

"I see I've got my sweetheart back," he told her. "Mrs. John Wellesley Tennant is her lovely self again."

IN OPEN WINDOW DAYS—Continued from page 36

when I start to do a window, and cut down on my expenditure for the material, if that should prove necessary, then proceed in the opposite order. Not that rods are expensive—a good rod and proper brackets can be bought for a very small sum; but everyone does not realize this fact, nor the importance of the right rods for the particular effect that is desired.

Perhaps you want a straight little rod for the top of a panel curtain, and one for the bottom. They must fit exactly and draw the curtain taut and square. We shall probably choose a small tubular extension rod for this purpose.

If the white curtains are to hang free, but close to the glass, a small round rod is again indicated—one to fit exactly; or once more, the easily adjusted extension rod. Every rod will have its own brackets of course.

For side-curtains which are to run freely on rings—a sturdier rod, one that will project a little farther than the rod which carries the glass curtains.

For a valance, a still greater projection from the frame is desired. A flat rod with curved ends, may be our selection.

Whatever the need, there is a type of curtain rod nowadays to fill it. Just plan your effect first—then consult your dealer about achieving it.

Heavy blinds—dark ones for sunny windows—are great aids in keeping the house shady and pleasant. Plain ones—with the dark outside and white or cream inside, if you like—are the best choice with an eye to the quality and a first class roller.

You will want to look at each window with an eye to its exposure to sun and breeze, its shape and its place in the room. Then decide on the best treatment to give it, remembering that in

IN OPEN WINDOW DAYS—Continued from page 62

summer your happiest effect is gained by a feeling of openness. Note how charmingly—and how simply—that effect is given in our illustration. The thin white curtains fall straight—a hem their only adornment. And they are pushed to each side falling, crisp and cool, just inside the straight-hanging cretonne curtains.

It is a cool looking room altogether, this dining-room we picture—and it has not lost nothing of dignity or charm. The tiled floor (the effect could be gained with a good linoleum in black and white tile pattern) gives just the right feeling. The small rug, grouped with the easy chair, contributing a softening note without adding weight to the appearance or work for the housekeeper.

To Be Welcome Next Fall

I CAN see such myriads of cool, dainty windows—their frames and sills gleaming with our fresh April paint, their curtains billowing gently in our best May manner!

In the light that streams in at these charming windows—what effect do our rooms give?

The living room—are its winter upholstery suitable for summer? Perhaps they are; chintz, for instance, is such a popular year-round covering. But if your chesterfield or your big easy chairs are covered in mohair or velours, would you not think some slip-covers of unbleached linen, bound with blue or violet or black (very smart!) worth the making? Very plain, they would be; not necessarily flounced or fancied in any degree—just plainly tailored and flatly bound. Cool green or ivory glazed chintz makes a perfect summer slip—though it isn't always easy to find outside the first class shops or big departmental stores.

Wash slips over cushions of velvet and silk serve, like the slip covers for the furniture, a two-fold purpose; they are more suitable and more attractive in summer, and they save just that much fading and wear on the more elaborate coverings that are fully appreciated in the long indoor season.

All of these changes are good from still another viewpoint—that of variety. Any one of these suggestions put into effect in a room that is familiar in every detail, will work a wonderful change. And when the carpet is replaced or the velvet curtains re-hung next fall—how you will appreciate them! It is an advantage you reap twice.

I would like to emphasize the other side of the house-in-summer problem, for a moment; the idea of cutting down the labor of keeping it sweet and fresh and attractive.

Most of our beautifying suggestions have some merit along this line. And many of the thoughts that occur to us first from the utility side, have also some part to play in adding something to the attractiveness of the home.

Less Work in Warm Weather

CAN something be done to help with the hot weather cooking? Have you a stove for a "cool" fuel—gas, electricity or oil? Wherever you live, you can use one of these three—and there are splendid ranges in each group; even the oil

range of today offers you quick flame, high ovens, and sturdy, well-finished build.

An outlay here, of course—but one which will be repaid by a cool kitchen and a much-less-wilted-cook.

Is there oilcloth on your kitchen table and shelves, linoleum on the floor? So easy to wipe off, both of them, instead of laboring with the scrubbing brush.

Would a few little sink things cut down the work of washing dishes, preparing foods, etc? A new sink brush, a soap shaker in which to collect the ends of soap and utilize them for the dishes; a vegetable brush or a new, sharp paring knife? Just a dollar invested in a few of these little things we keep wanting from day to day just because we don't stop to list them and make a point of buying them.

Do you use dustless dusters? A wide hair brush or waxed floor mop, according to the kind of floors you are sweeping? Have you worked out a really handy place for them—or could you do so, now, to your advantage?

What about screens? Early screening for every door and window is a great health saver as well as work saver. Flies are so dangerous, as well as dirty! A swatter and a supply of sticky fly paper, ready from the beginning of the season, will make your kitchen a dangerous place for the persistent few who get past your wire barricades.

Have you done away with large tablecloths and introduced plain oblong or round place doilies? They are a heap less work. A supply of paper napkins and doilies appeals to many housekeepers as a means of cutting down summer laundry.

Trifles, these, for the most part. But to every housekeeper who will really think over these few suggestions for a minute or two, there will come others that apply directly to her own conditions and requirements.

This is the time to check up and do some constructive planning—planning that will help you take advantage of every pleasantness the next four or five months may hold.

How Is Your Baby?

WHEN baby's cheeks are pale, when it is losing weight, what mother is not profoundly grieved, does not feel hurt in her mother-pride? In more than one thousand hospitals in the United Kingdom and throughout the British Colonies, a most remarkable food for children has been put in use of late years, under the name of Virol. The preparation has achieved most remarkable results and has proven to be a food on which babies thrive and gain weight most rapidly. Even when other foods have failed to produce any effect, Virol seems to agree with the most delicate digestions. Possibly if your baby does not grow big and strong it is because the food which he is being given does not meet his requirements.

Give Virol a trial and you will almost surely find a marked change within a short period. Baby's good health may depend on your prompt trial of Virol.

If your druggist does not keep it write for booklet and information as to where you can purchase Virol, to the Virol Agency, 2725 Park Avenue, Montreal.



Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Canada.

For
HALITOSIS



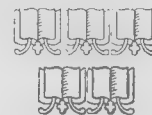
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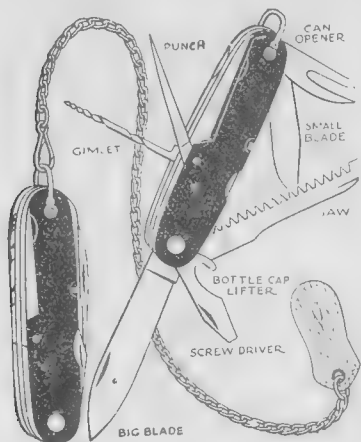
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Buy only 25 packets of GOLD MEDAL "guaranteed to grow or your money back" SEEDS at 10c a packet and we will send you this knife ABSOLUTELY FREE. Or the knife with 10 packets of seed, for \$1.75 or, the knife with 5 packets of seed, \$1.50, BIGGEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED. The seeds are your choice of Beets, Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Onion, Parsnip, Radish, Tomato, Turnip, Aster, Morning Glory, Nasturtium, Sweet Peas. Both seeds and knife positively guaranteed or your money back. RUSH your order NOW. Send money-order or postal-note for correct amount and the knife and seeds will be sent to you immediately—POSTPAID.

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FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

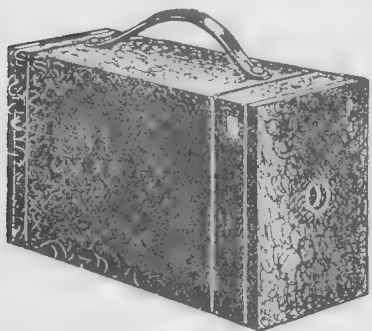
This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

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Buy only 30 packets of GOLD MEDAL "Guaranteed-to-grow-or-your-money-back" SEEDS at 10c a packet and we will send you this genuine Eastman Hawkeye Film Pack Camera with Instruction Book and year's subscription to "Kodakery." ABSOLUTELY FREE. Or, the Camera with 10 packets of seeds, \$2.00, or the Camera with 5 packets of seeds, \$1.75. Your choice of Beets, Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Onion, Parsnip, Radish, Tomato, Turnip, Aster, Morning Glory, Nasturtium, Sweet Peas. Both camera and seeds positively guaranteed or your money back. RUSH your order NOW. Send money-order or postal-note for correct amount and the Camera and seeds will be sent to you immediately, postpaid.

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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Something to Learn

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and the heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane.
How beautiful is the rain!

Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

Longfellow

Something to Read and Think About

This is a true story boys and girls and I want you all to read it and think about it for many reasons; one because Empire Day is coming, the time when we think about our Empire and the great men and women who have helped to make it, (and no one in these days has played a greater part in helping the Empire than the heroine of my story) and also because:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Far away in the great city of London, in a little house on a famous street in the district called Knightsbridge, there died on February 16th of this year, a lady whose name was The Hon. Mrs. Henry Edwardes, and the little story I am going to tell you is about this lady whom I had the very great privilege of knowing. When Mrs. Edwardes was young she lived in many different countries, Italy, the United States and France, and she visited many other countries, but in all her travels she never forgot her own beautiful country of England, and when she knew that she was coming back to England to live she was very glad. She was a very busy person, always doing something for some one, always bright and happy, and much loved wherever she went. And then trouble came to her. Her husband died, and very soon after that a terrible disease crippled her, so that she could not walk, or use her hands, or even sit up straight, could not write or do anything for herself, and it seemed as if all her busy, happy life were over. Then came the war, and young men went to fight and girls went out to be nurses, and women knitted socks, and made up parcels and Mrs. Edwardes sat and thought what she might do. And after awhile when the battles grew more terrible at the front wounded men began to come back to London to get better, and Mrs. Edwardes thought of all the Canadian boys and Australian boys and South African boys so far from their homes and their mothers, and she began to give parties for all the boys who were well enough to come from the hospitals near her. Every Wednesday afternoon they came to tea, until her little house was full of wounded soldiers; she asked her friends to come in and help entertain them, and she asked concert singers and opera singers and actors to sing and play to them, and at six o'clock the great ambulances came for those who could not walk, and the rest stayed to have real tea, and spend the evening, and these boys and men grew to love Mrs. Edwardes, and because they loved her they told her about the other people they loved, their mothers and their sisters, and after a while letters began to come to this little house from all over the world, and letters went out all over the world. Mrs. Edwardes was too crippled to write herself, and so she had a secretary to do this, but she often added a postscript to her letters with her own hands and these were more valued than even the sweet things she said in some one else's writing. And then wounded men went back to their distant homes on the prairies of Canada and to the forests of Australia, but they never forgot that little house in London or the

little crippled lady who had done so much for them.

And then the war was over, and the sea was safe once more, the mothers and sisters of the men whom Mrs. Edwardes had loved began to make journeys to see her. Some came on their way to France where they had been to visit the graves of those who had given their lives, others coming back to England wanted to see and know this wonderful woman. And every one who came was welcomed, and no matter when you went to that house you might find people from all over the world there, clever people who did wonderful things. All gathered round that little stooped figure sitting in the arm chair, with a fluffy shawl around her shoulders. And Mrs. Edwardes never forgot anyone. She remembered their names and all about them; she wrote them letters and sent them little gifts; she spent all her money on other people so that when the war was over she had hardly any left for herself. Besides all this she had a club for lonely girls in London and she knew all about those girls, and always she was doing something for some one. After Mrs. Edwardes died the London "Times" the world's greatest newspaper had a long account of her life and all the wonderful things she had done for people and this is part of what a South African soldier wrote to her, "You have done more to bind the Empire together by your kindness and sympathy and friendship than statesmanship could ever hope to achieve." And the paper continues, "Her work for the Empire was the chief interest of her days, and in the lives of many people in all parts of the Empire that work of kindness and love will continue for many generations. Her useful and suffering life might be summarized by saying, that she believed in God, and loved her country and her fellowmen." Could you think of a finer motto for Empire Day than one made from these words—*Believe in God, Love your Country and your Fellowmen?* Is it not a wonderful thing that one so ill and crippled could be so loved and could do so much good, and does it not inspire us, who are young and have our health and strength to "go and do likewise."

Some April Poetry

WELL, that was a popular competition! Poets from all over the country! Poor Bobby Burke was nearly swamped in letters, and Spring "ran" and "hopped" and did all sorts of gymnastics according to our poets; birds "hummed" and "flew," and "sang" and "whistled" and generally made much noise, and boys and girls "rejoiced," and "sang" and "skipped" and "hopped" and "ran" and "jumped," in fact, spring seems to be an exceedingly lively time according to our poets! The prize-winning poem is so much better than all the rest that I am sure if you had been judging yourselves there would have been no doubt in your minds about it. It was written by Jean F. Pielou, aged 13, of East Braintree, Man., and if Jean continues as she has begun I think she will be a real poet one of these days, and then she will be able to say "My first poem was published in the Children's Cosy Corner of the W.H.M., and here is the poem:

Spring

The wind came whispering from the south
To wake the forest bare,
To get it dressed in time, for Spring
Of course, would soon be there.
He called the birds and woke the grass,
He woke the violets blue,
He called the little slumbering seeds
And then his work was through.
The fairies came and dressed the trees
In pretty gowns of green,
And made a bower to welcome Spring
The fair and pretty queen.

I hope Jean will enjoy the book of poems which is her prize and that it

will help her on her road to becoming a poet.

Honorable mention and gold buttons are given to the following: Gladys Mitchell, Tugaskie, Sask., Ruth Ward, Plenty, Sask., Nora Watson, Suffield, Alta., Agnes Phipps, Cochrane, Alta., Marjorie R. Werthenback, Hoosier, Sask., Arthur Wanag, Liban, Man., Mary Anderson, 222 5th Ave., New Westminster, B.C.

Letters Received

Besides the poems we got a lot of letters this month, but as we have a new thing in our corner we won't have space to print all the letters but I will tell you who they are from: Nancy Chellis, of 5630 Blemheim St., Vancouver would like to correspond with any of the girls of eleven or near that age. Ione Braumann of Admiral, Sask., tells of a pleasant holiday visit. Blanche Lavoie of 628 16th St., Calgary, Alta., tells a story to win a gold button. You must enter the competitions to do that Blanche. Crystal Croftangry of Alberta, writes of her love for the prairies, and hopes to be a missionary some day. We are glad to hear from you Crystal and hope you will try some of the competitions some time and win a gold button. Two sisters, Margery and Doris Lock of Okotoks, Alta., write interesting letters telling of their pets. We are glad to hear from them too, and hope they will write again soon, and perhaps we can publish the letters next time.

Something Brand New

We've got a surprise for you next month, and if you enjoy it it will appear every month until next November. There will be a page of doll pictures to color and this time it won't be a matter of one prize, but *twenty-five*. And now here are the rules and I want you to read them over very carefully and then see what you can do.

Rules

1. Children up to eleven years old may compete.
2. All work sent in must be your own.
3. Put your name and address plainly on each page. You may send in more than one page if you wish to but you may only win one prize. Neatness and care will count largely in deciding the prize.
4. All dolls should be in by June 30th, and the prize winners will be announced in August.

Color this Dolly

When you have done so as neatly as you can, cut or tear out the page and mail it with your name and address to: Bobby Burke, The Western Home Monthly, Bannatyne & Dagmar, Winnipeg, Man., Can.

Twenty-four prizes of Cut-Out Doll Books containing six pages of dolls and dress, etc., to cut out, will be given to those who send in the best work.

All contestants will be furnished with a duplicate set of cut-outs for their own use.

A special prize of a Large Cut-out Toy Theatre or Large Washable Crayon book, will be given to each one of you who sends in one subscription to the Western Home Monthly.

Try for one of the twenty-four prizes and be sure and try for the large special prize. It's well worth working for.

The Toy Theatre Book contains the scenes from a fairy story which can be cut out and set up on the back of the book which forms the stage. You will have hours of fun giving shows with one of these books.

The washable Crayon Book has pages on which you can draw pictures with the crayons which come with the book. When you have used a page just wash off and start again.

And You Would, Too, Wouldn't You?

The class had been studying about the house fly and how dangerous he is to health. The lesson sank deep into the mind of little George, who, when asked to write a composition on the subject, turned in the following:

The fly is an insect he has six legs, he is more dangerous than a lion but I had rather a fly would bite me than a lion.



THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS GIVEN AWAY AT JOHN CHRISTIE'S 2ND BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

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Than Ever-Your Amazing Opportunity



Broken Lines in YOUNG MEN'S SUITS at a Great Sacrifice

4.45

There has been an extraordinary demand for these All Wool Tweed and Serge Suits. The British Government stocks in the Old Country are exhausted, and therefore it is impossible to obtain any more. All we have left in stock are the following sizes:—

Chest	Waist
32-33	29-30
34-35	30-31

If your size is here you can get a wonderful bargain. These suits were fashioned by the most expert merchant tailors in England, and not only look well, but wear well. Special Birthday Celebration Price. Per Suit **4.45**



Royal Air Force WOMEN'S SUITS **1.95** are cut to

These Women's Suits cost us much more than this, but our stocks in some sizes are getting low, and we are going to clear them out regardless of profits. Made by the British Government for the women of the Royal Air Force. Best Khaki Canton Cloth, complete with Gaiters. Exceptionally serviceable for farm women. Reduced from **2.95** to **1.95**



Natural Grey WOOL FLANNEL SHIRTS Reduced to **1.90**

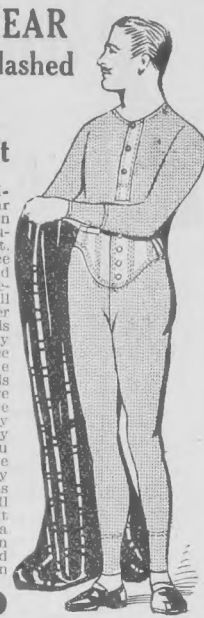
Made of Natural Grey Flannel, double-breasted reinforced at shoulders. State Size of Collar. Amazing value at our Birthday Celebration Price of Each. **1.90** Only



UNDERWEAR Prices Are Slashed

1.90
Per Suit

High-Grade All-Wool Underwear has never before been sold at such a ridiculous price in the west. Compare this price with what you would have to pay elsewhere, and you will immediately wonder how we do it. It is the finest quality All-Wool Two-Piece Underwear on the market, and is honestly worth more than twice what we are asking. Every garment is absolutely guaranteed. You will never have another opportunity to save money in this way. We have all wonderful sizes at present, but there will be such a demand for certain sizes that you should get your order in early. Sizes 32 to 38. Reduced from \$1.75 to **1.90** Only



All Our Broken Lines at Give-Away Prices

In conducting a tremendous mail-order business such as we are doing, there is always an accumulation of broken sizes in certain lines, and in order to clear our shelves we are offering these broken sizes to you at a great deal less than we paid for them. In order that you may take the fullest advantage of these tremendous savings, you must send us your order early, as there is sure to be a wonderful demand, and we do not want you to be disappointed.

PULLOVER SWEATERS

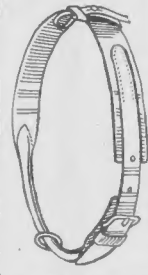
Reduced from 2.95 to
1.95



Sweaters away below cost, and the finest sweaters you can buy. Even on the cool nights of Spring and Summer you will find these sweaters extremely comfortable. Pile your orders in. On every sweater we lose money, but you get the wonderful benefit. State Color. Regular \$2.95 Value for **1.95** Only

Finest English Leather

NECK STRAPS **60c**
Formerly \$1.25 Now

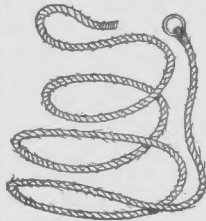


If this price won't make you rush your orders in, then we don't know what will. Finest English Oak-tanned leather. Ring for halter shank. Reduced from \$1.25 to **60c** Only

All Charges
Paid on
Orders of
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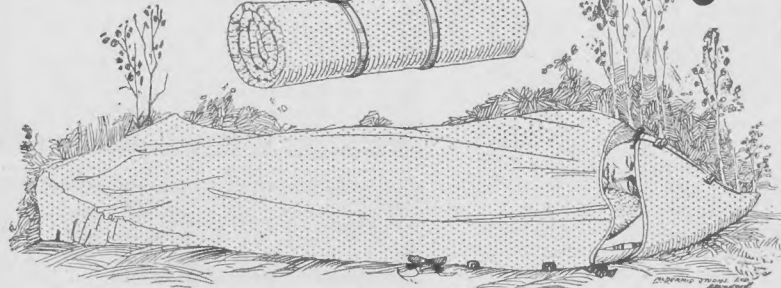
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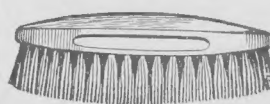
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How to Dispose of Dependent Children

By

Emily F. Murphy

("Janey Canuck")

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IN MYTHOLOGY, Necessitas was a divinity who presided over the destinies of mankind and who was regarded as the mother of the Percae, or Three Fates. We get our word "necessity" from her name.

Much has been written of life assurance as a privilege and a duty. To our thinking, it is a necessity. This is especially true of that household where the parents have no other estate with which to provide for their family.

Most parents do not deny that life assurance is a necessity but they are not prepared to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of even their own children, and so decline to be interviewed on the subject. Of course, they do not acknowledge that they are selfish or derelict in their duty. Oh no! Contrariwise, they have numerous excuses to offer, for mean people are always great excusers. Maybe they save their conscience and public opinion by declaring they quite intend taking on a policy next year when their fur coats are paid for, or after their trip to Honolulu, Hong Kong, or Heligoland. In the end, they really go to Heaven, leaving their children to go to an almshouse camouflaged as "The Creche," or "The Shelter."

There is hardly any doubt that the State will ultimately require all puny-hearted parents to lay aside a certain proportion of their income to protect their young children against becoming a charge upon the community. Certainly, the problem of neglected and dependent children is yearly becoming a more difficult one.

We were talking of this the other day when a literary friend drew our attention to an article written by Dean Swift, bearing the title, "A Modest Proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for making them beneficial to the Public."

Briefly summed up, the proposal of the extravagant Dean was to the effect that the children be cooked and eaten by persons of quality and fortune throughout the Kingdom. He advised, however, that they be "milk-fed" for a month or so to render them plump and fit for table use. De Quincey spoke of this proposal on one occasion, saying he could not for a moment defend the Dean in what would appear to be a most aggravated form of cannibalism.

We must not for a moment be construed as advocating a similar policy on the American continent, for there are other and more popularly approved methods for the disposal of our progeny. We are only endeavoring to drive home the lesson that Life Assurance is a necessity and that, like Necessitas, the Roman divinity, it may be regarded as presiding over the destinies of mankind.

Emily F. Murphy



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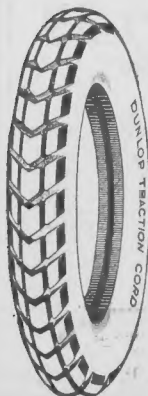
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THE BOOK OF THE SUN

By John Maclean

AMONG the sacred books of the world there is always one book, which is held in the highest esteem, as the revelation from heaven to guide men along the path of life. While the peoples of India extolled the Rig—Veda, and the ancient Mexicans the Popol Vuh, and the Iroquois of the American Continent their Book of Rites, there were written books which were revered by many native tribes, as the Blackfoot pointing to the heavens were accustomed to say: "That is the Book which the Great Spirit has given to us, and there we can read the writing in the movements of the stars, and understand it. There is another book which is ours, and that is the Book in our hearts, where the Spirit talks to us, and we try to obey its teaching."

"Natoapsinaksin" in the Blackfoot language, is the Book of the Sun, the Medicine Book, or to speak in popular language, the Sacred or Holy Book. The Blackfoot could not understand why the white people did not follow its teachings when they were all able to read it, and it was spoken of as a divine book. How suggestive is the name of the Book, which speaks of wisdom and power, and belongs to all nations and creeds. The Book of the Sun is the volume for all peoples and for every century.

When the Nez Perce Indians saw the towns and cities of the white folks, they were filled with wonder, and were puzzled how to account for the new civilization. As they discussed the question in their lodges, they resolved to send a deputation to one of the cities, and there seek to discover the secret of the greatness of the white men. Four men started on the quest, as great and important, as the search for the Holy Grail. The march of these wise men to the Jerusalem of the West, was long and tedious, and there was no star of Bethlehem to guide them on their way, still the angels did not forget them on their errand of peace. They bore no tomahawks as emblems of war, and there were no scalp-locks hanging from their belts, but unpainted, and peaceful, they travelled toward the city, and made known the object of their search. The officials dealt kindly with them, taking them through the streets, showing them the parks and public buildings, and for a few days they were entertained at the hotels and places of amusement.

When the modern spies returned to the camp, the chiefs gathered in one of the large lodges to receive the report of their discovery of the secret of the white man's power. Great indeed was the disappointment of the chiefs, as the spies reported that they had seen the evidences of the wisdom of the white men, but that their friends guarded their secret so jealously, that they never spoke to them of the Book, which was kept hidden from them, lest they might discover wherein their power lay, and they would imitate them, and become powerful in their own land. And so the Bible was not revealed to these red men of the West.

The symbol of the cross has had its own place among many tribes and peoples, but it has not been blest with the glory which the religion of Christ has given to it. Among the Indians all over the Dominion, especially by the Algonquins, as at the Sun Dance of the Blackfeet, the four points of the compass were represented by twigs fastened together, which resembled the cross. The doctrines of the Book of the Sun were made known to the early Mexicans by Las Casas, the famous missionary, who translated the stories into native ballads, and had them sung in the camps by the traders after the day's work was over. John Eliot translated the Bible into the tongue of the Indians

in New England, and a great work of conversion followed his patient enthusiasm. There remain a few copies of this precious volume, but not a single member of the tribe is living, and there is no man who can read the book. Among the Cherokees, a half breed genius named Guess invented a syllabary, which enabled the people to read it in a short time, and laid the foundation of civilization among them. Before the Minnesota Massacre, Stephen Return Riggs taught the Sioux Indians the blessed truths of the Word of God, and many of these men of the prairie became followers of Christ, but when the tribes rose against the white men, being incited to rebellion through deceit and oppression, the Christian Indians joined the rebels, and when the rebellion failed, and many were cast into prison, hundreds of them appealed to the missionaries, asking them to pray for them, and they read the Bible with renewed zest. They confessed that they were deluded by the rebellion, and were anxious to follow the teachings of Christ. A band of these refugees roamed around Moose Jaw in the Province of Saskatchewan, in Canada, for several years, living sad and lonely lives, while others took treaty with the Canadian Government, and were located at Birtle, in Manitoba, where a splendid institution was built for them, and they became educated and progressive citizens.

In Nova Scotia, Silas Rand, a self-taught linguist and devoted man, carried independent missionary work among the Micmacs. He translated hymns into Latin and Micmac, compiled a Micmac Dictionary, and translated parts of the Scriptures, and travelled extensively among the camps of the natives, but after his death, he had no successor, and his work came to an end.

Among the Iroquois, Chief Joseph Brant translated parts of the Bible for the use of his people in Ontario, and Chief Joseph of Oka performed a similar work for the Iroquois in the Province of Quebec. The story of Chief Joseph's life and sufferings, his imprisonment and devotion is one of thrilling interest, and must still be written, as he was one of the martyrs of Canada.

Peter Jones preached and translated hymns and parts of the Bible for the Ojibwas, and John Sunday proclaimed with great power and much success the everlasting gospel in the camps of the natives, and hundreds were led to the Cross.

In the far north, James Evans laid the foundation of a notable work of civilization among the Crees, by the invention of this famous syllabic system, and many devoted men and women have followed in his footsteps, and many, very many souls have been won for Christ. Bishop Horden travelled far and wide among Saulteaux and other tribes, Archdeacon Macdonald, who died recently in the city of Winnipeg, sought out the camps of the Loucheaux, Dog Rib, and other Athabaskan tribes within the Arctic Circle, the Moravians founded missions among the Eskimo in Labrador, and have shown to the world that missionary heroism is not dead, and other pioneers of the Cross have braved the storms of the Arctic in quest of souls.

The missionaries have made manifest the power of the Bible. New songs are put into the mouths of savages, and a new civilization replaces the old customs of heathenism, where life becomes easier, and more comfortable for young and old. There is no book which can take its place, as it is the book of earth and heaven, a teacher from God to guide the weary feet of men up the altar stairs to the city of light, where the inhabitant is never sick, and none grow old.



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LITTLE VIGNETTES OF VANCOUVER'S WATERFRONT—Continued from page 19

expressionless faces and occasionally one gave vent to an exclamation, but mostly they were silent, intent on the game. (Ship's rules don't permit the China boy to go ashore so he must occupy his leisure in his own way.) Hanging from above were two metal rings, a tropically-colored parrot swinging in each, shrieking hoarsely down at the sleek, black heads and twitching yellow fingers. A canary in a wicker cage pierced the air at frequent intervals, with his trilling roundelay.

Other boys were fishing for smelts through the portholes—and catching them too. Gulls swooped round and round when a cook or his assistant threw a paillful of scraps out the galley window and there was a huge squalling and flapping as they bore down in flocks on the refuse.

In the dock shed lay an oblong varnished box shipped through to China from New York. It contained, as one read on the yellow advices stuck on its side, the body of one Ho Ling who had died a natural death—it seems this is possible in New York after all—and was now making his solemn journey home, to be buried after the manner of his race in an upright position, deep in his mother earth. Next to the long box was a pile of flour bags filled and ready to be hoisted, twenty at a time, via the big derrick-arm outside into the hold of the Empress. Over against the wall a lonesome captive puppy lamented aloud and clawed at the bars of his box. He, too, was bound for the Orient. In the echoing vastness of a big shed a small puppy can make considerable sound. We patted him through his prison bars and he licked our hands and whined and asked us piteously what he had done to deserve this cruel incarceration.

The damaged goods section was filled with dark, curious-looking bundles and similar ones protruded from torn bales of sacking. A Chinaman squatted amongst these bundles intent on repairing, with bamboo thread and a giant needle, the rents in the matting that covered the dark stuff. On closer inspection this dark mass was human hair—bushels and bushels of it. How come? Dead, dark-looking stuff it was, hair from the heads of Chinese girls on its way to New York to be combed, curled, brilliantined—and sold to fashionable femininity in beauty shops along Fifth Avenue! The Chinaman stuffed the loose hair back into the bag, stitched up the rent and kicked the bag into a corner. Then he turned to the next one, which held tea. The tea that had spilled out on the floor he scooped up in his hands and returned to the box, then he hammered it tight and sewed it into its covering.

There was a bundle of goatskins—exceedingly smelly—billed through from China to Montreal to be made, a longshoreman said, into elegant fur coats. (So help us, Mawruss, this is the positive, absolute truth). From Nippon there were bags of narcissus bulbs, the earth of that tortured land still clinging to them. Cans of crabmeat there were and colored-paper Christmas tree decorations, some lumber and many bales of silk. (The lines of Masefield's "Cargoes" ran liltily through the mind). Nine million dollars' worth of silk came over in the Australia's hold and fifteen carloads left immediately for the east.

ENCAMPED round about the girders of the Granville Street Bridge were several groups and family parties of Siwash Indians, who were returning from the salmon-canneries to their homes up north along the coast. We are inclined to believe that it was Vancouver that put the wash in Siwash, for these braves and their squaws were a mighty clean-looking lot. We observed one woman actually scrubbing her papoose's face while he stoically endured the agony and even seemed to glory in the performance. One maiden named Silver Cloud, had a bottle of cheap perfume rolled up in a red hanky which she shyly showed us. She wore a modern flapper's hat, had her hair bobbed and displayed silk hosiery. A stalwart

young buck named Arrow-in-the-Heart, paraded up and down in a suit of tweeds, with a purple sweater, a brown derby much too small for him, and very squeaky, bright-tan boots. Incredibly neat too, was one old warrior who held a grandchild on his knee and gave the little shaver, who was probably a year and a half old, occasional "pulls" from his pipe. The old man used a safety razor—one tumbled from his pocket—and his coat had the stylish, semi-belt effect beloved of the cake-eaters. The Indians' belongings were not scattered promiscuously about, either. Their lares and penates were all ready for transfer to the steamer, had been packed carefully and arranged compactly around the little wigwams they had raised for temporary shelter. With the money received for their summer's labor in the canneries they had purchased household supplies and even a few luxuries. A phonograph protruded from the opening in one wigwam. Near a neighboring tent lay a sack of flour with a new broom lashed to it, and a jar of blackstrap molasses tied up in bed ticking, its nose only being visible. (No no, it wasn't hooch for we saw a passing longshoreman stop to smell it and he left it unsampled). Another family boasted a papoose's go-cart, 1924 model, a bright, flowered-cotton quilt, a shiny new suitcase of black leatherette, a box of canned vegetables and a roll of clothes-line rope.

By seven o'clock in the evening, had you chanced to pass these little encampments under the bridge, you'd have discovered that all hands had gone to bed. Nothing stirring. The nearby movie houses have no attraction for the coast Indian who dreams instead of the hunting grounds of the great north. Pause and regard the inert forms all but hidden under the motley bedding, these lumps that tell where the red man lies asleep. It is raining perhaps and a corner of the new quilt has "run" over a squaw's bare feet. She grunts and rolls over. A papoose wails beneath his coverings. Does his mommer take him up and pet him and sing him asleep? Yes, she does not! She has a little way all her own for making him go bye-bye. She pulls from under her pillow a stout willow switch and applies it forcefully to the bare soles of his little feet—swat—swart—swart—and the youngster stops crying and gives a fine imitation of a good baby going fast—very fast—asleep.

Baby Smiles

What joy a little baby brings
To hearts that love it well,
Its mission in a happy home
Is e'er a joy to tell.
It makes home seem like paradise,
Angelic little smiles
Will light the home's whole atmosphere
With love that so beguiles

The parent's hearts, so they desire
To spend their eves at home;
And from the sacred precinct there
They have no wish to roam.
The chubby arms and smiling face
Draw hearts right to its own;
So only when the baby sleeps
Can they leave it alone.

How sweet the dimpled darling is,
What pleasures it can bring;
And how it fills the heart with joy
When baby tries to sing.
You want to hug it in your arms
And kiss and squeeze it tight,
For all your soul, the little one
Will fill with sweet delight.

What joy is like the parent love,
So full of tenderness
For helpless, little ones God gives
To them, their lives, to bless?
It strengthens so the parent love,
And closer weaves their hearts;
For joy in their dear little one,
More love to them imparts.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott.